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Yours Truly
Leonard Bacon.

MEMOIR

OF

REV. HENRY BACON.

BY

MRS. E. A. BACON.

"I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established; that is, that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me." — Rom. 1: 11, 12.

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To

MY CHILDREN,

WITH THE HOPE THAT THEY MAY EMULATE HIS VIRTUES,

I DEDICATE

This Memorial

OF

THEIR REVERED FATHER.

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MEMOIR.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

On the morning of March 20th, 1856, several daily papers in the city of Philadelphia gave the following notice:

"Death of a Good Man.—The Reverend Henry Bacon, a well-beloved and eloquent divine of the Universalist persuasion, died in this city, yesterday morning, in the forty-third year of his age. He was the pastor of the Church of the Messiah. He was a native of Boston, Mass., and for a period of over twenty years has been numbered amongst the most devoted, intelligent, and eloquent clergymen of the denomination to which he belonged. For nearly twenty years he was the editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, and a correspondent of many of our leading religious as well as secular periodicals. He was, besides, the author of several highly valuable works on religion.

"Mr. Bacon settled in Philadelphia in October, 1851. During his residence here, his kindness of heart, his ardent devotion to the duties of his profession, and the high tone of his moral life, secured him the esteem of all, and the friendship of many who now so deeply deplore his loss."

The *Evening Transcript*, of his native city, on announcing a telegraphic notice of his departure, says:

"As a preacher in the pulpit, he was earnest and practical; his varied culture, and thorough conviction of the great truths of the religion he professed, gave power to his public ministrations, and made him a very interesting speaker. As a preacher *among men*, 'the daily beauty of his life,' his considerate regard for others, his rare devotion to his profession, his indomitable energy, his interest in all good causes and noble enterprises, his attention to the aged and the young, his love of the beautiful in nature and art, the amiability of his character, and the charm of his simple manners and native modesty, endeared him to all who were so fortunate as to be included in the circle of his acquaintance."

The press and pulpit of his own religious denomination throughout the country expressed universal sorrow at this event, with many tender testimonies of his worth. The words of a few are significant of the general sentiment. Rev. Thomas Whittemore says:

"Henry Bacon, then, is gone, at the middle age of manhood! He has been a preacher of Universalism between twenty-one and twenty-two years. He was a man of very excitable and active temperament, always at work, an indefatigable student, who never wearied in writing or in preaching until his sickness came on. He had always been a Christian Universalist, and nothing else. All his sympathies were with this form of Christianity. He never vacillated, but was firm from the beginning. He, HE is dead! — the able preacher, the faithful pastor, useful in the pulpit, excellent in the Sabbath-school, affectionate in the sick chamber; the ready writer, the earnest speaker, rapid and eloquent in extempore address, fervent in spirit and in prayer, peculiarly happy at the communion table; the able and long-continued editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, the writer of books, &c. &c. HE IS GONE! We shall see him no more upon the earth."

Says another:

"He was one of the purest men, and one of the most able and successful ministers among us. Few have been so widely

known, or so honored and loved. The blow falls heavily, not only upon his family and immediate friends, and the society of which he was pastor, but upon our whole denomination. In common with thousands, we mourn our loss; but with trust in the Heavenly Father, 'who doeth all things well.'

"He has not lived in vain. His life has been crowded full of labors of usefulness. Truth and duty, God and humanity, were the watchwords that inspired him; and the results of his labors shall be great and good beyond the power of any mind to estimate, save the Omniscient. The noble benediction rests upon him, 'They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.'"

"Seldom has a death occurred," writes one to me, "that has so moved the heart of the denomination." And the words of another, "I doubt if any one ever went to his long home with less remorse because of wasted hours," are an utterance of the feeling of all who knew him.

With numerous testimonies of his worth to the individual as well as the public mind, I will not shrink from complying with the urgent request of many friends, who look to me as his most suitable biographer. I shall not use what some may call "my too partial pen," when it can possibly be avoided, in the work before me. But when his own words, or those of others, can directly or indirectly communicate what he was in the various relations of public or private life, I shall trust to them.

With a strange mingling of pain and pleasure, I unroll these pages of the past; but, if the story of one who, through all the devious ways of life, never lost sight of the star of Bethlehem, can direct others to its light, my labor will not be in vain.

II.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

HENRY BACON was born June 12th, 1813, at North End, Boston — "glorious Boston, brave, honest, liberty-loving North End," as he loved to call it; and his "Boston pride" he delighted to manifest, when in after years he became a sojourner in other cities. His parents, Robert and Mary Bacon, were natives of Barnstable; but they became, early in life, residents of Boston, and his father, while in his minority, found his way to the church of the Rev. John Murray, and his warm, generous nature soon received the doctrine of reconciliation that fell, like the dew of heaven, from the lips of that venerated preacher. In this belief he found ready sympathy in the wife of his youth. As he advanced in life he became a familiar friend of this pioneer of a liberal faith, and during Mr. Murray's last illness he was a constant visitor to his sick room, often remaining to watch beside his bed, and finally assisted in preparing him for his burial, and followed him to his grave. The pleasure he had enjoyed in listening to the conversations of the genial and happy old man he truly appreciated; and, though now himself old and enfeebled, he often recounts them with all the freshness and enthusiasm of youth.

His wife never wavered from her early accepted religious views; and like young Timothy, who received the faith of his mother Eunice, so Henry early received the faith of Mary, *his* mother.

When I found that his friends turned to me as his biographer, I trusted I should receive much assistance in relating the history of his childhood from the tender and loving memories of that mother; but while we were just being touched with the "low beginnings of content" at his absence, "God's finger touched her, and she slept." Beautiful as the blending of the hues of the rainbow were their lives, and in their death they were not divided. But now that their memories are so mingled together, I will tell how this true mother moulded the young heart of her son, — a privilege the consciousness of her modest and unpretending virtues would have prevented me from assuming, were she still with us.

Henry was the sixth child of a family of ten; all of whom were christened at the altar of the Old Murray Church, where, "year after year, they sat side by side, Sabbath after Sabbath, in one of the long pews;" and there, by the side of his mother, who would often point her favorite hymns to the little boy by her side during singing, and fold over his hands that he might engage more properly in prayer, he received his first religious impressions.

The pastor of his childhood was the Rev. Paul Dean, of whom he says:

"No memories are more pleasant and grateful to me than the remembrance of Rev. Paul Dean. His smile; his calm, dignified persuasiveness; his unction in prayer; and his sweetness in the home, are matters as vividly remembered as how I longed to be like him — a preacher of the Gospel."

Many of his earliest religious impressions were also associated with Rev. Hosea Ballou. He says:

"He came to Boston, as pastor of the Second Universalist Society, when I was scarcely four years old; and though my parents were members of the First Society, yet their house was one of his homes. There was a great contrast between

him and our pastor, Rev. Paul Dean, but they each had their place in our affectionate regards. The impression made in boyhood by the stately form of Mr. Ballou, his meekness, his speech of singular clearness, adaptedness, and wisdom, his singular temperance at the table, and his kindness to childhood, was never removed; and I use no strained and forced language when I say, Hosea Ballou was a great man."

Later in his boyhood, the prayers of Rev. Sebastian Streeter awakened more deeply his religious nature; and I doubt not his fervency of devotion, that always found free utterance in that peculiar service, was kindled when he listened with all the intensity of his soul to those petitions.

As a child he was shy and sensitive, and his constitution was frail and delicate. He had many days of sickness, which brought him into constant companionship with his mother, whose tender voice, pleasant chat, and electric touch upon his forehead, was all the happiness he asked. Of what he called her "hand-charm" he says

"How many months did I lie in my crib, suffering acute pains in my head! A fever at two years old left me a wreck for years. I thank God that I can remember those times; yet I cannot recall one throb of the terrible anguish I endured. The evil, how transient! The good, how permanent! As I lay, at four and five years old, suffering intensely from gathering ulcers in the ears, — pain as acute as any *toothache*, but different, inasmuch as the one is aggravating, inclining the sufferer to acts of violence, while the other is melancholy, subduing the soul, and inclining to the weeping of such tears as we shed upon the grave of the beloved, — as I lay, subject to this pain, if my mother would remain by my side, and lay her hand on my brow, gently, at times, stroking it, the demon of agony was chained! I lay in quietude, broken only at times by the sharp piercing of the quickened humor, and even that was repaid by the soothing tones it gained me from her voice. When that hand was removed, as necessity required, and the patient nurse must leave my side, O, how I did labor to

repress the cry of agony, and how vainly! I deemed it wrong to cry; my little heart, susceptible as down to the zephyr, reproached me as cruel; but in vain were my efforts to smother the scream! The charm was gone, and all the powers of evil seemed to be holding carnival in my brain, and impetuous were all their horrid sports.

"When necessity permitted, again the hand was laid upon my brow, and I was like the maniac when the young Quakeress appeared, — 'Hush, the air is full of music!' Whatever doubts I may have of the power of some hands that are put forth to magnetize, I *know* the power of one hand.

"When the last agony shall come, if the dying hour *must* know of agony, if the hand of love cannot be stretched forth upon my brow, the pain shall be stilled by the memory of the hand-charm!"

His mother's charities were faithful and unostentatious. When, after her daily cares were over, she sought the poor families of her especial charge in some of the dark by-ways of North End, it was his delight to be called upon as her protector. In this beautiful companionship he calls himself the "child-guardian."

"How distinct is that picture, nay, that series of pictures! The revolting and the attractive, the rude and the tender, the morose and the kind!

"The scene to which I am now carried is one of the rudest in the city of Boston. It was then a town, but the scene has not in the least been *citified*. Our ideas of a city — that it is the centre of refinement — become wonderfully changed by such repulsive features as now attract my gaze, where the very atmosphere is pollution, and sin-scarred humanity gathers in groups, and flits to and fro from morning to night, and through all the watches of darkness. In those purlieus of vice a wretched family dwelt, impoverished and in sickness. They seemed to have been forgotten, till some providence led a charitable person to the discovery of their situation, by which means the intelligence was brought to our home. Night after night, when wearying labors were ended, did my mother go forth, leading me by her hand, to bear necessaries to the

perishing sick ones. Safely through the rude throngs did we pass, where woman, guarded by man, would dislike to venture, even when it might afford a speedier passage home. The presence of the child acted as a charm, and curbed the spontaneous passions of barbarous spirits, even as the sword of the infuriated soldier was stayed in the air when the fragile child looked up on the battle-field, from the dead body of his father, and cried, 'Don't strike me — *I'm so little!*'

"How vivid are the scenes of those nights! As I moved on, I felt like the little creature who, when she had heard the terrors of 'the last judgment' graphically portrayed, looked up to her mother and said, 'Mother, let me keep hold of your hand *then*, won't you?' And how continually, to teach us the power of gentleness and innocence, does Jesus place in the midst of angry and ambitious spirits a little child! To keep alive the filial spirit, to cultivate towards God the relations which we hold towards humanity in our childhood, is to possess a religion that shall go with us everywhere, and always, as a child-guardian."

In these visits his young heart early learned sympathy for the poor and afflicted, and veneration for his mother. His recollections of her were always of the sweetest and holiest nature.

In his first poetic attempts she often inspired his muse, many strains of which are preserved. "*To my best friend, my dear mother,*" I find one entitled, written in a large, round, school-boy hand. In his early ministry, too, his favorite and most effective figures were drawn from a mother's love and tenderness. He says:

"When I would speak of the love of Heaven, that sanctifies and redeems, that stills all evil passions of the soul, and brings peace to the tempest-tossed sinner on the sea of remorse, I exhaust language when I say that it comes like the soft hand of a mother on the throbbing brow fevered by pain."

Another instance of his veneration for his mother he calls the "profanity cure."

"A habit which I once easily learned, in early youth, from associating with careless and irreligious speakers, was profanity. At times I was made aware of it; and, though of strong passions by nature, and of an impulsive temperament, I severely condemned the use of the fiery words. Once I was at home, and in a fit of impatience I expressed myself profanely. No one was in the room but my mother, and whether she heard the phrase or not I cannot tell. But with quick speed I went out, and held a court in the chamber of the soul. Conscience was judge, and 'meanwhile the thoughts excused or accused one another.' I was condemned — condemned by the thought that I had uttered profanity in the presence of my mother. 'Is it come to this?' I distinctly remember, were the involuntary words which came from my lips as I left home. I resolved immediately to correct the evil, and checked my impulsiveness by '*Hem!*' and expended the breath in uttering 'Shakspeare.' I hope the shade of that great genius has never been disturbed by the use thus made of that name. Shakspeare has been put to many uses worse than that, leaving room, often, for an application of his own words, 'To what base uses we may return, Horatio!' He has aided infinitely more the spread than the prevention of profanity.

"It darkens the past, to think that I once caught the infection, and I would pray that others might be led to reverent thought of God through profound respect for human love, and find in the presence, personal or spiritual, of a mother, a profanity cure."

An incident that he used to relate to his own little boys I find among his published papers, from which I make a few extracts, containing, as it does, a better picture of the boy, mentally and personally, than I am able to give. It is entitled "Conscience, or the Down of the Dandelion."

"The year of which we write was about 1820, and the portion of the year was 'Commencement.' Henry had heard a great deal of this festival at Cambridge, in the vicinity of his native town, Boston. To his imagination, it was the gathering of all the wise men of the land. He thought he should

see as many great minds there as there were houses about him; and to his fancy there was nothing so mighty as a man who could write a book, or make a speech, or preach a sermon. He longed to go to 'Commencement;' to see the college boys on the green, to hear the music of the bands, to look at the procession coming out from the hall to go to the church, where the young orators were to exert their greatest powers. Henry had heard of the long line of tall trees on each side of the road leading to the college, and how their broad tops united together to form a continuous bower; and he longed to get under that green arch, to feel the grateful shade, and to watch the sunshine as it played with the leaves and sprinkled itself through the branches, making the roadway very beautiful with the checkered light and shade. But Henry had never been permitted to go 'out of town.' His boundaries were very limited; and so generally was this the case with all the boys then, that there were a great many battles between the lads of the 'North End' and the 'South End,' and the 'South End' and the 'West End.' Henry had hardly ever dared to venture beyond his own 'North End.' He never was a fighter. He could not bear to see one boy strike another, and he was not so much afraid to go beyond his limits because he was a coward, as because he did not wish to tempt any boy to quarrel with him. All around him were boys going to 'Commencement.'"

At last he yields to the temptation, and prepares himself to go without returning to inform his mother.

"He took off his straw hat, and fixed the brim of it a little more even, and pushed out two dents in the crown, and then put it on more carefully. He stepped up to a low window-sill, and with a piece of paper wiped his bootees clean, tied the leather strings over again more neatly, and then went to the 'town pump' to wash his hands, shaking them till they were dry from the washing. Then he rubbed them together to get them still more dry, that with his thumb and forefinger he might smooth out the collar he had on. While doing this, he happened to pass a looking-glass store, and he stopped at the window to see himself by the aid of a large mirror there placed for a show. There he was at full length. The mirror was

bent over just enough to suit him. He could see everything from hat to bootees, and really Henry thought he was not a bad-looking boy. His skin was very white and girlish-looking. His hair was light as flax, very fine, and parted from left to right over his forehead, underneath which just peered out two clear blue eyes, whose tender expression singularly contrasted with the long upper lip and firm expression of the mouth, seeming to say he could easily be moved by an appeal to his affections, and could be inflexibly firm when occasion required. Here was his danger, and here was his defence. The face suited him. It glowed with excitement; and when he left the study of that face for a glance at his clothing, he felt that his dress would do, and not having his best suit to take care of, he should have the more fun."

After many trials, he at last comes in sight of Cambridge; but

"His longing for 'Commencement' was more than a match for his bodily endurance, and now he sat down on the railing by the roadside to rest a while. As he sat here he saw some dandelions, and some of them which were in decay seemed to nod their heads to him. The old superstition came to his mind, that if you take one of these tops, and with a single breath blow off all the down, your mother wants you. He got down from the railing and stepped over on the marsh, and plucked near the road the long stem of a dandelion, with its round top full of downy seeds. His hand trembled as he held it up, and he blew upon the down, when but a portion of it fell off. Henry's face lighted up with joy.

"'Mother *don't* want me!' he gladly said to himself, and he had put one hand on to the rail to spring into the road again. But his heart beat quick. He did n't feel right. 'I was tired,' he said, 'and did n't blow strong enough.' Henry's conscience was uneasy. He kept his hand resting on the rail, and now he began to whistle, but the tune was a serious one. He sighed, he looked up the road, he saw the people flocking to the festivities, and he thought he heard the sound of the music on the college green, but if he did the peal of the church-bell soon took it away from his ear. It was the bell ringing the hour for the 'Commencement' exercise, and with all

Henry's love for the fife and the drum, and also for the violin, there was no music to him like the sound of the church-going bell. He never was tired of that music; and even when the 'nine o'clock' evening bell pealed out the hour when the street plays must be ended, and all boys must be at home, there was something pleasant in the sound of the bells. When other boys were sliding, coasting, and skating, around him, on Christmas week, Henry would stand still, with the rope of his sled wound round his arm, listening to the 'Old North' chimes. And now the sound of the church-bell came to arouse his conscience; and there alone, with none to know him, he felt heartily ashamed to think he did not act more honestly in blowing upon the dandelion. The tears were in his eyes. His heart was heavy, and there was no peace for him till he made another trial. He plucked another stem. He held it up valiantly. He blowed upon the top with a vigorous breath, and every particle of the down departed! The ball could not have been brushed more smoothly. His hand was again on the rail. One spring, and he was over into the road, running as if for life, *back to town!* He did not lessen his speed till he found himself on the bridge, when the pitter-patter of his feet told him that he was flying homeward fast indeed. He now took his homeward way more leisurely.

"As he walked along he met a sailor he was in the habit of calling 'Uncle Berry,' who spoke to him, with rather a hard slap of his hand on Henry's shoulder.

"'Been to Commencement, Henry?' said the sailor.

"'No!' manfully answered Henry; 'have n't got leave to go.'

"'Good boy! good boy! I like ye, Henry, and you and I 'll have a good time.'

"'I an't a *good* boy, uncle,' said Henry, sorrowfully.

"'Who says so? What rascal 's been talking to you?' asked the uncle.

"'No one, sir. I think it was something good that told me that;' and with this he looked up into the sailor's face, with an expression which quieted him amazingly.

"'What do you mean, Henry?' he asked.

"'I mean, sir, *conscience*,' was the boy's reply; and Henry went on to tell the whole story of the morning, as they walked along. The sailor was delighted.

"Henry passed a happy day with the free and generous sailor, and always looked back to that time as the beginning of earnest struggles with temptation. To him the dandelion had always a great beauty, and it was a great pleasure when he afterwards read that Linnæus gave it a place in his Horologe of Flora, as one of the plants most certainly to be depended on for the opening and closing of its flowers; and still more does he prize the line of Adriano: '*Dandelion* — a college youth that flashes for a day;' and thinks how much he suffered in his attempt to see such flashes."

Those two clear blue eyes, whose tender expression singularly contrasted with the long upper lip and firm expression of the mouth, were truthful tests of the science of physiognomy. They were evidence of great extremes of character, which caused much inward struggle, and through all his life led him to be frequently misunderstood by persons of less marked natures. With acute sympathy for all forms of suffering, and ready always to perform the office of comforter, he was the keen and critical opponent of every form of sin and wickedness; and though eager for approbation, and keenly alive to censure, when once a conviction of truth or duty was impressed upon him, he could have suffered martyrdom in its fullest sense before he could have yielded one jot or tittle of what he had received as the right.

In his longing to see the "tall trees" at Cambridge, "with their broad tops united together to form a continuous bower, to stand under the green arch, to feel the grateful shade, and to watch the sunshine as it played with the leaves and sprinkled itself through the branches, making the roadway very beautiful with the checkered light and shade," and in his stopping amid his winter sports, with the rope of his sled wound round his arm, listening to the "Old North" chimes, we see the early indications of his love of the beautiful, — a love that became intense in maturer years.

His early muse often sung of the music of the bells in his native city, and the man did not forget them. When their peal awoke his memory of olden times, he sings:

"O! I was then but a dreamy boy,
And to muse alone was my sweetest joy.
When Christmas came, 't was a holy week;
Through the twilight's hush the chimes would break;
My soul was at peace through the sweet days seven,
For the evening bells were a strain from heaven!
And I dreamed all night of the Holy Land,
Of the Saviour Christ, and the martyr band."

In common with his brothers, at an early age Henry attended the free schools of Boston. In these, which were the Mayhew and Hancock, he remained until his fourteenth year; and this comprised all the instruction he ever received from schools. But, though his school experience was short in years, it was long in results; for a wonderfully retentive memory, and studious and persevering habits, surmounted all difficulties early, and a precision that he never lost crowned his efforts with success. In his penmanship and compositions this precision is most striking. No spot nor blemish mars the pages, the punctuation is perfect, and as the writing lies on the page before you it seems to say, What I have written I have written.

His generous and truthful nature made him a favorite with his schoolmates, among whom he maintained something of the character of a mimic lawyer, and when any case of dispute arose the wounded party would appeal to him for justice. But the bane of his happiness was always timidity and extreme near-sightedness, which continued to be a thorn in the flesh through many years, preventing the free expression of his genuine kindliness of heart, and giving an appearance of indifference and coldness of manner, even to those whose favor he most coveted.

Among the teachers of his youth, good old Master Mackintosh — a name familiar to many a graduate of the North End schools — was the most gratefully and affectionately remembered; and he lived to see his timid pupil, who could never summon courage to declaim before his schoolmates, a preacher among men.

During this period of his life the "two blue eyes" had many struggles with "the long upper lip." Among the snares and temptations that beset the path of the city boy, I will mention one, the firm resistance of which gave him, at that early age, the very spirit of the reformer.

The great temperance reform had not yet commenced, and that portion of Boston where he resided probably needed its redeeming influence more than any other part of the city. He saw the tempting cordial displayed on every occasion, even where his playmates met for a little social party; and he knew it was the same poison that stole the peace from families around him, and marred the beauty of many a noble form that his eyes once loved to look upon. He had no courage to tell how his soul hated the tempter; but the work was begun, where true reform always commences, in the heart of the individual. Alone with his God he made a solemn vow that no intoxicating drink should ever pass his lips; and he kept it.

He had many trials to encounter for conscience' sake, but he always came off conqueror. Once a merry, rough old sailor, a favorite with him and his playmates, had just returned from sea, and, encountering his young friends in the neighborhood of a bar-room, true to his nature, he immediately invited them to drink. "Now, Henry," said one of his friends, "you 'll have to drink, or he 'll be angry." "You 'll see," was the only reply. When his turn came, and the sailor passed the glass to him, he

looked straight into his eyes, and said, "Excuse me, sir, I have made a solemn vow never to touch intoxicating drink." The sailor immediately laid down the glass, and seizing his hand, while the tears streamed down his rough cheeks, exclaimed, "Bless you, my good boy! Would to God *I* could keep such a vow! How many a heart-ache it would have saved my poor old mother!"

At another time he had joined a boat-party for a fishing excursion in Boston harbor. Near one of the many islands the boat ran aground, and the party was obliged to remain in that uncomfortable position nearly all night. Henry dropped asleep in the boat, and his companions, among whom was a relative older than himself, feeling some anxiety about him, as the boat was wet and the night-air chilly, attempted to arouse him, and get him to drink a potion to secure him against cold. They succeeded in partly awaking him, and put the cup to his lips; but the flavor of the mixture aroused him to consciousness, and he set his teeth against it as though he had received a sudden attack of lock-jaw. His friends laughingly gave up further efforts for his safety, and left him to his fate; but the story was told with great zest in after years, when the conscientious boy became a successful pleader for temperance.

During the last year of his life, when worn with excessive debility, his friends prevailed upon him to try the strengthening power of wine; but he received no benefit from it, and jocosely said it was of no use for *him* to try *that*, for he had said so many hard things about it, and had been such a mortal enemy through all his life to every form of alcoholic drink, that it was now having its revenge, and would exert none of its strengthening powers for him.

III.

EARLY LITERARY EFFORTS.

WHEN he commenced his first original compositions, and when he did not compose, are periods the exactness of which is equally undetermined; but I am sure that from the date he penned his first thoughts, writing became the joy of his very existence. In boyhood and manhood, at home and abroad, through pain, sickness, weariness, loneliness, joy, sorrow, in all moods of mind, whatever were his surroundings, his pen was his constant companion, "ever charming, ever new." It was a positive delight; it heightened all his joys, and soothed all his sorrows. As I look over his early writings, a few of which are preserved out of an abundance, it seems to me the mere pleasure of writing that fair, elegant hand must have first led him to write out his own thoughts; and when once they had found expression on paper, a never-failing fountain afforded a full supply. His favorite mode of expressing himself was in verse, and many events of his youth were chronicled in song; but his abiding themes were those of the affections and religious emotions. One composition among those preserved is entitled "Themes;" and after several stanzas, in which he discards the idea of permitting beauty, fame, or pleasure, to be the subject of his verse, he says:

"But all these themes I scorn to sing,
And rather would a tribute bring

To *Thee!* in whom together blend
A God, a Father, and a Friend:
And, O, inspire my heart to raise
To *Thee* a song of grateful praise;—
Thou, the great and mighty one!
God supreme, and God alone;
God of the sea, the earth, and heaven,
May all my praise to *Thee* be given."

A great portion of his early writings was of this character.

Once, when a sister had been reading some of his verses to a young friend, she exclaimed, "Why, A——, Henry is pious!" And so he was. From childhood to manhood his days were "linked each to each by natural piety."

From the close of his school-days until the period of manhood, there are few events in his outward life to be recorded. Like the Master whom he early learned to serve, through those years he was subject to his parents. How many of his young traits of promise his mother kept and pondered in her heart, as true mothers will, we know not; but we know his father little dreamed that the pale, quiet boy, who, save an extreme fondness for the use of the pen and the books within his reach, was like others of his age, had longings and aspirations that only the life of a student could satisfy. Had he known it,—had he for a moment supposed that a son of his had that within him which would make him a successful preacher of the Gospel he loved, and to which he gave his liberal support,—he would have lost no time in placing him within reach of the assistance he needed. But he did not know it, and soon after leaving school Henry commenced the same business in which his father and elder brother had wrought and prospered. In a beautiful valley in the town of Medford,—now Winchester,—about seven miles from Boston, was a hat-factory belonging to his father; and here commenced his first business life.

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," was the motto with which he commenced his new duties, and his labors prospered as he wrought.

His industry and faithfulness caused his father to early place him in a responsible situation among his workmen, and here he continued until his twentieth year.

And what was his inner life, through all these intervening years? The change from city to country — and to that lovely locality, too — awoke new elements, and established the early habit of thought, study, and writing. Here he was surrounded with a wealth of running waters, green meadows, stately trees, and distant hills, crowned with dark foliage; and here, even amid the din and noise of a factory, commenced a discipline that gave much after-power to the intense thinker and earnest worker. "His young fancy," he says, "pictured nothing so mighty as a man who could write a book, or make a speech, or preach a sermon;" and here commenced the life of his ideal man. He "kept singing his songs;" he wrote speeches and sermons; and, like a disciple of Demosthenes, he declaimed amid confusion — not of tumultuous assemblies, but of wheels and enginery. He read books of travel, history, romance, poetry, newspapers, everything that came within his reach; but his *study* was Shakspeare and the Bible. In the window of his chamber, that overlooked a musical water-fall, he placed an Æolian harp; and there, night after night, when others slept, his taper burned brightly, as he pored over his favorite pages. The sound of a wind-harp, in after years, recalled these days.

"A sound has just struck upon my ear which has borne me back some twenty years; and I lay in the soft moonlight of the summer's eve, listening to the quivering notes of my

Æolian harp, mingled with the music of the water-fall. What a toiling and dreaming creature I was then, — aimless, life a tangled skein of mysteries, and Jacob's ladder but visible in a dream! The night was my time to live in — alone, bending over the wondrous pages of Shakspeare, drinking in the streams of the many-colored light as they came through the windows of his genius. All I had thought, imagined, or dreamed of, was anticipated there; and I felt awe-struck, reverential, and humble, before the majesty of the poet's soul. Had he then appeared in my lonely room, I should have instinctively bowed down and kissed the hem of his robe. He made me dissatisfied with mere fiction, — with the fairy tale, fashioned for the luxurious hour of the summer eve. He made me ask after that elevated knowledge, that sublimity of character, that excellence in which I now see, in perfect mosaic, all the fragments of beauty, grace, and majesty, I had found scattered around the pathway that led through the garden and broad fields of his works. That excellence I found in Jesus Christ. There I saw an acute intellect, an indomitable will, a pure and precise conscience, and a boundless love. I have now a higher Shakspeare, — one who turns to me the many-colored lights of the spiritual world."

Of his early impressions of the Bible, he says: "I know how in boyhood its great truths thrilled me, and how I felt it was a peculiar and sacred book." And as he pored over its pages, though his lips never had courage to utter it, he longed to be among those who preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

No doubt is left in our mind of the character of the faith which its study taught him. It is stamped on many pages of his early writing, in tone like the following:

"Thou, whose all-searching eye can enter the inmost recesses of our hearts, and knowest the promptings of our every action; who inhabitest a world far from the sight of mortal man, lighted by the smile of thine eye; can man, erring and mortal as he is, make vain the labors of love of the 'Friend of sin-

ners'? Can he make vain that peerless sacrifice on Calvary's mount, when thine all-perfect Son gave himself a ransom for *all*, to be testified in *due* time? Can he make vain that prayer, when, in the agonies of death, he raised his meek eyes to *his* Father and *our* Father, to his God and our God, and prayed for the pardon of his murderers, — 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'? A prayer worthy of the Son of the ever-living God! And when by thy servants thou hast said thou wilt have *all men* to be saved, shall man rise up in judgment, and decree his fellow-man — created of the same earth, and entitled to the same happy immortality — to eternal condemnation, because he will not worship a God unlike to thy all-glorious majesty?

"But, Father! — O, 't is an endearing name! — we do believe thou art a kind and tender parent, and dost overshadow us with a wing of love, and lookest upon our wanderings with a father's kindness and pity, and in thy chastisements thou rememberest mercy. May we therefore kiss the rod, knowing it is a father's hand; and when we shall hear men proclaim thee a wrathful and avenging being, may we, with prayerful heart for their conversion to the truth, turn them to the testimony of thy servant John, who saith, 'GOD IS LOVE!' and may we ever clasp to our hearts, as an antidote to death, the glorious and heaven-born doctrine that we shall, as one united family, all meet at last in heaven."

A fondness for religious meetings led him to search them out in the neighborhood of his secluded home; and one held at a school-house was an event that seldom passed unnoticed by him.

In a letter to me, many years after, written while he was on a visit to Medford, he alludes to one of these school-house meetings, where, he says, he made his first speech in public, and to the peculiar life he led at that period.

"This morning I took my staff in hand, and proceeded to take a walk. I went through J——'s woods, over the canal, and up the canal to the locks, where a bridge goes over to the west side. What a rush of memory came at that point!

When I got to the winding road on the west side, it seemed exceedingly pleasant, for it was associated with the most delightful of *animal* memories. The canal bank is unshaded, and many times, when walking over that way, the heat and the hot sands, reflecting the light into the face and eyes, seemed almost too much to bear; and when I got over to the winding road, to that apple-tree, what a relief it was! I had not walked in that place for fifteen or sixteen years. I used to go nearly every Sabbath over to this road, and many recollections are associated with it. I walked along to the old school-house where I made my first speech in public. I had invited a Catholic friend to go over, one Sabbath evening, to the conference meeting, and in the course of the evening the leading speaker spoke against the Catholics as idolaters, worshipping images. After the meeting I arose and corrected the remarks of the speaker, declaring the Catholics did not worship the images they used, but employed them to represent devotional things, and that all of us had symbols sacred to us. This was my first speech, and at least the Catholic was thankful. How singular it was that I used to go over there! The distance was over two miles, and the walk was through thick woods, which was not very pleasant when the night was on and the stars were dim. The speeches at those meetings were always the same; but I, with the utmost care of dress, with a glittering watch-seal, a polished cane, and clean boots, was always there. I liked to hear preaching, and it broke up the monotony of life. The school-house is the same now, save a new door; — the same hacked clapboards, flapping blinds, the little path behind, and the old apple-tree at the side. I wish I could have gone in, but I could only peep in and see where I used to sit. Leaving the old memento of other years, — years of daily manual labor, and nightly aspirations for intellectual growth and development, — I passed on, thinking, as I threaded the road to its end."

This first speech contained one marked trait of the future man. Though his own faith was to him "the one altogether lovely, the chiefest among ten thousand," he was never blind to the true and the good in the creeds of others. Narrowness and bigotry found no room in his heart; but whoever and

wherever the wronged and oppressed were, in him they found an advocate. He could not pass by without attempting to rectify what he felt was wrong. A false statement, a misquotation of Scripture, a flaw in controversy, seldom passed him unnoticed; and this quickened sense of the right, always prominent in his intercourse with society, caused a friend once to say of him, when he had heard him accused of being crooked, "No, he is not crooked; he is awfully straight." In a just tribute to him, Rev. O. A. Skinner says:

"Let me speak of his integrity. I believe it the most prominent trait in his character, and one that exhibited itself clearly and distinctly in all that he did. It was so marked, and had such a controlling influence, that it sometimes gave an appearance of bluntness to his speech, and of severity to his spirit. He never calculated how far it was expedient to go in uttering his convictions; he never stopped to parley with duty; and where one with intentions as pure as his might hesitate from timidity of nature, or from a kindness no greater than always animated his heart, because afraid of wounding a sensitive spirit, he went promptly forward, thinking only of the truth to be uttered. I do not mean that he was rash, that he was inconsiderate, that he did not regard the feelings of others; but that he thought rather of what ought to be, than of what the world would say, or how the world would feel. He was entirely a stranger to what is called policy, and that word had no place in his vocabulary. It has been said that he did not understand human nature; but it would be more just to say, he would not humor it, but always have the right enforced. He would differ from his best friend as readily as from any other, and could not perceive why friendship should ask to have truth withheld. When he came in conflict with what he deemed wrong in principle, he would stand his ground, however strong the opposition he encountered; and he asked for no peace to be obtained by the sacrifice of right. Integrity ruled him, and everything else in his nature was so completely in subjection to this, that it sometimes gave to his character an

appearance of harshness, and led those who did not fully understand him to think him wanting in the kindly virtues.

"I would not be understood as offering any apology for a lack of kindness, for no such apology is needed. His was a heart of peculiar tenderness; no man was more ready to perform an office of love, or cherished a more devoted sympathy for his fellow-men. He had a large measure of that spirit which can rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep. He was an earnest, faithful friend; and was a perfect stranger to everything like envy, insincerity, and dissimulation. His friendship was frank, as well as kind; faithful, as well as warm; and would censure, when duty required, as well as commend."

There were many events of a social character that "broke up the monotony of life" in this busy valley. His blessed mother would often come and pass several days at a time in the pleasant "factory house;" and his brothers and sisters, with their young friends, made this rural retreat a favorite resort. Here were moonlight sails upon the sparkling waters, where the mellow flute "flooded over with song" the drooping elms and willows, and the soft meadows, sparkling with the fire-fly, making it a fairy land to the young dreamer. Here were dances upon the green, to the music of an amateur violinist, who often sung and played the songs Henry had composed. But not for him were the gayer sports, which others, with fresh young hearts, partook of with delight. His enjoyment was to stand apart, as he stood listening to the bells when a boy, regardless of any enjoyment save the beauty of the scene and the poetry of motion. Innocent pleasures always found an advocate in him; but a retiring, thoughtful, studious life made him a young recluse. This caused much regret in after life, when intense literary pursuits became so habitual, that he knew not how to enjoy the relaxation and idleness that is sometimes

needed to unloose the bow, lest its constant strain snap it too suddenly. But now an event occurred that was to bring a great change to him, — that was to give wings to thoughts that had been so long in a chrysalis state.

In 1830 his father built a dwelling-house in the neighborhood of his factory; and now the whole family removed from Boston. The lovely scenery, the hospitality of his father, — likened by many to the "fine old English gentleman," — brought numerous visitors to the new home. Among these were many Universalist clergymen, to whom "Father Bacon" always extended the warm hand of welcome. Among these clergymen was the Rev. D. D. Smith, then editor of the *Universalist and Ladies' Repository*, a periodical of which I must here give a passing notice, as its after history is so blended with my subject. It was first called the *Universalist*, and was published simultaneously at Boston and Lowell, conducted by an association of Universalist clergymen. Their introductory address says: "This publication will be less characterized by opposition to other denominations, than by a devoted adherence and judicious defence of the principles of our own." And it further adds: "The profits of the work, after the expenses are defrayed, will be sacredly devoted to the benefit of the widows and orphans of deceased Universalist ministers, or some other charitable purpose."

Its object, thus stated, was two-fold, — a paper of less controversial character than its neighbors, and its proceeds to be appropriated to charitable purposes. The first clause of its intended mission it has fulfilled; but its last praiseworthy, but rather quixotic one, it was never prosperous enough to accomplish.

At the close of its first year it was transferred to S. and S. F. Streeter. At the commencement of the

second volume, 1833, it passed through another transfer, and became the property of Rev. D. D. Smith; and in the month of November, of the same year, it received the additional name of *Ladies' Repository*. At this time Mr. Smith frequently visited Medford; and once, while walking leisurely around, he espied Henry at his work, with his copy-book beside him. The eye of the editor fell upon the book, and he took it up. Turning leaf after leaf, he expressed satisfaction, and solicited something for publication, which was granted. This was indeed an era.

The first published article, which, from its familiar signature of "B.," I know to be his, aside from its interest as his first, closes with the very words that came so soothingly to him in his last hours; — a coincidence that touched me, when I first discovered it, like words of prophecy.

"Our trust is in our God. He has ever exercised a protecting care over us while among the living, evincing that man was framed for noble purposes; and when we descend to the grave he will be there. Awake, then, O, my soul, and rejoice while in the journey of life! Let me not bury the blessings God has conferred, but be grateful, and exhibit my true gratitude in the proper enjoyment of them, under the full assurance that the time will come when he shall say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

IV.

ENTERS PUBLIC LIFE.

A YEAR previous to this new era in his life, the shades of death had gathered with heavy folds around his home. At one Thanksgiving dinner, five names were whispered with trembling lips, as dwellers in spirit-land, who one year before had met with them at that family festival, — a festival always celebrated in that home in true New England fashion.

The grandmother, the elder brother and wife, and the wife and child of another brother, were all in one short year called home. His elder brother, who died September, 1832, was one of those lights of home whose going out causes the gloom to be almost bewildering. The hope and pride of his parents, the guide and counsellor of his brothers and sisters, the true friend, the noble citizen, was Robert Bacon, jr. And "How can we live without him!" was spoken in the tearful glances of the stricken household he left so "bereft and lonely." The direct cause, too, humanly speaking, of his sickness and death, awoke sympathy in many hearts. At a time when hopes were high, the angel of death called for his young and lovely wife; and the shock, coming so sudden and unexpected to his true loving heart, entirely prostrated him.

Among the tender memories of his grief, Henry often recalled one circumstance that passed under his sympathizing eye the evening of her burial; and in a little volume entitled "Sacred Flora," writ-

ten by him many years after as a memento of an only and darling daughter, he alludes to this scene in the following touching strain:

"Let me place here a flower I have just culled from memory. I but heard the rushing of the wings of years, and was placed where I could not but put forth my hand and take the flower, weaving around it those mournful words which so often I have made mine: 'I am distressed for thee, my brother! very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful!' The scene that thus comes to me is this: The dead had been borne to the tomb; the head had dropped in tears of bitterness, and the eye had been raised to heaven in reverent hope. The sad train returned, and the *childless widower*, bereft at once of compānion and offspring, walked the bridal chamber in the impetuousness of utter desolation. A mother sought to comfort, and well succeeded for the time. She spoke of the duties to which he must live, and that despair would be no fitting monument to one whose life was pleasantness and usefulness wherever it touched humanity. Heroism seemed to enter as from heaven, and the lofty brow shone with the light of holy resolution. The eye, uplifted, shone like a bright star veiled by a light mist, more beautiful than when glittering in clearness, and bespoke resignation; the firm lip told of fixed purpose, and the clasped hands denoted the prayer that winged its silent way to heaven. 'Yes, I will live for the family,' said he, 'and will serve it as God shall give me ability.' Our tears were now shed with a new feeling, and we prayed for strength to be given him from on high.

"When about to leave for the paternal home, he chanced to let his hand open a drawer, and there lay the open page of a note he had written in a pleasant mood to his companion, to prepare to attend a festival on the evening of the day on which it was penned. Instantaneously all the fostered strength was gone! The tides of feeling rushed with impetuous fulness, and he was overwhelmed. Never did his lost strength return, and soon he died."

After the funeral of his wife, which took place at his own residence in Boston, he returned with his father and mother to their home in Medford. Faint,

sick, and weary, he went directly to his mother's room, and never left it until "dressed in travelling robes for a fairer home," one month after. His death was caused, said his physician, by typhus fever, aggravated by his grief; but fresh to-day as on the year of their departure are the memories of Robert and Serena in the household; and, as with tender tones we speak their names, a sweet halo of romance encircles their early loves, and *we* say he died broken-hearted.

How deeply these bereavements touched the heart of Henry, none but his God knew. His faithful pen made record of his loss, and his tribute to his noble brother tells the whole story of his beautiful life. In what he calls a "preface" to a volume of his own writings, composed after his brother's death, he says:

"I have had *one* to cheer me on in my pursuit after knowledge, — *one* who would always lend a helping hand to my young efforts. That one is dead! and I feel my talents are too weak, too insignificant, to write his eulogy; but I may be permitted to quote a few lines from my journal, kept at the time of his death.

"'He, who but a short time since was all hope and animation, is dead! and in him we have lost the proudest ornament of the family. He was the affectionate and devoted son and brother, the sincere and generous friend. His goodness and well-stored mind added lustre to the social circle; his nobleness of soul, and many generous, manly deeds, gained him the esteem of all who were so fortunate as to secure his friendship. But the prayers and heartfelt wishes of many could not avail. The summons has gone forth, and he has obeyed it.

"'Thy monuments are living ones; on hearts thy name is traced;
And, save by death's cold, withering hand, can never be erased;
And incense to thy memory from friendship's hallowed urn
Shall rise until the lamp of life for us doth cease to burn.

"'And often, as we think of thee, we 'll shed the bitter tear —
The tribute which affection gives, and one that 's most sincere;
And heaven will not reprove the tear that for lost worth is shed,
For our dear Saviour wept with those who mourned the early dead.

"'And as fond memory glances at the dim and shadowy past,
Unto the days of blithesome youth, too happy long to last,
She brings remembrance of thy love, thy kindness, and thy truth,
Thy gentle patience, that hath borne the waywardness of youth.

"'Then, my lamented friend, thou wert my pattern and my guide,
The loved of all well known to thee, the social circle's pride,
The friend sincere and generous, kind-hearted, warm, and true;
The man in virtue ne'er excelled, and equalled but by few.

"'A mother's fond and dearest joy, a father's boasted pride,
A brother's bright example, sisters' counsellor and guide;
Enhancer of their purest joys, partaker of their woes,
Unchanged by sorrow or by joy, — the same unto life's close.

"'With brow erect, and honest heart, true honor's path you trod;
Thy conscience, thy dictator, — thy acknowledged master, God;
And when the fatal word went forth, and thou wert doomed to die,
Our fondest hopes, like some bright star, were blasted from our sky.

"'Mysterious, and above all search, are thy decrees, O God!
But on thy wisdom we rely, and kiss thy chastening rod;
And, trusting to thy promises, thy goodness, and thy love,
We hope to meet our brother in a brighter sphere above.

"'Since his death an important change has taken place in my situation in life, and I have had a stronger desire than ever for the pursuit of knowledge. Far be it from me ever to foster even the *shadow* of a hope to rise in the world by my pen, but I find real enjoyment in cultivating what little talent is given me, and I am resolved to continue writing so long as I have the power.'"

The "important change" to which he alludes was his removal from Medford to his father's store in Boston, to fill in a measure the vacancy caused by his brother's death; and at this same time he commenced publishing his writings in the *Ladies' Repository*.

At the commencement of the third volume, June, 1834, he became a regular contributor; and from that time until he laid aside his earthly work, a period of twenty-two years, I cannot find a single number of that monthly periodical that does not contain something from his pen.

During his residence in Boston he was subjected

to one annoyance, to which he frequently alluded in after years. This was the importunity of some person, much older than himself, of infidel notions, who made repeated endeavors to undermine his faith. In a letter to one of his brothers, who was journeying at the time, I find the following allusion to this subject:

"I resume my pen, having dropped it by the interruption of that prince of medley ——, who has been importuning me, these three or four days, with his heart-chilling doctrine of annihilation. He says he thinks he can make me a convert to that doctrine; but he will find himself mistaken, for what inducement doth that theory hold out to man to embrace it? Every man of reason and common sense will answer, none! That man who has no yearning for a better, happier, holier existence, must be dead to one of the most consoling hopes of life; for,

"Though in our paths thorns may arise,
And o'er our heads are clouded skies,
And though no rays of light appear
Our darkened path in life to cheer,
Yet there 's a holy promise given —
Though grief is here, there 's joy in heaven.

"This hope shall cheer the drooping heart,
When doomed from dearest friends to part;
Shall point to realms beyond the skies,
Where sorrow shall not dim the eyes;
And when from every comfort riven,
Still point us to our home in heaven.

"Excuse me for introducing my simple rhymes, for I could not better express my thoughts at that moment."

His office of clerk in his father's store was not destined to be of long duration; and it was well, for his soul was elsewhere, after he had breathed the first breath of literary life. His rhymes mingled with the figures of his day-book, and theology engrossed more thought than the ledger. His edito-

rial friend, Rev. D. D. Smith, who was then preaching in Quincy, still spoke encouraging words, and one day proposed to him to write a sermon. He made the effort, and his fate was sealed. Fifteen years after, in a letter to me, he told the story of that sermon.

"I have been thinking at intervals, all day, that the anniversary of my first sermon has come! On the 9th of August, 1834, I arose and made ready to ride with a ministering friend to Quincy. Not one word had ever been said between us about my making any attempt to preach; but, as I was leaving my room, a thought took possession of me, and I stepped to where I had a sermon which I had written as a trial of skill, and I said to myself, 'If he asks me to preach, I 'll preach.' I put the manuscript in my pocket, and went forth to meet my engagement to ride to Quincy. Not a word passed about preaching, but the time was passed in very agreeable conversation on the sights and sounds we greeted in one of the pleasantest of the very pleasant lines of travel round Boston. When we were on Neponset bridge, my companion finished the singing of a hymn, and then paused in silence for a while. That silence was broken with the expression, 'Now, Henry, don't be frightened, but have good courage.' 'What do you mean?' said I; 'you are not going to hurt me!' I added, jocosely. 'O, no!' he answered; 'but you 've got to preach, this morning.' 'No, no!' said I, in absolute fright at such an idea. 'Why, you've got your sermon with you, haven't you?' I *could* not say no, and it seemed to me the strangest thing imaginable that he should suppose I had a sermon with me, or should propose the perilous act of *my* attempting to preach. I, so timid that I had scarce courage to go to the circle of our own friends, and had never been able to summon spirit to speak at school, though coaxed and scolded to do so. But my friend talked on as though it were a settled matter. His tones were exceedingly kind, and the persuasion of his words carried strength in me to attempt anything that was good. He told me he had expected I should preach, and had made no preparation on his own part, and I felt I *must* attempt the work. Though I knew him to be as ready for speaking as waters from the water-fall to run, yet

at that moment it seemed to me that the case was just this: He had no sermon; I had confessed I had one, and a sermon must be preached. How my whole being quaked and shivered from that moment till we got to the church! I followed my friend in, and when I went up the pulpit stairs it seemed to me impossible to place my feet *down* on them. A thousand elastic springs seemed to have worked themselves into my feet, and they were as nervous as when the opera-dancer has suffered martyrdom in the fantasies of the poetry of motion. My friend read the selection from the Scriptures, and then gave me the hymn to read. It was the hymn commencing

'Upward I lift mine eye,
From God is all my aid;'

and, supposing that a large church required great effort of voice to fill it, I read that hymn with a stentorian voice. The people looked up, not wondering at the wisdom carried by so little and flaxen a head, for they had not as yet received anything of 'mine own;' but they did marvel from whence came that strength of voice! I read the hymn, only one foot keeping down on the platform at a time; and as I knew, from reading at school, that a full strength of voice did something in covering up timidity in the reader, this idea added to the size of the church, that looked tremendous, seen by me from the pulpit, made me read with a volume of voice not to be confined to a little space. When I sat down, my friend remarked, 'You read well, but don't read *quite* so *loud* next time.' I was moderate in my tone at the next exercise, and then came *the* sermon. My text was, 'God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' O, how I did tremble! The fear, the trepidation, or call it what you please, almost overwhelmed me. How I lived, I know not. It was impossible for me to keep more than one foot down; the other would fly up, as when a poor creature with naked feet is made to dance as a whip touches now the flesh of one and then of the other. I was sustained by a power I little appreciated then; for after a little while had passed, I was calm, self-possessed, and fearless. From the first I had no desire to shrink back. I do not know that I thought of such a thing, or dreamed that it was possible to

escape the fiery ordeal. It appeared to me that I had a work to do, and it *must* be done. By and by I had finished; I had shown that our esteem and love of beings was according to our views of their characters, the purposes to which they gave themselves, and their feelings towards us. That true worship was the homage of the heart; and hence much depended on the proper apprehension of the Divine character, that we might know the spirit in which to worship Him sincerely. I exhorted Universalists to that worship which is shown by deeds, proving that most truthfully we possess the spirit of the God who is love. After I closed, my friend arose and added some remarks, in approval and in application of the sentiments of my discourse. How strangely I felt when the services were over! The whole proceeding seemed a great mystery. * * * * * * * *

"At that time, when I took that first and perilous step, I felt that *a duty must be done*, a kindness must be performed, and I did it. What a world of results have followed! I feel humble, little, Heaven knows; but I also feel that I have done good, which is to be ranked higher than what I could have wrought had I been kept in a store. * * * * Fifteen years to-day I commenced a minister's life, and the discipline of that series of years I ask of God to make fruitful in me for future good. * * * * *

"The night hours pass solemnly on, and I must pause. Believe me quiet and happy. I am in a sweet state of serenity; and something of that strange and holy satisfaction, which fifteen years to-night possessed me, I now enjoy."

That sermon is still preserved. Its identity is determined by the cover, on which is written these words: "The first sermon I ever wrote. Written in the store of R. Bacon & Sons, and preached August 9th, 1834, at Quincy, Mass." Although, according to the schools, it may not stand the test of criticism, it abounds with that religious life that gave an "apostolic fervor and fidelity" to his succeeding ministry.

The circumstances attending its delivery were of such a nature, that his father knew nothing of it

until a friend, who had passed the Sabbath in Quincy, came into his store, the next morning, and, to his perplexity, congratulated him on the success of his son's first effort. Then, for the first time, the father and son conversed freely on the subject so new to the business-engrossed mind of one, and so inwoven in the heart of the other.

His father, in recalling that conversation, says: "I told him, among other things, that if he was to become a preacher, he must be sure he believed the doctrine he preached; and I thought of this when told that almost his last words were, 'I never preached an insincere word in all my life.'"

The next Sunday he was to supply the desk in Quincy, alone; and he promised his father that his success that day should decide his future course.

He prepared his two sermons during the week, and the Sunday came fraught with an experience much like the first. His prayer he had written, and committed to memory; "but," he says, "when I rose to pray, not a word that I had learned could I command. Again, in the afternoon, it was the same with me; but I did not want for words, nor thoughts, nor feelings, nor aspirations! I was alone with God in the holy of holies, bearing the people on my heart, and I *did* pray for them. Had the golden bells of Aaron been on my robes, the tremulous music would have told truly that I lived before the Divine Presence."

He never after made mechanical preparation for prayer; but an unction seemed given him the moment he assumed the attitude of devotion, and all those who ever sat thoughtfully under his ministry will remember his eloquent petitions. "I cannot realize," writes one, "that I shall never again hear him utter his soul in prayer to God. In common with many others, I was deeply moved by those utterances. They always unsealed the deepest and holiest founts

of feeling within me." Another writes: "I am much indebted to him for a personal influence I can scarcely describe. Much of what I am as a minister I owe to him more than to any other man. He has instructed me in *prayer;* for no man excelled him in appropriateness of matter and manner, and I doubt if it were possible for any thoughtful person to listen to his prayers without being inspired by them with living aspirations for something high and holy."

After this second Sunday he could not look back. "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," he said, were the words constantly sounding in his brain.

His father, finding him so settled in his purpose, wished to place him under the instruction of some theologian; but he was now twenty-one years old; from a boy he had pursued his course of thought and study alone; the progress of his mind had been peculiar, and a new discipline promised but uncertain results. He left the store, and in the retirement of his Medford home consecrated himself to his new life. His fertile and active brain knew no rest, and when called upon to preach he was always ready.

He preached in several places in the neighborhood of Boston acceptably, and with his father journeyed to the "Cape," preaching wherever a door was open to him.

Rev. Thomas Whittemore, in a brief memoir of him, says of this period of his life:

"It was thought he was a young man of much promise. He was a Universalist from his earliest recollections, and had been baptized into the love of the doctrines he believed. He proposed himself at once for the fellowship of Universalists. He had not the most distant thought of joining any other fraternity; and in November following he received letters from the Boston Association. 'The Committee on Fellowship and Ordination reported in favor of conferring ordination on Brothers Asa P. Cleverly and George Hastings, and granting

Letters of Fellowship to Brothers Henry Bacon, Isaac Brown, and Hugh B. Simpson, and their report was accepted.' The committee consisted of T. Whittemore, J. Moore, then of Danvers, and D. D. Smith, preaching at Quincy. At this time young Hanscom was at Lamprey River; the young and amiable J. G. Adams was among the hills of Grafton county, N. H.; young Brother Bacon was boarding with his father in Medford; Brother S. Cobb was at Malden; Brother T. F. King, at Charlestown; Brother B. Whittemore, at South Boston; Brother Greenwood, at Marlboro'; Brother Thayer, at Lowell; Brother Pope, at Dedham; Brother Wright was pastor at Medford; Brother C. Spear was at Granby, Conn.; Brother S. W. Fuller was alive and active at Philadelphia, the city in which Brother Bacon died. He was present at the Association at which Brother Bacon received fellowship, and preached one of the most admirable sermons that ever proceeded from his lips. How little he thought that Henry Bacon was to become pastor at Philadelphia, and was to die there, like Fuller, of pulmonary consumption!"

At the close of this meeting of the Boston Association, to which reference is made, Mr. Fuller returned with him to Medford, and remained there at intervals for nearly a week. Their spirits were tuned alike, and they took "sweet counsel together;" and the conversations of Mr. Fuller were always remembered as imparting to him the richest encouragement he had ever received. He says:

"He was the first minister that ever asked me how I felt in my profession, and offered me a word of encouragement. I shall never forget his kindness. His words on a certain evening, in my father's house, kindled a hope that otherwise I might never have known, — a hope that stimulated me to earnest effort to attain what he prophesied was within my reach. He was a sincere man, a man of noble parts, who did a good work, and left a good name. His portrait has hung for years in my home. It is here now in my study; but, accurate and pleasant as it is, it is not so dear as his image in my heart."

Again he says, when relating a visit to the church in Philadelphia where Mr. Fuller last labored, and near which he was buried:

"I paused at his grave, and found the green kept verdant and overshadowing his monument. The night air sighed through the leaves as they moved to and fro, checkering the marble with light and shade; and I said in my thoughts, Thus we pass away, and thus we remain by what we have done for others. Green be thy memory, brother!"

Green be the memories of both in the city where their labors were ended!

V.

MINISTRY IN EAST CAMBRIDGE.

On the same month that he preached his first sermon, a little chapel called the Berean Hall was dedicated to the service of God in East Cambridge; and here, among other candidates, he was called upon to preach, after he had received fellowship. And now my own life becomes mingled with his.

Residing in a remote part of Charlestown, my father's family had always attended church at Cambridgeport, which, through all my early days, was under the pastoral care of Rev. Thomas Whittemore; and the seven children who sat with their parents directly in front of the pulpit, and whose seats were seldom vacant, can add their testimony to numerous others, that life has been to them a blessing from the early reception of truths there taught. Though their days have been, like others, counterchanged with "dusk and bright," still the rainbow about the throne has never been dim; and for this faith they hold in grateful remembrance the pastor of their childhood. At the time of which I am now writing, Rev. L. R. Paige was the honored pastor. But the new chapel at East Cambridge was nearer our home, and now we changed our place of worship.

One Sabbath afternoon we entered church during prayer, and remained in the vestibule until that service was ended. As we waited there I had a direct view of the pulpit and its occupant. I can see now, as he stood there in the attitude of prayer, his slight,

youthful figure, his pale, thoughtful face, and his light hair laid as smoothly as possible over his forehead. My brother asked who the young stranger was, and received in reply, "One of Robert Bacon's sons." We all knew Robert Bacon, but few had any knowledge of this son. In the circle of my acquaintance I had met familiarly every member of Mr. Bacon's family, as I supposed; but I now became aware, for the first time, of the existence of the one in the pulpit before me. He preached from the text "God is love," to a large and deeply-interested audience. On the following Sabbath he occupied the pulpit again, and preached in the morning from the text, "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." He pictured the character of the true Bereans, and exhorted those who had named their temple in honor of them to live up to their high Christian standard. The aptness of his subject, his round, full pronunciation, the easy and rapid flow of his thoughts, his thorough earnestness, the entire unconsciousness of any effect he should produce, save by the great truths he uttered, made him an immediate favorite, and he was chosen pastor of the new society by a unanimous vote.

On the evening of December 28th, 1834, the last Sabbath of this eventful year, he was ordained in his sacred office. Rev. L. R. Paige offered the introductory prayer, Rev. D. D. Smith preached, Rev. S. Streeter offered the ordaining prayer, Rev. Hosea Ballou gave the charge, Rev. S. Cobb the right hand of fellowship, and Rev. W. W. Wright the concluding prayer.

To all it was a season of deep interest, but to none more so than him. "Henry Bacon was a minister of Christ in all his soul," said Dr. Ballou, at his funeral

in Boston; and my mind travelled back, through all the years of his ministry, to this evening scene, when he stood in the pulpit, surrounded by his elder brothers in the ministry, in the impressive rite of ordination. His whole attitude expressed complete abnegation of everything that should interfere with his chosen profession, and not a word of his brethren seemed to pass unheeded.

Years after, when he was called upon to preach a funeral sermon on the death of Father Ballou, he refers to his part of this evening service:

"How comprehensive he was in regarding all things as educative, I felt most deeply at my ordination, when he gave me the charge and Scriptures, and said, with a peculiar tone and manner, 'Brother Bacon, be careful in the choice of your *hymns;* always read them before giving them out, for there is a great deal of theology in hymns, and some of it not so good as it might be.' I have felt that word every Sabbath since."

Now his life as a minister commenced. In his study he has few trials, for his mind is rich in themes, and, instead of searching for them, he has to make his choice out of an abundance. But he has his trials. How is he, the diffident, retired man, to become a social pastor? This was the spectre he had to fight, and it took years to defeat it entirely. Many a time he has walked directly to a dwelling where he knew the pastor must call, and with his hand upon the latch he has faltered and turned away again. But when sickness, death, or anything that required his sympathy, called him, he never hesitated or failed. His first weddings, his funerals, his thoughts among the sick, are all recorded, sometimes in his favorite expression of verse, in the *Repository*, which becomes now almost a diary of his life; and his process of thought at this period can be best expressed by a few selections from his

many contributions to its pages. On returning from a visit to a consumptive, he writes:

"Amid the things of breathing existence, there is no sight that exerts such a softening and subduing power over the human heart, as the workings of that smiling, flattering, deceiving destroyer, consumption; wearing one day the bright garb of joyous, awakening spring, and the next assuming the dress of the fading hues of decaying autumn.

"Peculiarly well suited is such a sight, by the sadness of the countenance, to make the heart better; for often there is an unearthly loveliness attendant upon the disease, — there is something in the expression of the consumptive's look, in the brilliancy of the eye, that is at times lit up with a joyous inspiration, that tells not of earth, but of a world we have not seen; and the susceptible heart and meditative mind are drawn thereby to high and holy contemplations, that strengthen the inestimable hope of immortality, and quicken the penetrating eye of Christian faith.

"I never come from a visit to —— without feeling that my hope of reünion with the loved and lost of earth is more sure; that a heaven in the dread unknown is a more living reality; that there is indeed a future, far surpassing in beauty and bliss all that the mortal eye ever rested upon. Yes; there is a strange, mysterious feeling, that bathes every thought in a not unpleasing sadness, as I gaze on the hectic flush of the consumptive, and her brilliant eyes meet my tearful ones; and were an angel from the Father's holy home to visit me, I could not look upon him with more reverence than I gaze on her. There is something in the expression thereof that hushes my heart, solemnizes every thought, and as naturally directs my mind to meditate on unseen things, to think of the higher and better world, as the bird seeks its home in the air. At such times the need of a future heaven is felt, its existence is believed, and the 'still small voice' of fervent, heart-felt gratitude praises the King of kings for the gift of the Gospel of life and immortality."

At the close of a Sabbath, he says:

"The duties of the sanctuary for this day are past. The prayer has gone up to the Father of mercies that the sancti-

fying influences of his good spirit may attend those parents who have lately felt the dispensations of his providence. Three infant forms have been, during the past week, given up to him who said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' O, how many prayers have been breathed, hopes uttered, and tears shed, over those little ones! How much of human sympathy could the short history of their brief existence unfold, and remind us of the vanity of human hopes and anticipations, and lead us by the sweet influences of devotion to contemplate the character of that God who is the light of childhood's sunny hour! As we gazed on their sleeping innocence, reposing in unearthly beauty, we could not but mentally acknowledge it a privilege to be permitted to look upon the sleeping dead. If there is on earth a sight that can hush the heart, soften the feelings, and make man feel the presence of the first Author of beauty, it is a view of an infant corpse, beautiful even in death, like the budding rose checked in its unfoldings, and more lovely than the expanding flower.

"When we behold the little one suffer for a short time, and then die, the mourning heart is sometimes oppressed with the thought, that springs up from within — why is it so? why are these innocents thus brought into being, to suffer a while, and then fall to sleep in death? That such a circumstance can be reconciled with the goodness of the Creator, to us is evident. His care is over them, unseen, but near, and well he knew what hour was best to call them home. Omniscience, penetrating the dark future, could see what would be the fate of the child were it permitted to live, — could see the circumstances in which it would be placed, — and his purposes did not ordain that it should perform an active part in the economy of things; he therefore sent his angels to take its little hands, lead it to smile on death, and then enter amid the cherubic host of heaven.

"As believers in the revelation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we must regard every human being as an heir of eternal glory; and Jesus forbids our refusing to number the little ones amid the celestial band; and he who took them in his arms will not refuse to introduce them into the blest mansions of the spirit's home. Though parents mourn over their early departure, they may be comforted by the Saviour's assurances, and should not deem it a slight thing that God has permitted

them to bring into existence recipients of immortal bliss. They are gone in the beauty of their purity, like a lily leaf, tinged with the smile of heaven, and borne upward from our sight, far away from the impurities of earth, where no stain can dim its native whiteness. Let us think of the griefs, the temptations, the pains, and the trials, from which they are delivered, and then we shall be enabled from the heart to say, It is well."

The time arrives when he is to preach in the church in Boston where he had passed his Sabbaths when a boy, and he is reminded of the early ministry of his Master.

"'He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read.'

"There he stood before the friends and companions of his youth, in the house of God, where the Sabbaths of his boyhood had been passed, and occupied that station to which he had ardently aspired. He came, after an absence of about a year, after having proclaimed the truth in other synagogues in the region round about, after having gained the friendship of many strangers, and drawn the band still closer that bound him to those he loved before. He came to the home of his youth, to preach the word where he had often listened to the counsel of the wise — the lessons of Holy Writ.

"'He came to Nazareth.' He had taught elsewhere in Galilee; he had been in many synagogues; he had spoken before thousands; yet he had not been home, — he had not taught beneath the dome of that temple where the first echo was made to the holy teachings of his parents' lips. He had not been where his own familiar friends, where his brothers and sisters, weekly congregated. His heart yearned toward that dear loved spot; the kind affections that God has wrought into the mind of every sensitive man toward the place of his boyhood and innocence were awakened. Now he has obeyed those calls of nature, and come to Nazareth, again to offer himself up on the altar of devotion, a living sacrifice unto the Lord.

"'He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up.'

What a crowd of mingled emotions must have rushed upon his mind at that time! He left there an unnoticed, obscure personage; he had come back a public teacher, and in memory's mellowing glass were pictured forth the scenes of early life. Imagination was warm and creative, and bodied forth into seeming reality the fondly-cherished recollections of life's spring day.

"Jesus had come to the spot where every object and scene was familiar, and we deem it not a degradation to his exalted character to imagine that he reflected on the scenes of his former life. We know that deep reflection and intense meditation were peculiarities of his character. Witness the record of his meditation in the wilderness. That record is rich in lessons to the young, and manhood may be profited by reflections upon it. It tells the story of high preparation for the station which he occupied; of stern and holy resolve to adhere to duty, to rise far above the mean and sordid motives of selfishness, and with firm integrity to resist evil and cling to good.

"How full of instruction is this incident in our Saviour's history! What a bright example for our imitation! We here see him impassionately meditating on the dangers to which he was exposed, and nobly resolving to lean only on the strong arm of God, not fearing what an arm of flesh could do.

"What a beautiful lesson of instruction to mankind is this, especially to the young, — to us who are entering on *our* work of life, as Jesus was entering on his ministry!"

Of his old dislike of scepticism, and his clear faith in a revealed religion, he often writes. At one time he says:

"Did it ever occur to the mind of the sceptic, that it requires a wonderful stretch of credulity to believe half the records of the crimes, vices, and cruelties, said to have been committed in the holy name of the Christian religion? The simple Gospel history is to me more easy to be believed than a tenth part of the records of interested historians; and, in solemn truth, I can before God declare, that the more I study, the more I search the Christian revelation, and compare therewith the history of the same age, the more am I convinced of its divine origin, and that Christianity is a revelation from Almighty

God; and with Paul I can say, 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'"

Again, he says:

"Of the truth of Christianity we cannot have evidence to convince our senses; it passes by the outer, and comes to the inner man; it makes its appeal to the mind and heart, and as a *reasonable* truth we present it. We have no sympathy with those injudicious friends of Christianity, who imagine that man's greatest virtue is to yield his mind to the force of explicit faith, — who consider all unbelief as criminal, and assert that unless all scepticism is regarded with horror and detestation, Christianity will fall. No. The religion of Jesus of Nazareth is not a fable; it is not a fabric built on sand, that cannot stand alone, but on the rock of everlasting truth, more firm than the foundation of the earth, and more enduring than the glories of the firmament of heaven. We have no distrust for Christianity; we are willing to leave reason as free as the mountain air; we are willing to place Christianity before men in its simple and unadorned majesty, and leave it to their calm consideration, with no cowardly fear that they will spurn it, or that the denunciations of eternal wrath on the unbeliever are needed to overwhelm the mind."

A Sabbath-school is organized this first year of his ministry, and he enters with his whole soul into its duties. A church also is formed, and he makes many appeals to his people to attend the sacred rite of communion.

"Let the rite," he says, "stand forth in the simple loveliness in which it is presented in the Scriptures; let it be looked at in the endearing aspect of a commemorative deed, — commemorative of love that failed not, and tenderness that knew no mixture of harshness, — and then let the believer ask himself, Have I not love enough to attend to this simple rite of grateful commemoration of Christ?

"Many are kept from the celebration through an honest doubt of unworthiness; in their own opinion they have not come up to that degree of holiness they deem requisite. Per-

mit me to say to such, the table of our dear Master is not the place to boast of our worthiness; it is there we feel the more our unworthiness, and gain more of that humility which is the characteristic of the genuine lover of Christ.

"Persons who plead their unworthiness as an excuse for neglect of the duty of attending to the rite unconsciously wrong those who come to the table; they imply that we approach the table from a sense of our worthiness so to do. It is not so. We do not say to others, 'Stand by, for I am holier than thou.' No, we come not as the Pharisee, but as the humble and subdued publican, feeling that we are sinners, blessing God for means of improvement, and regarding the privilege of approaching the communion as a kind gift of love; not as a purchase, bought by our unworthiness. God knows we have none of us any grounds for boasting of our goodness. 'There is none good, but One.' O, who would not heed the last words, the dying request, the simple petition uttered when death was beckoning the loved one away from our sight? And whenever we thought of that request, could we fail to remember the peculiar circumstances under which it was made? The Saviour was calm even in view of a cruel death, and, with a kind regard to our weakness, he instituted the simple observance which we are affectionately enjoined to celebrate. Have we a heart to neglect it? Can we turn a deaf ear to the simple injunction of our dying Lord? Forbid it, affection and gratitude!

"There are many in the spring-time of life who imagine they are too young to attend the ordinance. Such is not the truth; none are too young who are old enough to reflect, and feel, and understand the emotions of love and gratitude. There is no mystery attached to the rite, which the young cannot understand; nor is it calculated to fill the heart with gloom and unpleasant austerity; but, on the contrary, it is suited to enliven and strengthen the best feelings, to brighten the prospect in the future, and guard from the snares that entangle the careless feet in the meshes of bitterness.

"Beautiful before God, angels, and men, is the scene where the young gather round the table of Christian communion, manifesting their remembrance of One who best can guide them in the path where they can taste 'the soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy.'"

In his early pastoral calls he was witness to several painful incidents in domestic life, which impressed him very deeply. He recalled some of these scenes, and told how they affected the whole tone of his ministry.

"I have been turning over the records of memory. What scenes were recalled, sad and joyous, death-chambers and festivals, bridals and burials, glad consecrations of infancy and heart-rending lamentations over the polluted prodigal, exultant faith, triumphant hope, trembling scepticism, and groaning despair! The mysteries of Providence never deepen and darken around me, and are never so fringed with auroral light, as when I read in that book of the soul; for thought changes like the mingling of the autumn leaves with the tender grass of spring-time. My mind was most forcibly arrested by the history of one whose circumstances gave the first discipline to my powers to make the spirit of truth a comforter. I have no doubt but that in her obscure home a direction was given to my whole ministry, and there I learned in sorrow whatever I have taught in prayer or word.

"It was in the first year of my ministry that I noticed a female attendant on my Sabbath evening lectures, who never came at any other time, and never missed attendance then, however stormy the evening might be. A light, buoyant figure, an interesting and intelligent countenance, a shadow of sorrow on her face, lighted with the sweetness of amiability and strong affection. She took a deep interest in the meetings, and left our place of worship alone, directing her steps to a retired part of the village, near the marshy grounds, where only the poor chose their homes. I inquired if any one knew her, and found she was a stranger; yet the rumor was that her husband was very sick and very poor. I sought out the dwelling then, and was received with a smile that made me acquainted at once. The house was one of the most humble of the abodes of the poor, but the neatness of every portion betokened the good taste and habits of the mistress. Two young children were there; and on a lonely bed, in the front room, — the kitchen and the sitting-room, — lay a man in the last stages of consumption. My heart wept for the wife and mother. It was plainly evident that poverty was a new thing

to her. I soon learned the wildness of her grief, as she thought of that emaciated one being doomed to an early grave. The rattling cough knelled the death of hope, and the hectic of the cheek was as the last rays of the setting sun. I knew I must win her confidence before I could truly console her; for words have power only when they come from a heart that we think sympathizes with us. It was my first trial; and I well remember how hushed in spirit I felt, what a presence of God was around me, what a holy air seemed floating about me, and how upon my heart was moving the inspiration of a diviner life. I can give no man the rationale of my feelings and thoughts, but I know I found myself possessed of power I never dreamed I owned, 'granted me, according to the good hand of my God upon me.'

"I repeated my visits daily. The children loved me, and lisped my name with infantile sweetness. Their little faces became starry when I entered, —

> 'For the poor make no new friends,
> But, O! they love the better, far,
> The few our Father sends.'

It was new life to those little ones, so near and yet so far from those relatives who ought, in this time of their parents' wants, to have been familiar visitors in that darkened home.

"In a little while, when we were alone in a room, separate from the sick man, I learned the history of Emelia, as I will call her. I give it, as my purpose requires it.

"Emelia was one of the most light-hearted and gay of her sex, attractive in person and manners, and not a few sought her hand in the dance, her smiles at the festival, and her society in the twilight walk. When the sober thought of marriage came, two of her suitors were prominent rivals, — one wealthy, and the other poor; the one a grave, sedate, retiring man, and the other full of vivacity, abounding with the hilarity of early manhood, and the exuberant love of a devotee. Her friends chose for her the former; she chose for herself the latter. She married *her* choice. How often did she say, 'I did it because I *loved* him. I could n't help it.' The estrangement of her family was the immediate consequence. She had foreseen this, but she could not do violence to her affections to avert it; for what is woman's life but love? Like the

Israelites, who bounded over hill and dale with the burden of the Ark as a light thing, while the Philistines sunk under its weight, so woman, when made strong by the love of those whose burdens she bears, can walk with a martyr's joy, where otherwise she must sink in death.

"Emelia was married. Sickness came to the husband, and the straitened circumstances consequent thereon rendered him gloomy and dispirited, so that the social glass was changed for the solitary potation, frequently repeated. Stimulating the system when most it needed to be kept quiet developed a rapid consumption, and the light of life to her was now an eclipse. He was irritable and passionate, and from this sprung the harshest of all the trials she was called to endure. Having ended her work for his comfort and the neatness and necessities of home, tired in heart and limb, she would sit down at the window, look toward the chapel, and read from the book the hymns she had heard sung in our worship. She often spoke of how much to comfort and instruct was embodied in the sacred hymns; how many sermons they recalled, and how pleasant it was to her to associate with them the tone with which she had heard this and that hymn read. How eloquently did she refer to the sweet seasons of devotion enjoyed around our altar, the heavenward hopes there kindled, the strengthening thoughts which invigorated the spirit, as spring airs and odors come to the convalescent! She would look out on the open space before us, so repulsive to the mere outward vision, and her face would be radiant with heavenly thought, as though the sublimest scenes were there exhibited to wing the imagination for the loftiest flights of poetry. But, notwithstanding these hallowed influences, I noticed the outlines of a darker picture, — a foreshadowing of coming evil; and I watched the revelation with great anxiety and thoughtful questionings. Once, when some service was required by the husband, and was not done as perfectly as he thought it might have been done, he spoke with a snappish anger and *a curse*, that startled me and made her burst into tears. I instantly sat down at his side, on the edge of the bed that nearly touched the floor, and tried to open to him the wrong he had done himself and her, lying there, as he was, at the very verge of the grave, she wasting her life for him, and her whole happiness in his keeping; how could he think of speaking in that

manner to her? It was the first time I ever spoke 'as with authority,' — the authority of an outraged moral sense, speaking from impulsive sympathy. I tried to think that it was this irritability that caused the gathering gloom; for, if he could speak thus in my presence, what might he not say when I was away? Great are thy wrongs, O woman! Thou must look serene and cheerful in society, while the barbed arrows of 'the careless world' are rankling in the deep wounds which inhumanity has made.

"But her great sorrow was the desertion of her friends. In vain I strove to banish the fear; it grew more and more manifest that Emelia was becoming *crazed*. I called on some of her near relatives, and exposed the poverty of that home, the sickness of the father, the wants of the dear children, and the grief of the bewildered mother. One morning, when I made my usual call, Emelia bounded to meet me, but it was with a maniac's impetuosity. 'They have *sent* — they have *sent!*' she cried; and, O! that *tone* told me how little welcome was food from where no love came. I tried to frame some kind of an apology for them, but the words stuck in my throat and choked me. No apology was possible. To desert the companion of our infant years, to turn aside from the once sportive fawn, now that she was in weakness, panting for life, — the thought was horrible, the reality was despair. It seemed to change everything to funereal gloom; and the eyes of poor Emelia rolled in their sockets, and, as she twined her fingers in those locks that once played with such dalliance on her roseate cheek, I saw she was verging on the maniac's fate. I took her hand in mine, and prayed. Yes, I *prayed*. That humble home became the vestibule of heaven, the audience-chamber of God. She was calm and peaceful. The faint smile resumed its place, her eye was mild, and she spoke once more without hurried speech. Morning after morning I entered that home, and found Emelia wild; as soon as I entered she would burst forth with a torrent of lamentation, bewailing the desolation where one love was dying, and the loves which she had sacrificed for that one no more to be enjoyed. Again I took her hand in mine and prayed; she was calm as before; and so, for a month or more, the prayer of the morning tuned her spirit for the day. I noticed, when the last signs of the triumph of the disease had come, madness was upon her, and

the power of prayer had more to wrestle with, and, though it conquered, it was with a wound remaining.

"The Sabbath evening had again come, — precious season for pious aspiration and hallowing devotion! Emelia had not for some weeks been with us. We missed her, and this reminded us of her circumstances; so that, when we left the chapel, I turned towards her home, with a good friend. Death was doing his work. What to Emelia, as there she stood by the bed, was the irritability of that husband in his sickness? What were the harsh words he had spoken? What the forsaking of the calmer joys of home and hearth for the cup of enchantment? All these memories vanished, and her young feelings came back again, in all their freshness. *There* lay the lover of happiest years, and she lived only in the aroma of sweetest memories, amid the hopes long since dissipated. All the kind things he had ever spoken, all the little attentions he had ever shown her, all the pride she took in choosing him in his poverty, when no one could question the pureness and depth of her love, all those years filled up with pleasant industry, the morning adieu and the evening greeting, all that was grateful in the past, now floated before her fancy, and she was above the clouds, and could speak only of love, all-magnifying love, that glorified the good, and dissipated the evil.

"But the last hour was come. Poor Emelia put her hands up to lay her hair away from her temples, as though its shadow was obscuring her vision, making bright things dark. We tried to soothe her. But the truth could not be hidden. The balance was turned. The laugh burst forth; the bubble of hope she had played with had broken, and all was vacancy. The hour *he* died *she* was raving mad. *Then* relatives came and bore her away to the home where she was cradled. I prayed that her spirit might there be soothed, and peace once more return. In vain was the prayer. A lucid moment came, and with it a world of thought, and she plunged through the window for an escape, dashing aside the glass as the swimmer throws the glittering waves before him. She was saved as by a miracle, and was removed to a retreat for the insane, where the kindliest care was blended with the most Christian philosophy. The husband was buried, and the children found

those who wept with them. *They* had disappointed no proud hopes, and their innocence won them love.

"Six months passed, and the dead lay before us for burial. It was a hard task for me to go in and look upon that cold face, and think what varied expressions it had worn; to see the eyes veiled, and to look on the lips that for the first time refused to welcome me. None knew her sorrows as I had known them, and I felt in the great throng alone. I would have loved to have been left alone for a while with that daughter of sorrow, and mused on all the past of our familiar spiritual communion. But I was impelled to speak — to appear calm, while grief was surging within me. In one thing I felt happy, — the children were too young to know the sorrows of their mother; and they must have marvelled that I looked so grave when I met their playful prattle, and was told how much they talked of me.

"On the day of Emelia's death, her reason seemed to return, and, calling to the physician, she cried out, laying her hand on the region of her heart, 'Doctor, there's something *cracking* here!' She fell to the floor — dead! Is a 'broken heart' the mere figment of the poet's brain, — the creation of the novelist? O, no! A little forgiveness, if she seemed to 'love not wisely, but too well,' might have prevented all this.

"I must turn from these bewildering memories to other leaves of the records; for my heart is sad, and I would go forth cheerful to my daily round of duty. Ah! here is the balm in these other leaves of memory,

> 'That, like the plants that throw
> A fragrance from the wounded part,
> Breathe sweetness out of woe.'

"Julia, as I will call her, was an invalid, and the rounds of duty brought me not unfrequently to her home. Many visits had not been paid before I discovered that some sorrow of heart, not arising from her sickness, nor from religious doubts, was weighing her spirits down. I resolved to know what it was, as to know was essential to my ability to cure. Her life, I knew, was brief, — that she could not but a little while remain with her kindred, — and I prayed that her last days might be serene. I obtained her confidence, as true Christian sympathy never fails to win its way to the heart of the

afflicted; and she told me one of those stories which are attributed only to the fancy of the fictionist. I could be willing that the pictures of ideal excellence, of perfect men and women, which the novelist gives us, might be considered as having no counterpart in real life, if the portraitures of the darker traits of humanity could also be regarded only as dreams, too dark for the light of day. But it cannot be. Milton made his paradise out of all the beauties that earth afforded, as some gem having all the beauties of all other gems, and so from realities were the elements of the most repulsive picture drawn. The wonders of reality transcend the marvels of fiction, and the wildest imaginings of the oriental fancy grow tame in the presence of some of the revelations of actual life. Dark and fearful are the stories of unforgiveness which this book of memory could unfold. Only once did I ever break down under any service in the pulpit, and that was after I had performed two burial services for the same person, who was married against her parents' will, and died with their faces averted from her. In vain were all persuasions to incline them to look upon her in death, or to step across the way to mingle in the funeral assembly.

"'*Do* go!' said I, with the tears I could not check.

"'No,' was the stern response; 'you cannot know the circumstances.'

"'My dear sir, I cannot *imagine any* circumstances that should keep a parent from his dead daughter, and permit her to be buried without a look.'

"'Well, you will please pray with us, as we shall *not* go over to the service.'

"I arose and talked, and at the same time was inwardly asking of God to prepare my heart for prayer. I prayed; and when I left that house I was soul-sick. I performed another service, and then attempted to preach, and broke down in the attempt. Should the whole of that history be written, '*a romance!*' would be the cry of the reader; but, alas! romance and reality are very near neighbors. It is hard to tell one house from the other, when you are fairly in.

"But back to Julia and her sorrow. She had married without her father's consent, and, though but a small space distanced their homes from each other, yet he never looked in upon her after the bridal night. And could I believe that he

would still keep away, now that the life of the daughter was fast ebbing, — a mournful flow of the wasting stream? Fearing he might think a plea from me a mere professional matter, I induced a friend to use his skill, and quote my serious wish, if he thought proper. The mission was successfully executed. The father came, — the daughter was happy. When I next saw her, her language was the most rapturous expression of childish delight. That sick chamber, that death-room, was as a festal hall, hung with garlands, odorous with balmy perfume, and vocal with entrancing music.

"'Now, I am happy, *happy*, and shall soon see dear mother in heaven! But one wish remains.'

"'What is that?' I asked.

"'I want my child christened, and then I shall die *perfectly* happy!'

"As she was then much exhausted, I appointed the next day for the sacred rite, apprehending no reason for avoiding all delay. The morrow came, and when the hour arrived I was in the greatest bodily pain, and the intense heat necessary to be kept up in her room increased the pain to agony. But the soul triumphs over the body; for, after I moved to Julia's side, and saw one who was so soon to interpret the baptism of death, there bolstered up that her eyes might rest upon her child when I stood by the bed-side, I had not the least consciousness of pain. How holy was that place! With hands clasped in meek address to Heaven, with lips round which were wreathed a smile of angelic rapture from angelic trust, and with eyes whose expression was full of holy hope and love, there she lay. Come, sceptic! was all that but gilded vapor, a flash of expiring mind? Nay, all thy huge tomes of speculation, and all thine anatomy of spirit, and all thy keen logic, would be baffled in the light of the peaceful glory of that scene.

"We gave the child to God, and then I bent its little face down to its mother's; one kiss, one gush of tears, and all was calm, save the subdued heaving of the deep emotion of those who witnessed the sacred service. Julia was with her mother in the invisible world of love and light."

Of my early acquaintance with our young pastor let me be silent. Suffice it to say, that a gift-book,

accompanied with a few expressive lines of his own, on January 1, 1836, told me I was a favorite among his Sabbath-school teachers; and in his repeated visits to the sick room of my mother and elder brother, during a long winter of illness, "we two found each other." Every life has one May, and we acknowledged ours; and the atmosphere of our spring-time pervaded after days, and made December, June.

On September 19th, of this same year, we were united in marriage by the Rev. T. F. King, who was then settled in Charlestown. He afterwards became a frequent and welcome visitor in our new home; and many sweet memories of that genial, warm-hearted man, and sincere, earnest Christian, are associated with our East Cambridge residence.

VI.

EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY.

In January, 1836, the *Universalist and Ladies' Repository* was again transferred from Rev. D. D. Smith to Mr. Abel Tompkins, who became from that time the publisher, and Rev. A. A. Folsom, of Hingham, editor. But the residence of Mr. Folsom was remote from Boston. Mr. Tompkins and the faithful correspondent "B." had been boys together; their manly natures harmonized, and the work of editing for the young publisher was *really* done by his friend; and in August Mr. Folsom resigned the editorial management entirely to him.

In entering upon his new duties, he says:

"In taking upon myself this charge, I make no bold professions, — they are too common to be worth much, — but merely say to the patrons of the *Repository* that I will do all I can to make the work worthy the approbation of enlightened minds, and subservient to the cause of moral and religious truth."

From this time the paper retained the same editor, the same publisher, and the same printer, until death dissolved the partnership, in 1856, — a period of twenty years. On the same month that the new editor assumed his office, he acknowledged, in his notice to correspondents, an article from a new female writer, "S. C. E." He says: "We have been made exceedingly glad by the receipt of a beautiful story, written with all the delicacy of a

female pen, entitled 'Annette Lee.' We should be happy to receive the assurance that 'S. C. E.' would regularly grace our pages." This was the favorite Sarah C. Edgarton Mayo, who became so endeared to our denomination by the charms of her exquisite genius as a writer, and who was so deeply lamented when she passed from us, in all the beauty of her noble womanhood. He thus alludes to the receipt of her first production:

"One lonely evening in August, 1836, the twilight was made holy and happy to me by reading in manuscript the first gift of 'S. C. E.' That neat, round hand won the eye at once; and the flow of pure thoughts, so musically expressed, as the story of 'Annette Lee' was read, charmed me into bliss. I saw the kindling of a new star, and believed the prophecies of the hour. I could not abide alone, keeping my great joy unexpressed, and sought to tell it to *one* who became her chosen and dearly-cherished friend, — 'the confidant of her hopes, her feelings, and her prayers.' How happy we talked of the new spirit, whom we *knew* God would make the sweetest utterer of holy things! She came forth as the rainbow, and like the rainbow she vanished into the clear sky, as when a sudden sweep of light eclipsed the whole, without a single hue having lost its beauty or grace.

"She had then but just passed her sixteenth year, and no critic's touch was needed on a single line, and none would remark any absence of the essentials of a well-disciplined and practised writer. She wrote from the gushing fulness of a heart that loved all innocent and beautiful things; that drank inspiration from the songs of birds and the lowliest flowers, and listened to the voices of the hill-side stream that flowed by her native home, as they told things that no other spirit was gifted enough to hear. Her heart was always reverent. The tiniest flower-leaf could waft her thoughts to God, as the wings of the starry night. Her spirit ever rested in Him."

They early became personal friends, and many extracts from his letters to her will be given in the progress of this memoir.

The zeal and industry of the editor equalled that of the preacher, and his paper became a medium to convey, more widely than his pulpit could do, his cheerful and beautiful faith.

His fine appreciation of the female character, and his deep reverence for woman, that had grown out of his relation as son and brother, stimulated him to adapt his paper to her taste; and he prepared the way for a refined and elevated literature, that had hitherto lain undeveloped in the denomination of Universalists. Rev. O. A. Skinner says:

"Providence seems to have raised him up for the performance of a special mission in our denomination. While he was a doctrinal preacher, he was preëminently a practical one. When I say he was practical, I do not mean in simply preaching against current vices, and urging the duty of religion. He was very much more than that; he lifted up the soul into a high and holy region, and placed it on the plane occupied by lofty spirits. He saw beauties and glories in the Gospel which none among us had fully revealed; he had in some respects very marked originality, did his work in his own way, and had an eye to see the work which the world most needed to have done.

"As an illustration of what I mean, let me refer you to his *Repository*. Its pages were not filled with dry rules for the direction of woman, or disquisitions upon her traits of character and relations in life. Higher far than such a course would have indicated was his conception of a work for her benefit. He presented religion in a form adapted to her mind, and taste, and wants; and thus did that for her which no mere rules of life could possibly have done. His mode of thinking and style of writing were well fitted to his idea of the best method of elevating woman. His success is full proof of his clear insight into his work; and to him our mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, owe a large debt of gratitude. He gave them a Christian literature, — one alike fitted to their taste and their affections, and calculated to make them what duty required. It was not merely by his own pen that he did this. He encouraged female writers; he advised them, and shaped

their course; and to him, more than to all other men among us, are we indebted for our large number of such writers. Perhaps no denomination has more, or those who write with greater ability."

Many writers among those who have become prominent in our denomination submitted their first productions to his truthful and kindly criticism. I find many letters among his papers from young writers; and the confidence they repose in his judgment, the gratitude they express for his faithful guidance, and their eagerness for improvement, tell how peculiarly he was fitted for this mission.

Although his days were crowded with duties, and no one ever husbanded time with more miserly care, he never seemed to forget his early struggles for a literary life; and I have known him to devote hours that he could illy afford to correcting manuscripts, and writing letters of instruction and encouragement to those who he felt needed his aid.

His respect for the individual mind, that impelled him to preach many of his best sermons to the few who congregated on stormy Sabbaths, also led him to regard the efforts of young writers; and no one, who evinced any degree of talent, was scorned nor passed unnoticed.

I cannot leave this period of his editorial life without alluding to a series of articles that he published over the fictitious signature of "Arian;" for they were so deeply tinged with that reform spirit that pervaded all his social as well as his professional relations.

Some of these articles were entitled "A Voice to Woman;" and in familiar sketches, written in a calm, dignified tone, he touches some of the evils in social life, and calls upon woman to be the reformer. In one, after picturing an evening passed in a splendid mansion, where there was everything to charm the

eye, until he saw one, who was the personification of grace and loveliness, receiving the attentions of a person whom she knew to be immoral and licentious, he says:

"I left the hall of gayety with a sad heart, and on my return home I sat down to pen an appeal to females, in behalf of the cause of virtue and their own honor; but I could not write then, and I can scarcely still my nerves to write now. I will at least attempt it, if my labor be but a straw against the tide; and I ask woman — mothers, sisters, daughters, and friends — if there is not a good work for them to perform against the pests of society, — to banish the contaminators of female purity from the circles of the refined and virtuous, and cause the licentious *to feel* the hideousness of their characters.

"Why will not woman rise up in the majesty of her true dignity, and depart with a pride that well becomes her from the society of him who sacrificed beauty and innocence to his vile passions? Shall the influence of wealth and a graceful exterior be mightier than that of religious duty? Shall the voice of warning, that comes from the grave of betrayed affection, be hushed by the whisperings of flattery? O, for the sake of the eternal loveliness of virtue and purity, say No! Let no display of talent, no brilliancy of wealth, no outer graces, protect the licentious from the merited frown and the eloquent contempt of insulted female honor.

"Woman has aided the destruction of her sister; she has received the *known* licentious into her society without reserve, so that they are not made to feel the wickedness, the loathsome character, of their conduct. The betrayed female, though she seek with bitter tears and the most sincere and deep-rooted penitence to be received into the society of the virtuous of her sex, cannot find that friendly reception that is often given to the most heartless libertine. Is this *consistent?* Is this *merciful?* No! If consistency were restored, and woman were to shun the dissolute man, as she does the dissolute female, how soon would a desired reformation take place!"

This article is followed by another, in which he says:

"Once have I spoken; again will I speak; and as I give utterance to the swelling emotions of a full heart, and have a high and holy purpose to execute, I will speak with fearlessness, born of the earnestness of affectionate solicitude for the honor and peace of woman. I yield to no man in admiration of woman; her love, faithfulness, and truth, have been to me the fairest and brightest images of the care and kindness of the Infinite and Eternal. Around the couch of languishing, where sickness for months bound me, *she* patiently watched; and whenever I awoke I found her there, — her eye open, her hand ready, and her step light and quick to answer the whispered want; ever the same, at the solemn hour of midnight, at the first breaking of morn, at noonday, at twilight, or at evening; and if ever I forget her cause, let my right hand forget its cunning, and my harp of gladness forever hang upon the willows.

"Once have I spoken; again will I speak; and let the voice be heard, for it breathes the words of soberness and truth."

The story that he tells is of a dear friend, fascinated by the deceiver, and at last falling a prey to his wiles. He then adds:

"I have just returned from a visit to her grave. A friend led me there, as to the tomb of a sister, and when we parted he said, 'Arian, warn the world against such characters as Rodolph Fernard;' and by the name, and the description he gave of that person, I know that I saw him in a brilliant circle about a fortnight since, the gayest of the gay. His character is known, and yet he is received into the most respectable company, and the hand of female purity is freely extended to him. O, shame, where is thy blush? Mothers, daughters, sisters, and friends! to you is my voice directed. Hear me, as you love what is beautiful in your sex! O, be consistent! Be as merciful to your own sex as to ours, and let shame rest where it belongs.

"There is a startling, a deep-toned, solemn voice, that comes from the grave of the too credulous Rachel; and I could almost wish that her spirit might be again clothed upon with mortal form, that she might walk forth among her sex, and tell of the arts and blandishments of the deceiver.

"But the dead speak to us only by their history. O, that the moral of thy history, friend of my early days! could be felt by all thy sex, and they be preserved from the snares that entrapped thee!"

Again, over this signature, he tries to redeem the character of man from the stigma of heartlessness, and to plead against that sentimentality that pictures woman's love as all a "wasted shower." He closes this article with these words:

"That true, devoted, and patient love finds a return and a reward, is nearer a truism than that the lot of woman is

'Sunless riches from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds a wasted shower.'

"I pity the feelings that gave birth to the poem from which we have quoted a stanza. What was the occasion on which it was written? 'Evening Prayer at a Girls' School.' As the poet saw them engaged in that sacred exercise, she followed them in imagination through the years to come; and, O! what a change did she imagine would come over their dream of life! Joyous, confiding creatures, now bowed in prayer, were soon to mingle amid life's busy scenes; and their lot — the lot of woman — would be to love in vain, to waste affections, and bewail the worship of the heart! No, no! I would not have such dark views of man, such a miserable idea of the lot of woman."

Pollok's "Course of Time" becomes the subject of another of these articles, and the train of thought was suggested by hearing it praised and recommended by a young female, as next in value to the Bible.

After quoting several passages from this poem, and commenting upon them, he adds:

"But no more of this! And yet it is well sometimes to pause at such representations of the Almighty's dealings, that we may be deeply impressed with the great duty of diffusing abroad the correct knowledge of the government of the benefi-

cent Supreme. How many brains have been maddened, and how have the pure hopes of the heart been crushed, by such imaginations as the poet has penned! How many by them have been turned from God the Father to God the Avenger, and lost the comforts of the consoling truth of the Omnipotent's paternity! Thanks be to God that the 'Course of Time,' by Robert Pollok, is but a poem — a fiction of imagination; and that the finale has no harmony with the all-acknowledged character of the Deity, or the revelations of divine truth."

One more extract from this series, and we part with "Arian." A passage in the life of our Saviour is commented upon. "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be manifest in him." At the close of his remarks, he says:

"So firmly persuaded am I that everything in nature is ordered for the best, that I hesitate not to believe that there is divine wisdom and goodness in the blindness of the blind, the deafness of the deaf, and the dumbness of the dumb. It is sweet to think so; and, with such a belief, it is a duty to caution others not to use expressions that intimate that the wrath of God is visible on the sealed eye of the blind. It is cruel to cause the thought to steal into the minds of parents, that the natural imperfections of their children manifest the Deity's revenge, and if they had been less sinful the eye would have been opened, or the ear unstopped, and the tongue unloosed.

"O, it is a beautiful commentary on the worth of Christianity, to witness the calm resignation it imparts to the blind, and the joy it gives them in the secrecy of the heart! To us the softest and most solemn tones of the organ come not with such a devotional and calming power as the sweet tones of some of the children of blindness — of the sealed eye — when the song of praise was on their lips to the God of light. The unearthly sweetness of their voice seemed to say that they felt that God was near, that he had enlightened their understandings, and made clear the vision of the mind.

"Many of the blind have acknowledged that their sweetest thoughts have been concerning the Deity; to think that he was no less kind to them than to others of the open eye, that he had opened sources of calm and satisfying pleasure to them of which the seeing know not, and that he had a wise purpose in causing them to be blind to the light of the outer world. Who knows what might have been the result of their actions, if those who are blind had been permitted to see; and who can say that it would have been better for them and the world? Alas! how often man thinks he could do better than God,—that he could improve the designs of the Deity, and make a better world! Rather should they learn their own ignorance, and confess, with the great lawgiver of Israel, 'He is the Rock, his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment; a God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is he.'"

In March, 1838, he visited and preached in Gloucester, Mass., a town dear to Universalists, as containing the oldest society in the country, where the venerated Murray first became a settled preacher in America. Of this visit he writes:

"How dear do the names of some places become to us, because of the associations which are connected with them, though the places may never have been visited by us! Such a name to me has *Gloucester* been since the days of childhood, when first I read and heard of Murray, the bold and faithful servant of Jesus Christ. When I came into the place, imagination gave it a mysterious charm, and I felt I was where I had often wished to be. Here the sainted Murray first found a home; here the first band of believers was formed; here was erected the first house for the worship of the Saviour of all men; and from here went forth the truth in great power, conquering and to conquest. Here the same spirit that persecuted the Master opposed and vilified the servant; and here devoted and affectionate brethren stretched out the hand of defence to shelter the persecuted apostle of the restitution. How few of that noble brotherhood now remain on the earth! With *one* I had the pleasure to converse of the things of the kingdom, and my heart gave glory to God as I heard him declare that he felt his faith growing stronger as old age

advanced. Upwards of four-score years have rolled over his head. Sixty years he has folded to his heart the truth of universal redemption. I have asked my heart how much enjoyment has been imparted to him by that sixty years' belief in the glorious Gospel. How many times must he have been called to mourn the departure of the beloved relative or friend, and how rich have been the consolations poured into his soul by the all-glorious hopes of his faith! No wonder his tongue is ready to speak of God and his Son, and the great salvation; and no wonder that he desires to make converts to the truth, for sixty years' enjoyment of its spiritual pleasures has filled his heart with gratitude and thankfulness. He has tried it in health and sickness, in prosperity and in adversity, at home and abroad; and it has ever been sweet to his soul, and he cannot but fondly desire that others may rejoice in the same, who now are far from the 'living waters,' and 'spend their money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which satisfieth not.' How pleasing must be the contrast that the religious world now presents, compared with what it was when first he rallied round the banner of the *Saviour* OF THE WORLD! *Then* but two or three heralds were proclaiming the truth; *now*, what a multitude! *Then* but a single house was devoted to the worship of the eternal Father of our whole race; *now* they are in almost every city, town, and village, in the land. *Then* opposition was violent, unmanly, and the believer was hooted as an enemy to society; *now* the warfare is softened down to comparative mildness, and it is admitted that a Universalist may be an honest man. Truly, if Father Murray found cause in his day to exclaim, 'The Lord hath done *great things* for us, therefore we are glad!' how much more have we! Verily, it is the Lord's work, and marvellous in our eyes!"*

The association of Gloucester with everything venerable in the denomination, the social and intelligent society there, and the pleasant intercourse he enjoyed with many old in the faith, so impressed him, that at one time he felt a strong inclination to settle there; but a visit soon after to Haverhill, Mass., on the banks of the beautiful Merrimac, turned his attention from the sea-shore to that lovely coun-

try locality, as a change both mentally and physically desirable.

His health, always delicate, and at this time exhibiting some of the symptoms of disease that extreme care seemed to ward off for many years, though fatal at last, now required a change; and he accepted a call to Haverhill after a residence of three years and three months in this first home of his ministry. The parting was one of mutual regret and affection between pastor and people. A few words, contained in an affectionate farewell letter from the society, express the unanimity of their attachment:

"In parting with you we are sensible of parting with a beloved *brother* and *friend*, — one who came among us with universal consent, and now leaves us with hearts filled with grief, without an exception."

In view of his residence in Haverhill, he wrote to Miss Edgarton, whom we had not yet seen:

"When you come to Haverhill, you will find you have come where poetry lives and breathes all around. Our house there overlooks one of the most lovely, extended, and varied scenes that ever woke the lyre to sing of nature's charms. The distant villages, the neighboring woods, the flowing Merrimac, the quiet yet animated town, and the cultivated gardens and fields, spread out before the eye an enchanting picture, and when summer smiles there cannot be a place more surpassingly beautiful."

His life in East Cambridge had been full of that discipline he needed. He had not spared himself in the duties of his profession; his labors had been appreciated, and his retired habits and fondness for his study had been indulged by his generous society. Here was his start in life, and many circumstances were favorable. He had access to the large college library in Cambridge, — a privilege he longed for

many times after his removal; and he was in the neighborhood of many of the best minds in the denomination, whom he met frequently in social life and conference meetings. These meetings were held at that time at different churches in Boston and its surrounding towns, and called together large numbers of both clergy and laity. Their zeal and fervor are still remembered by many with peculiar joy. In one, held in his own church, he made his first extemporaneous address, with something of the spirit that impelled him to preach his first sermon, and it was attended with similar success. A large audience had assembled, but the speakers who usually led the meetings were not present in season, and a long silence ensued, giving it something the appearance of a Quaker gathering. At last, feeling that some one *must* speak, he arose, much to the alarm of those who knew his diffidence; but there was no faltering, and we never trembled for him again.

After his first attempt, seldom was he present at a conference when his voice was not heard; and never was there a time when thoughts or words were wanting.

He preached much during his ministry extemporaneously, but it was never done to the neglect of writing. He liked the freedom and impressive power it gave him, but he could not preach in that way to his own satisfaction, unless he had written much during the week. His favorite method of sermonizing was from outlines, which he used to call skeleton sermons. This arrangement prevented those flights from his subject to which his fertile and exuberant fancy would often lead him, and at the same time it gave free play to his versatile language.

VII.

MINISTRY IN HAVERHILL.

In the spring of 1838 we removed to Haverhill, Mass., away from the scenes of our early associations. It was hard parting; but the new life, the beautiful country sights and sounds around our home, with the river stretching far away to the east and west, and the "sweet fields dressed in living green" beyond, were full of refreshing influences.

Away from the early scenes of his ministry, among those who had not watched his development, and surrounded with new elements for thought, my husband's social character began to take a wider range, and the pastor and preacher gained strength and power. A new field was before him. Miles away into New Hampshire, on which state Haverhill borders, he was often called to preach and attend funerals. The life and zeal among the New Hampshire Universalists, and the religious spirit that pervaded their public gatherings, — among which the Rockingham Association stands out the most vividly in memory, — were constant stimulants to his unceasing activity and thought. Opposition to his faith, too, such as he had never met before, was his lot now to encounter; and I recall many strange scenes of religious excitement, when hard epithets were charged upon the "Summer-street preacher" for "stopping the means of grace" by his perseverance in presenting to his people the absurdities and dis-

astrous results of religious excitement and fanaticism. He writes to a friend upon this subject:

"A thousand thanks for your letter. I received it in due course of mail, and should have answered it immediately could I have commanded the power to take my mind off from a disagreeable subject, that has almost spoiled my good temper. We have a new revivalist here, of the Burchard stamp, and he has come down upon our doctrine with a vengeance full of bitterness and wrath. He cannot make his extravagant schemes succeed; and, finding that in this community there is a general feeling of respect for Universalists, he has come out against them as the offscourings of the earth. It is not very pleasant to have to do with such a man, and I have had to hear of him and his nonsense wherever I go."

An incident that occurred at a funeral, soon after his removal, he recorded as a new experience in his profession.

"I was once called to attend a funeral in Hampstead, N. H., in accordance with the dying request of the person to be buried. I met the Rev. Mr. —— there, who, from his youth to his old age, had been a severe opposer of the doctrine of universal salvation. I invited the reverend gentleman to join in the service, and, after I had read the Scripture, to pray. He declined that part, but said he would close with prayer. I proceeded in the service, and preached on *the great victory*, from 'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' 1 Cor. xv. 57. I spoke of the source, the nature, and extent, of the great victory, and drew the lessons of consolation which the occasion demanded. I prayed; and then at the close requested Mr. —— to pray. He rose — a tall, gray-haired man — and stood up in a chair, so that he seemed, in contrast with myself, like a towering church-spire above an humble school-house belfry. The first words were, 'I feel bound in duty to God and man to bear witness to the false doctrine preached here this day. The speaker has applied to *the world* what only belongs to the spiritual, the sanctified, the regenerated.' I could not bear this method of procedure. The bereaved family were, before this, quiet, as though the

consolations of God were *not* small to them; but now the sounds were like the heaving of the sea, when it suddenly breaks from the calm to the storm, and I arose to stop the untimely controversy. I said to the speaker, 'This must not be. Go from here, and I will give you controversy to your heart's content; but I will have none of this over the dead, in a scene like this. See what a change you have wrought!' said I, pointing to the family. He seemed astonished that I should say anything, but I assured him that, as I had direction of the services to the close, I should admit no warfare at that time. As he was at a loss to know what I could say to his objections to my discourse, I briefly told him: 'You say I have applied to the world what only belongs to the spiritual, the sanctified, and regenerated; now, if this be true, be pleased, sir, to tell me what the apostle means where he says, in this same epistle, "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal."' He hesitated, in confusion, and then replied, 'You will allow that good men have their faults?' I answered, 'Yes, sir; but I cannot allow that the apostle could not address the sanctified and regenerated as spiritual. He expressly declared those he addressed as carnal. But,' I added, 'if you have any consolation to this bereaved family, please address them, and not me.' He turned from me, saying he wished he had n't come there, and then spoke to the widow. [I thanked God that the mother of the deceased was too deaf for him, and I published my sermon for her, that the eye might see what the ear heard not.] The preacher said: 'My dear madam, if your dear husband has gone to heaven, he 'll want you to come there; but if your dear husband has gone to hell, he won't want you to come there.' He then went on to tell her how, according to his theory, she might make her hope of heaven sure. He then prayed for me, especially that I might exhibit God's justice as well as his mercy, and not lead the people astray by false views of the divine character. This renewed the excitement; and fearing that the great assembly would immediately get into groups, and indulge in controversy not profitable to them under the peculiar circumstances, I thought it advisable, before pronouncing the benediction, to say a few words for peace and unity. From that hour I always had utterance as I never had before, though I never was troubled with slowness of

speech. I told the people that here were two persons, who made the Bible their study, and who had come to opposite conclusions respecting the most important matter, — the extent of the redemption, the efficiency of the Saviour's mission, — and hence they were bound to read and study for themselves. I spoke as kindly, as soothingly, and as candidly, as I knew how to speak; and then, when all was calm and serene, I gave the benediction. I stepped up to the venerable preacher of a partial hope, and said, as I gave him my hand, 'I trust, sir, we part in peace; each for his own, and all for God.'—'O, yes, yes, yes,' said he."

Theological contest was not a favorite labor with him, but he never shrank from the warfare when truth and duty called. Well did his friend "S. C. E." describe him, in a pretty conceit of her own, where the soldiers of the cross pass before her vision, waving the broad banner of love, which bears the insignia of a simple cross, with the motto, "God is love!" Of him she says:

"There is one in minstrel garb, with a wreath of olives around his brow. If need be, he can put on the armor of a soldier, and dash into the hottest of the fight; but he loveth better the soothing spell of poesy; and in chieftain's hall and lady's bower has tuned his harp to many a sacred lay, and rehearsed many a tale of love divine at the hearth-stones of the afflicted and the poor. God bless him for his earnest heart and active hand!"

During our residence in Haverhill a new joy was added to our home by the presence and personal friendship of Miss Edgarton. My husband first met her while on a visit to Boston, and she returned with him to Haverhill. Of his first acquaintance, and the intimacy we afterwards enjoyed with her, he says, in his memorial of her:

"At length she visited Boston; and I have, in memory, distinct and clear, my first interview, and was glad when, the

other day, in looking over old letters, I found one in which I described my first impressions on seeing her, to a mutual friend. I see her now, as then, — one hand laid in the palm of the other, a quiet smile around her mouth, — not bashful nor timid, but inclined to be silent; the dark lashes of her eyes, ever and anon lifted up and letting out upon us the glory of an eloquent glance, and the whole *expression* of her countenance betokening the most affectionate amiability.

"The impressions made by her correspondence were all deepened as we went to the 'high halls of art,' and visited memorable scenes that won speech to the silent lip, and made us know our kindred heart and soul. And then in our home, that overlooked the beautiful Merrimac, her heart was fully opened, and her love for eternity began.

"How sweetly, when the shower was passed, and the river glowed in all the splendor of its most gorgeous array, irresistibly drawing us, by its affluence of beauty, to thoughts of heaven — how sweetly did she sing its praise! With what a gush of music did her song begin!

> 'A ray from the smile of God art thou,
> Beautiful river! Around thee bow
> Blossom and shrub, whose perfume might seem
> *His* breath borne down on thine azure beam.'

"Interwoven in her poetry, we are able to trace many of the bright and pleasant things of that happy summer — its cool grotto by the lake-side, its woody shelter, its balmy evenings, and the hours of sleep long invaded by the interchange of thought, and the reciprocity of trust and confidence respecting the secret history of life and feeling. Then one near me, whose purer and better nature alone could win such love, gained the affections of our sister's heart, and the intimacy that followed permits me to open some traits of her mental being that would otherwise be unrevealed to me. This was her 'Annie,' and to this friendship I owe the tenderness of her interest in me, and much of the little ability to speak of her as her needs required."

At the close of this "happy summer" he wrote to her, August 2d, after her return home:

"I would have given my best poem — small price, say

you?—to have had you here last Sabbath, the anniversary of our Sabbath-school. Twenty-eight children recited well, and a crowded house were delighted with the performance. We have enjoyed many pleasant rides and walks since you left us, and it has cast a shade over the brightness of many a happy occasion to feel that you could not be with us. Is there an enchanting pleasure that attracts our gaze? We wish Sarah could see it. Is there a beautiful prospect spread out before us? How delighted she would be! And so on to the end of the chapter.

"E. A. has gone this morning to spend the day at a pretty rural home on the banks of the river, three or four miles from here, and I will give my best sermon for your poorest scrap,—by the way, why don't you have some poor articles to make a variety? You don't know how good it is to write poorly sometimes, it makes other articles after seem so much better,—but, as I say, I will give my best sermon for your poorest scrap if she does not, twenty times before night, wish you were with her.

"I am not writing as editor, and therefore shall not say how thankful I am for your favor for the August number of the *Repository*. Do you depend entirely on your imagination for help in the composition of such stories? Perhaps so. A maiden's heart is the mystery of mysteries; but the worship of the affections must be given to something more than *poetry;* yea, to one in whom the poetry of love is embodied. We worship God when we love his creatures; we do him honor when we put forth the ministries of loving-kindness; and we glorify him the most when we are devoted to the happiness of others. He has formed a dearer name than even father, mother, sister, or brother, for the human ear, though there be too many who recognize not its heavenly origin, nor understand the fulness of its impassioned eloquence. But I am sermonizing, and you don't want a sermon.

"And now the visit to Shirley! What shall I say? My command of time is not such as I expected it would be this month. We had resolved on starting next Monday; but the recent attack on Universalism here did more harm to that plan than to our doctrine. My replies to Mr. Martin's lectures will keep me at home for some time to come.

"Your letters will always be highly welcome at the parson-

age. If you criticise this you will not enjoy it so well, and the same in reference to all friendly correspondence."

August 7th:

"We had an exceedingly pleasant time at Andover dedication day. Brother Whittemore preached an excellent sermon in the morning; I tried, in the afternoon; Brother Smith preached in the evening. Good congregations attended, but there was one hymn sung that would have made you put your hands to your ears so that you might not hear it. It should have been altered before service. One sentiment was, that God would accept the house for his great *gratitude* and love towards them. It sounded to me awful to speak, in the solemn service of the sanctuary, of God's great gratitude! And I thought of the apostle's words, Acts xvii. 24, 25."

In September we visited her in Shirley village, and found her in just such a home as a poet would wish to dwell in. But not alone for its outward beauty did we love the dear old Edgarton mansion, with Bow Brook singing at its base. The domestic atmosphere within made it our ideal of a true home.

Again I quote from his letters to her. Under date of December 10th, he says:

"How do you do? Has the cold congealed your cheerfulness, or do you sometimes smile as happy as ever? There is nothing like cheerfulness to soften winter's severity, and the full flow of happy, social feeling robs the storm and the tempest of all its chilling power. O, how I *do* love to sit beside our cheerful fire, and listen to the pattering snow and sleet upon the window! There is real poetry in that; and, were it not for the thoughts of those who have to 'bide the peltings of the pitiless storm,' the many gathered round the few embers, the widow and her shivering babes, there would be luxury in the sensations of the time. I often think of your pleasant group these winter evenings. I can see the glowing fire, the happy-featured sire, and the cheerful, sober mother, the sisters and brothers, friends and neighbors, all as happy

as though Bow Brook was flowing merrily, ever and anon curving its course to kiss the beautiful flowers that gem its borders in Flora's reign. I should delight to make one in your social group again.

"The *Ladies' Repository*, a monthly magazine, published in Boston, in former days was favored with poetical and other offerings from 'S. C. E.' of Shirley Village. Can you tell why she has not written of late? Please tell her that the editor is heard every day to wish for some of her poetry, and his patrons are wondering why she don't write. She is preparing an *Annual*. That 's right. Let her send those rejected articles she has cast by, and will not put 'S. C. E.' or 'Ed.' to, and they will be acceptable. I shall take to writing poetry myself again, if you don't write more, and then perhaps you will write to save the credit of the work."

In his next letter, under date of March 6th, he refers to the *Rose of Sharon*, the new annual she was then preparing for the press. It was the first of that beautiful series of annuals with which she enriched our literature for ten years; and at her departure Mrs. C. M. Sawyer successfully continued her work. Eighteen volumes have now been welcomely received by the public.

A proposition is also made in this letter for her to become associated with him in editing the *Repository*.

"I have been unwell for some time past. Monday evening I lectured in West Bradford, and took cold, and the next day was one of the most painful of my existence; nevertheless, on Wednesday, off I must go again to fulfil another engagement — to lecture in Atkinson, N. H., and was not able to return until yesterday noon. Sick again to-day; but here I am at my desk, and with but a few moments at my disposal, and, as I must talk of business, I must leave the poetry of this pleasant spring day for a more suitable time.

"What shall I say about your Annual? First, I think the name I have heard — 'Rose of Sharon' — very pretty; it will be a good one. Second, you must have, in your judgment

of articles, little respect for *names*, but criticize the *merits* and suitableness of proffered contributions, and not assign a place to any inferior production because it has attached to it a name you esteem. Third, a prospectus is out of place, and below the character of the work. Let the work be published, and that will be the thing; for it will be impossible so to pen a *prospectus* for such a work that some wrong impressions may not be made; — the idea of the work drawn from such a paper would not in most cases be correct. Again, look at the character of the prospectuses sent out — fulsome and flattering, altogether too smart for a modest man. It is always to me a disagreeable task to write one, there must be so much of self in it; and, if I was a lady, I don't think I would do the work.

"Have you received many articles? Mine shall be ready at any given time you shall designate; but you will remember to be a critic when you receive it. What shall it be upon? The Theology of Nature — 'All nature is but an effect whose cause is God'— or what shall the subject be? Suggest, and oblige me. What I have said about the prospectus I have said as a brother.

"Now for business. Mr. Tompkins wants me to make arrangements with you to become associated more intimately with the *Repository* — associate editor. How do you like the idea? He does not wish you to assume any of the care of superintending, or to do any of the editor's drudgery, but to write a certain quantum each month, — to pen concise notices of books, &c. I should be gratified with the honor of being thus associated with you, and I do believe the work would prosper greatly, and the publisher will be willing to do much more than he now can.

"If you were to conclude to accept this offer, I should wish the announcement not to be made, 'H. B., Editor — S. C. E., Associate Editor,' for that looks like first and second best; but I should prefer that we go before the public on equal terms — 'H. B. and S. C. E., Editors.' Write me, by the first mail you can, how you like the proposal."

She accepts the proposal, and under date of March 29th, he writes:

"To my honorable and accomplished friend, Junior Editor of the *U. & L. Repository*, and Editor of the *Rose of Sharon*, &c. &c.,— or plain sister Sarah. In true English style I have begun, and very probably I shall end in plain Yankee fashion. Be that as it may, I want you to feel assured that I have been kept from writing in answer to your welcome epistle by pressing duties. I received it on Friday afternoon, and was then engaged in visiting. Saturday was spent in preparation for the Sabbath, and copy for *Repository;* Monday was taken up in a journey to and from Boston; Tuesday, busily employed in matters not to be deferred, and school committee business and teachers' meeting; Wednesday, in preparing for fast day a sermon on civil duties, politics, reforms, and education, from Matt. xxii. 21; Thursday, preaching in the forenoon, writing notices, &c., in the afternoon, and visiting in the evening; Friday, commencing an article for the *Rose of Sharon*, and now I am engaged in the pleasant duty of writing to you. Blessed be the inventor of writing, and blessed be quill-manufacturers, ink-makers, paper-makers, mails, and post-offices! How little we think of the privilege of thus talking, and yet how exceedingly valuable it is! — Psalm xxxiv. 1. Did you ever read of the Italian poet, whose whole joy was in writing to his lady love every day? She died, and though he lived many years after, he continued to write letters and send them to the place where she resided till his own death. They were taken out by her friends, and were found rich in ardent love and the poetry of feeling.

"I have not in writing thanked you for your kindly *cautions*, but I have in the secret and purest chambers of the heart. The thought of death steals in upon me in my brightest hours, and in my sermons there is much, very much — can there be too much? — of futurity and heaven. But I *may* live to behold the children I have dedicated in infancy, grow up to manhood; yet it never seems possible to me. For *her* sake and little Mary's sake, more than all else, bid me guard against prodigality in the waste of life. Thought, thought is my element. While I am engaged in writing, thought is visiting the past, present and future, and I never know what it is to think of one subject at a time. But no more of this, lest I sadden you. Pray rather that I may live well than long.

"In the prospectus, you are announced with me as editor. The number of pages you have proposed is sufficient; as much, if not more, than I should have ventured to ask. I want you so to write as not to feel a yoke always on your neck, or something saying 'I *must* work!' Do not let undue anxiety take hold upon you; there is no use of it. The Saviour's language respecting the morrow contains a sentiment of the broadest application we all should feel and cherish.

"What you say in reference to education, &c., I heartily coincide with. I mean to make the paper more a ladies' work than it has been; and am resolved to keep in view in all the articles that they are to be read chiefly by females. In looking over the last volume, I find some paragraphs not so smooth in some respects as they should be, and will learn to be wiser. I shall have the restraint needed, in the fact of you being associated with me, and that you will feel interested in all these matters. Be frank, I earnestly desire you, in mentioning any blemish you may detect, and the mention shall be kindly received."

One of the most encouraging features in the society at Haverhill, at that time, was a large circle of intelligent young men, who had formed themselves into an institute for the discussion of moral and religious subjects, and in all the interests of the society they were alive and active. At church, in the Sabbath-school, at teachers' and conference meetings they were always present. When the bell rang from "our Zion" on the beautiful hill, for the weekly conference, even in the short evenings of summer, they left toil or pleasure and obeyed the call.

The memory of this young circle was always a joy to him who ministered with his whole soul to their spiritual wants, and, in after years, as he traced their progress in life, he invariably found them filling useful and honorable stations in society. He says of them:

"Out from the Universalist Society in Haverhill have gone a large number of excellent young men. Some are in the

ministry, and others have made their mark where they have stood up for truth and purity. One of our best societies at the West was started by one of these vigorous laymen; and where you see a man who was a Haverhill Universalist boy, I have no doubt you will see a sterling manliness and real gospel zeal."

I trust I shall be pardoned for inserting here a portion of a private letter to me from Rev. H. C. Leonard, who was one of those Haverhill boys; for it came unsolicited from his warm heart — a dearer and better tribute to the memory of his friend and pastor than a more studied effort.

"You knew that I should agree with you in what you say of Mr. Bacon. I never saw a nobler man. Some persons didn't understand him. I did. Those who saw him, or were with him every day, could not be blind to his purpose, his intrepidity, his persistence, or his love. He was John and Peter combined, in his high calling; in spirit always affectionate, bold, and earnest.

"Well do I remember him in his home. I never shall forget what his home was to me. I have always been thankful and proud that it was for a time my home. Whenever I am awake, and am conscious that I walk in a path that suits me, I see that the beginning of it reaches back to the time when we lived on Kent-street, in Haverhill. I had had dreams and yearnings before Mr. Bacon came to Haverhill. I sometimes saw my future. I sometimes saw a man of strength lifting me to a higher place, and giving me a start in a right direction. At length that man met me in the street, in the person of my pastor, and invited me to come to see him at his home. I could n't guess what he meant. I was too timid to call to see him till the last hour, but when I did call I was introduced to a new world, to new friends — a host of them — and to a new life. What can I do to show my love for that man of God? I never have said much to him or to you in this direction. I never could say much to him. I never met him at any time without feeling a reverence for him which made me silent. For years I have seen him as a transfigured one, for whom of all the men in the world I would do my best.

He is transfigured before us all now. He stands on the heavenly mount 'in garments white and glistening.'

"Henceforth you and your children shall be still more to me. In the light of my benefactor's spiritual presence, my love for his family takes new energy.

"I am thankful that you are so strong and cheerful. This was your husband's spirit. He was the Christian comforter. Don't you remember how he disliked those sermons, sometimes preached at funerals, which make people weep? How much he thought of spiritual health, calmness, serenity and peace!"

A few extracts from letters to me in Feb., 1839, during my absence from home, tell better than words of mine his habit of thought and his interest in the young people of his flock, at that time.

Monday, Feb. 17:

"We had a very wet, stormy day yesterday. I was breathing the sleet and snow during my ride to Amesbury, and it was not very comfortable. Preached to thin audiences, as the roads were too bad to be travelled, and they are always worse, you know, on Sundays, than on any other day of the week. The storm was so bad, and I had such a severe headache after my return, that I did not go to Bradford to lecture; so I attended the 'Institute.' We had a pleasant meeting, notwithstanding the storm. The question was on the moral tendency of dancing, *as usually conducted*, and was decided, by a vote of twenty-seven to two, that it was or is immoral in its tendency.

"We had one of the most brilliant sunsets this eve I ever beheld. Just as the sun was taking his last look, the dark leaden clouds that had hung over us all day broke away a little, and a grand flood of light was poured on all the landscape, presenting a most lovely picture. I was in the study for a book, and from the entry window saw the beautiful display. Far away in the south and east lay fields and hills of snow, tinged with golden light, while the frosted trees glittered with jewels of rich brightness, and the dark clouds passed rapidly away, giving place to roseate forms sporting in the azure vault. All this while the sun poured from the west floods of brightness, and departed, as the monarch gathers his

gorgeous robes around him, and leaves the sight of man for repose. But the sun knows not sleep. It is an emblem of God's unalterable love; for when it seems to us no longer an illuminator, it is lighting up another sphere, ever blessing man. So, in the dark hours of calamity or sorrow, men think God's love is restricted from his children, while it still is diffusing blessings and comforts."

February 21st:

"The social meeting last evening was crowded. I had the pleasure of reading an article before the meeting prepared by young P——. All liked it much, and I solicited the ladies to edify and assist us in this manner, promising that no one should know the names of writers, unless they were willing to be known. I hope this motion will result in good. At the close of the meeting the singers sang *Sophrona;* it sounded beautifully.

"I know it will be not a little gratifying to you to hear that my Institute Address was very much liked. Brother L—— says he has heard several, of other denominations, speak of it in very high terms. This, dear E——, you will feel is favorable to us; and I hope it is not simply the love of approbation that makes me delight in these things, but rather it is a desire to see the truth prosper, and the converts to its beauty and glory multiplied.

"O, there is an emotion that language cannot describe, that gladdens me when I hear of one who has long battled with fierceness against our blessed faith, but who, by attending my ministrations, is made to feel that he fought against what he knew not of! Such effects make me more and more careful to blend deep affection with the teachings of the truth; and I have this morning resolved to keep this end before me in all future composition of sermons."

The following, written at the same period, has reference to one of life's changes. The pleasant homestead, where I had passed my youthful days, was to fall into stranger hands; and his cheerful faith, which had a balm for every wound, soothed us here as in every turn of life's rough journey.

February 23d:

"When I folded the last night's letter I remembered, I know not why, that I had a letter in my possession written by Robert to Syrena, when she visited her childhood's home. In it he makes a remark with which you will agree: 'Next to meeting the friends and connections whom we hold dear, I know of nothing which could be more pleasant than to behold, after a long absence, the home of our youthful days — to view scenes rendered sacred by recollections of days when we were happy and innocent, and were enjoying anticipations of happiness which have proved *but anticipations*.' I know not how far you have a melancholy sympathy with the last remark, but I know you will find much pleasure amid familiar scenes, and I hope that vain regrets at parting with that dear old home will not embitter the hour of removal. See to it, dear E——, that you aid your affectionate mother and sensitive M—— in putting as cheerful an aspect as possible on the inevitable event. I do desire this of you fervently; and do not permit any remarks at leaving the garden &c., to drop from your lips, which may cause tears that may as well be spared. Let misfortune come; shall it prove itself mightier than we, with minds enlightened by knowledge of the righteous government of God? No! Misfortune often opens sources of heartfelt joy that otherwise had been closed; and may often do us as much good, as is illustrated by the story of Plutarch: A man aimed a blow at the life of an enemy, and cut open by it an imposthume, which, by a salutary discharge, saved the enemy's life, who had long been suffering and sinking under a disease for which no remedy could be found.

"Forgive me for sermonizing, for you know it is my way, and perhaps it may not prove wholly out of place."

February 28th:

"We had a most excellent meeting this evening; notwithstanding the roads are in a terrible state, the room was full. We considered the 24th of Acts, particularly the 15th verse. H. C. L. read an excellent piece, the best he has written; then I read two communications from Misses K. and C. I also considered a blind passage in Isaiah xlii. 10. We had excel-

lent singing, and all were happy. I also made a plea for the communion, as to-morrow is our church meeting. I remembered you and little Mary in the closing prayer, and the tears gushed unbidden into my eyes. Peace be with you."

August 13th, he writes to Miss Edgarton:

"'Beware' is a very prominent word in that sweet letter you wrote M. E. B. It is a safe word if it does not make us suspicious and doubtful. I dread a doubter, with an eye ever open to suspect things are not what they appear as connected with mortals. The medium between implicit confidence and suspicious doubt is more closely connected with inward peace than we are apt to imagine, and as difficult to attain. Do not dream too much. The fullest exercise of reason is not incompatible with true romance; for I hold that true romance is an elevated feeling — the chief element of the mind of the true poet. This reminds me that I lately have read an elaborate review of Wordsworth, the poet of simplicity and gentleness. The writer defines poetry admirably, and all his remarks are just, because they are spiritual. All true poetry harmonizes with and elevates our spiritual nature, and when man asks, 'What's the use of poetry?' let him, to fully show his folly, ask, 'What's the use of the love of the beautiful?' What do you think of these passages? 'When the imagination is shut out, and our thoughts surrendered to the dominion of the mere speculative power, infidelity is ready to quickly follow in the train, because the aspirations of the soul are suspended.' 'We have nature before us, *but not nature associated and embodied with intellectual and moral impressions and feelings.* We require the aid of the great poet to do this for us. We want only things as they are, but in their fairest, best, and most affecting shapes and tints. We want to have the ideal associations, which come mistily upon us, rendered more distinct and impressive. We want to have *the slumbering inscriptions of the soul wakened and made legible.* Whatever does this, gives us the charm and the use of poetry.' The writer takes the ground that poetry is not copying nature, but giving nature, so to speak, intellect and the speech of feeling. Perhaps, if I were he, I should say, the poet is gifted with a mirror by which he throws a brilliant light on things in nature,

and clears away obscurity, so that thoughts of angels may be read upon all of the beautiful and fair. A highly intellectual friend once remarked, that he sometimes thought men might, at a future time, be gifted with a vision that could read the writing of angels on the leaves of trees and flowers. That is the ideal of the poet, in my mind. He has such a vision. O, that I were a poet! Passionately, as Eugene Aram sought knowledge, I pray for this. To blend spiritual truths, lessons, and comforts, with everything in my Father's creation, is, to me, the height of blessedness to mortals."

Under date of August 27th, he writes her of the dangerous illness of one very dear to the whole Universalist denomination, Rev. T. F. King:

"I regret exceedingly to hear that our good Brother King is near his end of this strange life. He is given up by all, even by his wife, and some think he cannot live but a few days. In my judgment he was the most eloquent speaker in our order, and he had an unction in prayer that entered the very soul, and touched every feeling. You will see an impromptu in the next *Trumpet* from me. Don't criticize it, for I wrote it as it were in a moment, and it came forth as a prayer — the free utterance of deep feeling."

Of his poetry I have thus far quoted but little. I could not do so and be just to him, for he claimed for himself but a small share of the poet's gifts. His easy flow of thought, and the happiness it gave him to oblige his friends, prompted him often to that kind of writing; but he always regarded these productions, as he expressed in a letter to a friend to whom he had sent a song: "I deem my rhymes of little worth. I do not write for anything but relaxation from continued hard thought on theology." Again, when he had sent a marriage hymn to a friend, he writes to me: "I met Mrs. T—— yesterday, and found she was much pleased with it. How little it takes to give pleasure! How I do love to do these little things!"

I recall one evening, during which he was sitting in his study in deep and earnest conversation with a clerical friend; a child's album was handed him, with a request to write in it. He took it quietly, turned over the leaves with interest, and nodded his compliance. "Why," said his friend, casting a puzzled glance towards me, "does this busy man consent to write in albums?" "Yes," was the reply; "anything that he is solicited to do he does, whether it is to preach a sermon at the General Convention, or to write in a little girl's album."

He visited Mr. King during his last illness, and in a letter to me, dated September 7th, he thus alludes to his interview with him:

"When I went to his bedside he put his arms around my neck and tenderly kissed me. He has a full view of his case, and he told Father Streeter that he had, in his experience and observation, seen so many remarkable interpositions of Providence in behalf of the widow and fatherless, — so many friends aptly and abundantly raised up to them, — that he felt willing to resign them to the care of God, believing he would protect and bless. He said also, in answer to an inquiry, whether he did not have moments of gloom as he lay there, that he felt the springs of religion always open within him, and knew the support and consolation of that faith to which he had so long clung. Brother Brooks said he had a heavenly interview with him a few days ago, and that it was a most grateful scene, fitted to make the heart better. It was so when I saw him. Brother Paige prayed with him while I was there, and it was a prayer of Christian trust and hope."

September 9th:

"Brother King is just alive; but for only a few moments at a time is he conscious. We must bid him farewell. Dr. Clows preached in Charlestown yesterday. This morning, when he was asked how Brother King was, his short — but O, how holy and eloquent — answer was '*Most home!*' I cannot write what springs up in my soul at the sound of those words. You can feel as I do."

His brother reached his home a few days after. Under date of October 15th, he again writes to Miss Edgarton:

"I have excuses enough for my long silence, having been absent from home a great part of the last four weeks, and I have fallen into a habit of dreaming, that keeps me busily at work. My head is full of sermons, and I must free it or suffer. Saturday I left here to fulfil an engagement to lecture before the Cambridge Universalist Institute, — an institute where ladies are admitted members on equal grounds with gentlemen; and I, being a ladies' man, intellectually, not according to the mannerisms of the day, must of course address them. My subject was the necessity of religious principle, as a governing and controlling spirit, equally important, as a rule of action, to ladies as to the other sex. The time allotted to an address would not permit me to discuss at length the peculiar application of the subject to female relations in life, but I think of writing a long article on that part. Is it not needed? I have written an article on 'The Minister's Wife,' not designed to have any personal application, but as an article needed, and of general truth.

"Mary is now on a visit to her grandparents, and I miss her much. She is a sweet creature to me. She lately saw a picture of a little girl represented alone and bitterly weeping; she brought it to me, wofully exclaiming, 'She 's got no papa, no mamma, no Henny C.;' and seemed to feel deeply the utter desolation of the little child's condition. She always does so in reference to all such pictures. She will kiss a little lamb, or a pretty face in a picture; but will look wofully enough when she meets a dog trying to bite, or a man striking a beast, &c. Thus we see the unfoldings of future passions and affections. May they all be early baptized at the font of spiritual love, and all be directed aright.

"I give you but a meagre letter for the beautiful one received from you this morning; but I am alone. When E. A. is again here, and the music of childhood's prattle is again in my ears, I will do better. I am not one of those who want deep and silent retreats to enable them to think best and freest; I love the voice of human happiness; to turn from deep thought to playful converse, and to call my wife to ad-

mire with me whatever I find to admire. The 'Minister's Wife' was written thus — Mary at my heels, and climbing up to the table nearly all the while. Here is the secret of all the warmth and earnestness that some say is contained in my articles."

This is a life-like picture of his social nature.

Again, under date of Nov. 23d, he writes her, alluding to the death of the lovely wife of a mutual friend:

"You ask concerning T. Alas for him! He is a lonely one; as he expressed in a late letter — his is a loneliness of the heart. Would I could aid him to seek out the hidden blessing that I know is wrapped up in his affliction — to take his cup as our Master took it: 'The cup which MY FATHER hath given me, shall I not drink it?' A bitter cup was prepared for him; mortal lip was never made to taste a more bitter one; and he would have turned away from it with a shrinking soul, had he not recognized the hand that presented it; he saw it was his Father's, and his soul was calm. He could not shrink from what he had ordained. So it should be with us. Life hath its bitter cup, and it is well. Afflictions in the light of Christian truth bear a heavenly look; there is goodness in them; they are parts of a wise discipline to fit us for life's most important duties — to teach us human frailty, the worth of sympathy and love, the value of the hope of heaven; they are to wean us from things that disturb our virtues, that pollute the mysterious springs of the soul, and that tempt us to forget the high calls of duty. It is one of the blest teachings of our religion, to bid us thus look on life's affliction, and make them the ministries of God for our good, who 'smiles to heal, who wounds to bless.'"

Now our life in pleasant Haverhill was drawing to a close. During the winter of 1840, after a residence there of two years, my husband resigned his pastorship of the society, and accepted an invitation to settle in Marblehead, Mass.

In view of this change, he thus writes to the *'Trumpet'*:

"My reasons for leaving Haverhill are not in the least connected with unkind or wrong feelings, but of a nature entirely personal, and of no interest to the public. I leave here, as I have lived, in friendship with all, bearing with me many kind wishes, and cherishing, in return, the most sincere desires for the virtue and happiness of my late charge. The society is united and strong; has attached to it a good Sabbath-school, a Young Men's Institute, and a Church; and I deem it wrong for me in the least to doubt their continued steadfastness and devotion."

The two years we passed in Haverhill were full of pleasant and holy memories. We caught glimpses of home life, such as are only revealed to the pastor and his family. At the merry wedding, the consecration of children, the sick-room, and the quiet death-bed scene, the pastor was present with his untiring sympathy and love.

He planned festivals for the young lambs of his flock, in the summer-time, on the shores of a lovely pond, in the neighborhood of the parsonage, and, in the winter, he converted his study into a little banquet-room for their reception. He joined with his whole heart in the Christmas celebrations, when his young people, with a taste peculiar to them, decorated the church with evergreens. And his Christmas addresses were among his best efforts at this period. Sweet are the memories of days in Haverhill!

VIII.

MINISTRY IN MARBLEHEAD.

In March, 1840, we removed to Marblehead.

In answer to the inquiry of a friend, "How came you to consent to go to Marblehead?" my husband writes:

"I'll tell thee, and that briefly: Because I found many generous and good hearts here — because I found devotion glowing in the cheek and glistening in the eye here — because I found the best field to do good that I had ever yet explored; and because there was an enthusiastic feeling in my favor. The *place* you have heard of; rumor has sadly belied it, and you will say so when you visit us here. We have not the Merrimac, but we have glimpses and bold views of the ocean. Marblehead is a very compact town, of about 5,500 inhabitants, on a point of land running into the sea; and, from an opposite point of view, it looks like groups of houses built on rocks. It is a very healthy summer resort of hundreds from the city, and is noted for the hospitality and generosity of its inhabitants. There are five churches in the place, and, considering the population, you will see the reasonable prospect I have to build up the truth."

I have often felt that at no period of his life was he happier than during the two quiet years we resided at Marblehead. I know there is a higher state of mind that comes to us through suffering and trial. That experience and its results were not wanting in his after-life; but it is refreshing to greet the clear light of morning, though we know that clouds perfect the glory of the declining day.

As I look over what he wrote at that period, it breathes such a spirit of cheerfulness and peace, that with reluctance I yield the desire of quoting page after page of it. All objects in nature minister to his spiritual joy; and no misanthropic or morbid views of life intrude upon his meditation. "The glory of the sum of things" is always cheering him on.

"It is a fearful thing to love what death may touch," I find placed at the head of some thoughts called "Scraps from my Desk;" but I know it is not written there for him to prolong the strain, but, as was his wont, to give a new direction to it; and I find I have judged rightly as I glance to the close, and read: "It is *not* a fearful thing to love what *glory* may touch — the sacred fire in an earthly censer, and that shall burn and blaze in a seraph form in the eternal heaven."

The productions of his pen were always faithful transcripts of his inner life; and a few of his hopeful thoughts, that are scattered all over the ninth and tenth volumes of the *Repository*, are now his best portraiture.

"I threw open the window this morning, and, like the mingling of the breath of a thousand angels with their morning benison, in rushed the warm sweet south wind, and the voices of a multitude of birds were heard as they flew past on bright, swift wings, as ready to bear up to the throne of glory the responses of human hearts to the spirits of the morning. To me, there is nothing more spiritual than birds. My natural sight is not far-reaching, and the hues of my fancy give all the color and radiance needed to fill up with beauty, where I cannot discern the reality. God's tinting, I know, is better than man's; but the colors woven in the plumage of the bird, ill-defined by the near-sightedness of my eyes, were not prepared by me. I never was, and never can be, wise enough to do such a divine work. God placed the sun in the heavens,

and in my soul. When the windows of morning are opened, and down comes the flooding light, gilding and glorying every form of the outer world, it is but the turning of the divine countenance towards our earth. And when from out my soul, as the windows of sense are thrown open, goes the spiritual radiance, crowning with the diadems of angels, bird, tree, flower and cloud, I own the gift of God, and rejoice that he can so condescend to bless unworthy me. It is this light that encompasses with surpassing loveliness many a distant object, and makes me eloquent in its praise; while to others — the far, keen and clear sighted — it hath not more than ordinary attractions. And thus I find God hath set one thing over against another, and, in a new sense,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.'

"I have been moving among the busy, the sick, and the bereaved, and I find the great want in all is that of which our Master thought, when he turned the attention of his disciples to consider the birds — the winged spirits that only touch on earth that they may soar higher, or to build and bring forth, to fill the blue air with beauty and music. Look at that oriole, with its golden wings, tipped, *to my sight*, with a fringe of light. How lightly he sits upon that slender bough, and with what delicious song is he regaling me; as though he knows I am as happy as he to greet the spring again! Bless you, sweet bird! you shall not want for food if you will come to my window, from which goes daily food for the birds. If angels take forms of earth, what more beautiful than thine? And to me thou art an angel. Warble again that note; my spirit responds, and a delicious flow of melody runs through my frame, vibrating a thousand nerves, lifting me up to meet yon beautiful cloud as a chariot.

"But in my rapture few may sympathize, and I will tie myself down to soberer meditations, and talk of lessons of faith and trust from the birds, in a calm mood; though deep feeling will still run strong, as the bough quivers long after the bird has flown from it, or, as the flower flutters long after the zephyr has kissed it."

"I have been out among the flowers. What a refreshment

has my spirit enjoyed therefrom, as the old drink in new life from the breath of the young! May I never cease to bless them now; for, were the passion I now cherish destroyed, what pages of richest thoughts would be made blank — what teachers of the beautiful would be mute! Ay, flowers are indeed the smiles of God. At the morning of creation, when the green earth lay in its beauty, the angels rejoiced, God smiled, and the flowers sprung up. A love for them can never harm. It nourishes the best affections, and the gentlest of our race have known much of it. In this world of sin, we are impious when we make a jest of aught that cultivates the sentiment of beauty, — that charms the heart away from sordid pursuits, and tends to make men and women more amiable. 'Flowers will be the first objects greeted in Paradise!' said a dying girl, as she perished in her youthful beauty. How unlike the thoughts of his heart, who sees in the future naught but the grave! Let his grave be like his heart — earthy and stony; but O, on hers, keep fresh and fair the flowers she loved; let there the daisy and the violet grow, let the rose unfold its beauties, and let the fragrant pink breathe its sweetness there! She loved flowers; I will love them better for her sake."

"The rain is falling; the vegetable world has waited long and anxiously, and has not been disappointed. It comes invisibly. I exert the utmost powers of vision, and cannot see the falling streams or drops; but I hear it as it falls upon the roof, and stirs the leaves of the trees and plants; and as I hear it I think of the beating of my own heart, that, unseen, sends the vital element through a thousand avenues. The rain is the blood of the material world; sent out by the pulsations of the great heart-expansive force, it circulates through the whole wide range of the body, and every portion of the indescribable vastness receives benefit from it. I love the rain when thus it comes, so gently, so musically, so free from the associations that rise in the mind when the wind is strong, the descending streams are heavy, and the trees bending and bowing. * *

"The rain is over and gone, and, though at a sixteen-mile remove from the ever loved city, I see the beautiful and joyous display on the wharves, as hundreds of sails are spread, and the merry shouts and songs of the sailors are heard on every side. The streets are no longer dusty, and are filled

with hurrying travellers eager to make up lost time, while the traders hasten to arrange the attractive show; — yet all of them pause in their flight, and labor to admire the circling bow that tells them to remember God and his promises amid the cares of busy life.

"Around me here, the scene is beautiful as there. The window of my study is opposite a pleasant street, at the head of which two noble trees hide a doctor's and a parson's mansion from my sight. The irregular ranges of white and dark houses on both sides are washed clean and bright, and the tree that here and there protrudes itself, nods in sympathy with my praise and love of the shower. The grass on the banks is greener than it has been for weeks, and the spots where the scorching sun has withered every blade, shine with a golden beauty. The chapel, where a faith far different from mine is advocated, has more charms than of late, as it glistens in the light, and the running drops cleanse the glass of the windows. Would that like effects could be wrought upon those who are wont to gather within its walls, by the doctrine that drops like the rain and distils as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass! But the broad stones in front glisten to smile me into hope, and the beautifully cultivated and fruitful gardens on either side cheer me to labor, as they demonstrate what effort can do even in reference to the material. The clouds float over my elevated position in every variety of form and hue, and a smile rests on everything within sight. Blessed be the summer shower! agent as it is of so much good, waking up joy in so many hearts."

"I have been meditating on the phenomena of the *dew*, so welcome to drooping plant and flower, and often winning our admiration by its loveliness. I have consulted the Scriptures for the sacred associations therewith, as is my custom when considering any part of the natural world, and these associations I find to be eloquent indeed. I notice that Moses, in his last blessings on the tribes, thanked God for 'the precious things of heaven — *for the dew;*' and as he did this he doubtless thought of the good bestowed by the ministry of the dew, which caused him, in his sublime song, to liken the effects of truth to the distilling of the dew — as the small rain upon the tender herb — divinely fitted to impart new life and increase

the fruitfulness. It was because of this that God, in the time of need, promised to be as the dew unto Israel; and because of this, also, brotherly love is likened unto the dew.

"The subject has become pleasant to me, and I cannot put it from me for another, till I have traced out a spiritual analogy between holiness and the phenomena of the dew."

"How balmy is this air! as though it were the breath of angels, while their wings fanned down the odorous airs of Paradise, and their songs invite the opening buds to throw out their fragrance as censer-cups, swung by the hands of airy priests. It seems too pure, too vivifying, to be of earth, imparting as it does new life and energy to the whole man, making me feel I should be immortal could I always breathe such air as this! I bless you, invisible messenger of God! I learn the sweet lesson of silent, unobtrusive charity from thee. Thou art blessed of God; and as none knoweth whence thou comest, or whither thou goest, even so may I seek to do good, in secrecy, with the sweet consciousness, that though invisible the doer, the deed done hath blessed!"

"June, the 12th day! Yes, it is here; and it is true that eight and twenty years have bestowed on me their good and evil. Let me veil my face that I am no wiser or better, and let me think, feel, and act more justly. 'What is our life?' A vapor! only in the brevity of animal being, not as it relates to the soul. What *is* our life? To eat and drink, see pleasant sights, and hear glad sounds? Let it not be so. Let it be to live near God and heaven. 'Fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things he hath done for you.' Hear it, my soul, and be wise.

"I feel the breath of the warm, bright spring,
As she fans my brow with her dewy wing;
And the earth grows green, and the mists rise up,
Like beautiful clouds from the censer cup;
And I think of the spirits wafted away,
On the wings of this bright and beautiful day;
And I ask, if they meet no changing power,
That gives to the soul a heavenly dower,
To float on in glory in worlds above,
All robed in the garments of light and love?

"I list to the tones of the stream burst free,
And the pleasant hum of the insects' glee,
And the far-off voice of the mighty deep—
For the unbound soul, I dare not weep!"

In April, 1840, his correspondence with Miss Edgarton continues, from which I extract the following:

"You wrote me some time since about the next *Rose*. I hardly dare presume to offer any suggestions in reference thereto, believing your taste better than my own, and that you do not need advice. But as you have asked it, and I feel frank with my friends, I would say, keep in view the last *Rose*. See that there is no sameness in the articles selected for the next, when compared with the last, — and be a critic. If you were the critic I think you ought to be, you would not have published * * * * * *, and perhaps I might add 'The Vision,' and 'The Mind.'* Now, remember, *I* only am saying this much, and *I* would not say it did I not believe firmly that you will thank me for being frank. I have talked with T——, and find he is determined to have fine illustrations for the next year. I want you to write some poems for it that will embody great power, — of stately majestic movement, — the imagery drawn from the wonders of astronomy and 'the deep, deep sea.' Perhaps you cannot grasp my meaning. I wish we could see each other, and talk, talk.

"What do you want me to write? I want the book to be so good, that I would keep from contributing, in hope that the space might be better occupied. You know I think very little of my poetry, and if I contribute any I think it will be some little scraps. I'll send you some, and you may pick or burn, just as you like. I thought of writing a prose article on the 'Joys and Sorrows of Mary, the Mother of Jesus.' What do you think of the subject? Tell me frankly. I will write it if you wish, with the desire that you should act perfectly your pleasure with it. I have sketched out an article on the 'Revelations of God in Childhood,' which I may ask you to read. If you have any particular subject you would like to have me write upon, I will *try*, being desirous, if in my power, to do you some service.

"I regret the mistakes of which you speak. It is almost impossible to keep the printers' eyes on punctuation. I scatter sometimes a whole pepper-box full of marks over a proof.

* His own articles.

I will be as cautious as I can. I have to bear some terrible blunders in my own articles."

May 4th:

"I have been writing a sermon, to-day, on an analogy between the relation of God to the universe, and the spirit to the body. It has wearied me. My heaven is thought; and were I not a weak, frail creature, I should never weary of it. I intend to get out a volume in June or July on the 'Elements of Christian Happiness.'*

"I have my article on 'Revelations of God in Childhood' most done, and probably shall send it to you with this sheet. I have written it with a great deal of distrust. The subject has long been a theme of thought, ay, and of deep feeling too; but how dead is the picture image of thought on paper, compared with the warm and breathing ideal within! But this is a common phenomenon; no artist ever made the canvas equal the soul's picturing. I have written with scarce an hour of uninterrupted attention, 'mid ever active thoughts concerning a thousand other things, and do not feel that I have done myself justice. When you get it, read it carefully, and be candid.

"We come out with new type in June *Repository*, and somewhat new dress. I shall discontinue my *Scripture Annotations*, as I fear they occupy a space that might be filled with more interesting matter. They cost me much labor, but I did not value it, as I thought they might do some good.

"We had considerable talk about doffing the first part of the title to our paper, *The Universalist;* but I opposed it, as I fear that some would say we wished to make the work more popular, &c., and I would not relinquish one infinitesimal of the doctrine to write thousands, where we now write hundreds, as the sum of our subscribers. I trust and believe it is so with you. *Names are things*, when the most hallowed associations cluster around them. 'A rose by any other name would *smell* as sweet;' but would any other name awake such associations as are called up by *that name?* Shakspeare may be right as above, but I doubt it. What music there was to the Jew in

* Instead of a volume bearing that title, he wrote his "Christian Comforter."

the sound of the name of Zion! So ever may it be with us, and the name Universalist."

A few years later — 1843 — circumstances changed his mind with regard to dropping part of the title of his paper, and he thus explains his motives in a note to his readers:

"With the next volume we shall leave off the first member of the title of our work, as it is everywhere known by the last, *The Ladies' Repository*. We sometimes find three articles taken from this work in one paper, and credited, one to the *Universalist and Ladies' Repository*, the next to the *Universalist*, and the next to the *Repository*, as though they were taken from three different publications. More than this; our denominational paper in Connecticut is called *The Universalist*, and articles appear in other papers, from both that and this work, credited alike. After due deliberation, we have been led to coincide with the opinion of a great many of our friends, and send the *Repository* forth without the distinctive name of *Universalist*, believing that its contents will always give it a distinctive character. We once thought we could never be led to do this, but circumstances have altered our convictions, and we are sure that the considerations which prompt us now to do it are of as Christian a character as those which once made us strenuous to retain the name we relinquish — relinquish from the magazine, but not from our brow."

In November he received the first communication for the *Repository* from "Charlotte," the fresh, lively, and talented writer, who enriched the pages of the *Repository* and other periodicals for a few years, and then left us for the better land.

For a long time he could not discover who was the author of the beautiful articles he was monthly receiving, and he writes to his sister:

"Does your friend C—— W—— write, or not? I suspect that the article in my last number, signed 'Charlotte,' is

from her. I have another and most admirable one for next month from the same pen. Is C—— W——'s signature C. T. W.? I have but little doubt that it is she. She writes well, has a good command of language, and tells a story finely. I esteem her highly as a correspondent, whoever she is, and hope long to retain her. I have some good poetry from her, lively, easy, and very devotional."

The one he surmised did not prove to be the "Charlotte" of the *Repository*, but she was shortly after discovered.

In a memoir of her, which it fell to his lot to write, he says:

"At this time, as editor of the *Repository*, we received a communication, — a story, — written in a superior style of penmanship, and requiring not a pen-touch to prepare it for the printer. It bore the signature of 'Charlotte.' It reminded us of the first article from 'S. C. E.;' and we felt that a new star had dawned, and expressed the feeling of pleasure at beholding its rising, and the beauty of its light."

The appearance of a new and talented writer was hailed by him with much the enthusiasm that the astronomer greets a new star in the heavens; and when he discovered the retiring, humble "Charlotte," no encouragement that he could impart was withheld from her.

I find, under date of January 5th, 1841, a letter to a young sister, which I insert here from its allusion to his reserved manners, and also for the brief account of his Sabbath-school entertainment. I doubt not his little hymn-book, his Saturday afternoon lectures, and various other plans for their improvement, are still remembered by those who were then children of his parish.

"We wish you were here by our side, as of old. We have known happy hours, have we not? And your young heart, always fresh, has felt a nearness to me, though many deem me a cold and distant one. But there are those — and you are

one — who cannot open the doors of the heart to let every eye look in, every stranger, or chance companion, gaze upon all the cherished feelings and affections; and yet we should be cautious not to let these ideas become too contracted, else the hinges of the heart's doors may rust, and with but difficulty be opened. God help thee and me from coldness towards any, while my prayer also is, that He keep us from the too ready unfolding of our deep feelings to all and any who come near.

"'A moralizing letter!' say you. 'A part of a sermon, perhaps!' Nay, it is my mood, my habit, to run into sober talk when gayest in heart; and now, though I try, I really cannot break from it readily, but thought after thought of seriousness arises, and I could write a sermon easier than a letter of chit-chat.

"It will please you to know that we have had a most happy Christmas here. Our church has been trimmed, the Sabbath-school children trained to recite well, and a bountiful Christmas supper prepared for them. We repeated a part of the recitations last Sunday evening, and our church was thronged to the utmost. Hundreds went away unable to get in. The children did better than before. The singing was done by them entirely, and the hymns were from the little book I wrote for them. We many times wished you and F—— were with us."

January 8th, he writes to Miss Edgarton. Her journey, and the "letters" of which he makes mention, has reference to letters she wrote to the *Repository* while on a journey to the western part of New York the previous autumn.

"Every day for a month I have been resolving to write to you, but something would prevent; so you must remember what Solomon said respecting his father David: 'The Lord blessed him for *intending* to build a temple, although he was not able to effect it.' Now what shall I choose from the abundance that I wish to write to you? Somewhere I must begin, and so, in true old-fashioned style, and with old-fashioned sincerity, I congratulate you on the romantic journey you have completed. You have turned over many new leaves in the great book of the world, and I trust have read rightly. Travelling, especially as we now must, in cars and steamboats,

gives fine opportunities to look into the hidden retreats of human nature, and see the various workings of passion and feeling. I love to sit coseyly in one corner of a car, and, wrapt in the stillness of thought, study countenances of those before me, mark the workings of the features according to the turn of conversation, and learn to read motions and looks; and then some remark or observation will strike on my ear, and set all the machinery of thought at work rapidly. But, most of all, children interest me. I have more sympathy, I verily believe, for one child, than for a dozen men. I can throw around them different, purer, and more beautiful robes of sentiment than I ever find myself able to do in reference to men; and the natural, or, what is second nature, habitual ideas associated with thoughts of men, are less capable of awakening the finer and more spiritual emotions, than the associations connected with childhood. 'Sermonizing again,' say you. Well, thought is running, and my pen is like a little black servant, following a tall and rapidly striding master; he has to leap and jump so much that there is no grace or steadiness in his gait.

"I thank you a thousand times for those 'letters.' They are exceedingly interesting. They prove, what I have often told E—— A——, that you have a very quick perception of the beautiful in a scene, and that, while others are bringing part by part together, you have the picture all complete, and are steadily contemplating the mirrored beauty under the best light. Give us more such descriptive articles, that will bear us to the presence of the beautiful, and teach us how to look upon it as our unaided fancy never would be able to do. Your 'Religion for the Sailor' is a brilliant little gem. I thank you for a sermon — for a sermon I shall certainly make from one thought embodied in that article.

"I presume you have concluded whether or not to get out another '*Rose*.' Let all things be done soon enough; and as to the many who talk about making your annual more denominational, I deem them all on the ultra side. Why do we find so much fault with the sectarianism of other annuals, and yet wish to be guilty of the very same thing? Why wish to make everything wear a controversial air? Many advise an alteration in the *Repository* like unto this same; but I follow my firm convictions, that every article in which

is the true idea of the beautiful, or the holy, is a Universalist article, distinctive enough to those of right sympathy, and the best calculated to create that sympathy in the hearts that have it not. I thank you for the notice of my little work; it has received greater favor than I dared to expect. I shall try again."

The "little work" alluded to was his first published volume, entitled the "Christian Comforter," which had been issued but a few months. The success of the work was far beyond his expectations, for the motives that impelled him to write it originated in his own want as a Christian minister. He says, on sending it forth:

"During the brief ministry of the author he has deeply felt the need of such a volume as he has aimed to make the one here presented to the reader, that he might leave it with the afflicted heart to distil in silence its comfort upon the soul. He has written for the afflicted and bereaved, and he will rest satisfied and thankful to God if his work shall bear a blessing to such, quickening the power to meet and struggle with trial patiently, and, by its soothing views of God, death, and eternity, wake the pulse of Christian hope to healthier throbs, and the spiritual heart to more powerful action."

The work came from his own heart, and his deep religious nature pervades every page, making it a fit messenger to the homes of the bereaved; and through the remainder of his life he was constantly receiving testimonies of its inestimable worth to the sorrowing heart.

Under date of January 26th, he again writes Miss Edgarton:

"I am here, away from the scenes of novelty and fashion, and cannot tell you of having heard Braham, or any of the many who are filling the city with rare, sweet sounds; nor can I relate any wonderful discovery in the natural or intellectual world, and must therefore content myself with saying,

we are all well and happy. But how much there is in that expression when it comes from the depths of the heart; when fervent and religious feelings rise up with it, like sunshine mingling in and weaving its brightness with the waters of a fountain! I feel it all, for my children and I have been quite unwell for some time past. A short time ago we were sitting in our study when we heard little H—— cry. We went to him, and he could hardly breathe; his struggling made him utter a fearful noise, that sounded in my ears—croup! What a change in our feelings was instantly wrought! A moment before all gayety and mirth, in social converse; now distracted almost with tumultuous thoughts. Instantly we brought our little knowledge into requisition, applied remedies, and in two hours he was in a quiet and pleasant sleep. Thank God! O, what *do* those do who have no God in whom to trust in those dark hours; who cannot read the high intent of all life's mysteries and trials, and are left to think only of chance and fortune! I do think that no griefs enter so deeply as the fears of parents for a sick child, and though they shake my whole being I am willing to bear them; for, O, how they do let the soul into the deep meaning of many of the revelations touching our Maker's compassion! The sinner is represented as sick; as still a child of God; and when the thought is presented, by some, that in that state he will be deserted and despised of God, all that is within me of high and pure feeling rises up indignant against it. Physiologists tell us that alcohol when taken into the system is rejected by every part — all refuse any assimilation with it — and that after death it has been found lodged in cavities of the brain. I have thought that it was so with the alcohol of Partialism. What antagonist doctrines have in common with ours, in the spirit of Christianity is digested; that which they have distinctive from the illimitable spirit of love, is alcohol, with which the *heart* will have nothing to do. But I forget myself. I should refer to your letter and answer it. And first, to me vastly the most important is what you say of having been sick. Remember your kind cautions to me, and guard against the *extreme* enthusiasm of study. I should rather be sick at times than be without enthusiasm in my studies; but, nevertheless, a little prudence will do no harm, and may render our enthusiasm more

healthful; and in this connection most heartily do I respond to your 'God bless you!'

"I thought you would be pleased with 'Dewey's Lectures.' Its subject reminds me of a criticism by one of our western editors, in which the author of the 'Christian Comforter' is declared to have marred his work with 'affectation of style' — a reaching and straining for words! Ma conscience! as Domine Sampson would say. I wrote nearly all of the book in a tremendous hurry, and had no time to affect any one, or to reach after words. But these criticisms do not amount to much; yet sometimes they come in queer costumes, and play strange fantastic tricks. You can keep the paper until *we* come to Shirley — and coming we are as soon as the spring opens."

April 20th:

"I am reduced to absolute beggary, editorially speaking; being clearly deserted by many who in olden times were wont to cheer me with their communications. 'The *Repository* must be sustained!' is the voice of an impulse within me, and in obedience I have wrought too much, and I cannot, because I must not, write so much. Sermons and lectures take a great part of my time, and I have none for any kind of study, or even for deliberate investigation. But I have been sustained, and I will not fear. Do send me something soon.

"I have hit upon a subject for the next '*Rose*.' It is 'Acted Poetry,' suggested by an eulogy on the gentle Sir Philip Sidney, 'whose whole life was poetry put into action.'"

May 19th:

"I have been unwell the greater part of a month past, and the cold wet weather has caused us to defer visiting Shirley until next week. Strange weather still perplexes us — weather unlike any at this season of the year ever known to the oldest inhabitant. Yet it is beautiful to see the sower going forth 'bearing precious seed,' committing it to the opened earth with a trust that reaches higher than the clouds, and which the cold winds cannot chill. It is a beautiful

exemplification of the value of faith — that greatest need and best good."

The following, under date of October 11th, is a vein of humor that he did not hide from his friends:

"I am thinking these days considerably about Ossian. Not, however, upon the question of its antiquity, or who wrote it, but upon his appeal to the past, and his reiterated confession that he hears its solemn voice. And so it should be, for there is a great change in our correspondence. Its glory is all in the past, and I must trace back the files of many months to find a real letter from you. Well, I will not complain, and I rejoice in the exceeding great quantity of pleasure you have enjoyed the past summer. May the loveliness of the mental impressions never fade; may the springs of true enjoyment then opened never be closed.

"Do you interpret dreams? I have had some strange ones — when asleep I mean. Last night I dreamed that I read in the 'Magazine and Advocate' that Brother G—— was dead; that he died in consequence of his heart being shattered by a thunderbolt! The writer of the notice used these very words, and then proceeded to give an excellent eulogy on Br. G——'s character. What does, what can this mean? Did I ever imagine that his heart was so hard as to require a thunderbolt to shatter it? I also dreamed a dozen other dreams too outrageous for a sober man like myself. I should like to know what all this means. It could have had no connection with a very fine bowl of chowder that a good neighbor brought me at nine o'clock, could it? I wish you were here with as strong a sympathy for a Marblehead chowder as myself. How we would laugh at Br. J—— G——'s idea, that 'there is no poetry in eating!' There is poetry in a chowder; for does it not bring the sea before us, and don't we see the beautiful creatures who live all their days in salt, and come out fresh, like an angel undefiled? And don't we see the merry fishermen at their work, and the great ocean all around them? Does n't the water bear us to the spring sparkling with beauty, or the 'Old Oaken Bucket' of Woodworth memory? Tell me, is there not poetry in this? Don't spoil the whole by thinking of dreams, lest I be obliged to prove there is poetry in them.

"Excuse this nonsense, for I have been so long on serious matters, that it is a relief to be sportive, and she is a friend who permits it. Let me have some of your laughs; they will help me resist the heavy influence of this chilly sea air.

"Has not summer gone, like a friend who packs up in a moment, and is off before you can possibly say good-by? She lingers longer with you doubtless than with us, for she loves not the sea. I cannot but dread the winter. Its home gatherings alone relieve it. It is dreary — dreary — dreary! But Christian philosophy disproves this tone, and I will learn a better. Teach me, Thou, whose heavenlier mind inhabiteth a healthier body, and I will heed thy wisdom. Be of good cheer; think, as ever, more of God's favor than man's praise, and be happy in activity, love, and hope."

In December, 1841, he preached in Providence, R. I., and, after much deliberation he consented to leave Marblehead for that city. To him a city life had always possessed peculiar attractions, and the thoroughfares of activity, so suggestive to minds like his, stimulated him to greater and more effective labors than quietness and rural retirement. In a letter to a friend he says, "The field in Providence is more in accordance with what I regard the tendencies of my mental being;" and his love for the city he expresses in the following lines:

"My birth was in the city — 'mid the stir
And rattle of the mart — within the sound
Of ringing voices from that brave old Hall,
Where noblest thoughts of rarest minds 'still live.'
God of existence! 't is for this I praise
Creative love! I love the stir and noise,
The rushing, surging, roaring human sea,
That, with its myriad voices, calls to Thee
Amid its trade, its art, its schools and might,
And makes the Sabbath a most holy thing.
When, like the light-house, standing in the sea,
The churches nobly rise, with towering spires,
And lights all ready for the evening need."

His residence in Marblehead he never failed to regard as one of the oases in his life. He speaks of it thus:

"Rough and unsightly were thy rocky shores and crooked streets, home of two peaceful years! Rough and unsightly is the shell of the pomegranate, but where than within that husk can be found richer sweetness? In Marblehead I found as much Christian fellowship and coöperation, as much mind and heart, as in any place. Ambition in my heart was never more fed than there; it was my best school of free expression, where I learned to love the human soul more than ever before, and poured out from my heart, fresh and strong, the truths in the divinity of which I most devoutly believed. Nowhere had I found more encouragement to study; nowhere had I met more just appreciation of the results of study; and nowhere had I learned so much from frank, hearty, and brotherly criticism. What is called 'culture' was not to be expected in that sea-shore town; but mind was there with no little executive power to analyze, reason, and sift the wheat of truth from the chaff of error. My most intellectual and cultured friends from abroad were pleasingly astonished at the mental strength and acuteness of the intellects in our circle. The dearest and most gifted poet in our denomination often spoke of the rich delight she experienced in the society around her there, and frequently she dwelt with strong admiration on the originality and freshness of thought there met. Culture, so called, too often only trains the faculties, as waters are made to form a mill-stream; while self-developed mental energy is like the river that flows fresh and free, where nature mirrors her beauties and glories, and where the commerce of the world is aided by its depth and breadth.

"Alas for those who expect kind hearts and liberal minds because *the place* is beautiful and the paths romantic! And as sadly did they err who thought the looks of the place an inducement for a pastor to leave Marblehead, whose life was not in places, but in congenial hearts and sincere souls. Strangely scattered have been the members of that happy and progressive circle. The ocean at one heave of the gale took down to its cold depths a large number, — one especially whose language in our religious meetings was poetry, and whose voice was music, and who had gone on what he said should be, and alas! in another sense, it was, his 'last voyage.' He often told us how dear his faith was amid the terrors of the sea, and no doubt he died happy in Christ."

Misfortune came to the society in various ways after he left them, and his continued interest was expressed for them in more than words. Soon after his removal some of their best members were lost at sea, and he relinquished a debt, that was a large sum to him, to aid their pecuniary troubles. Again, under date of December 26th, 1846, I find a letter to a clerical brother, in which he says:

"I lately made an appeal in behalf of the Marblehead society, who lost in the last September gale *fourteen* of their best men. They gave me fifty-four dollars, and when I exchanged at Fall River I got twenty-three more; so in all I sent a Christmas gift of seventy-eight dollars. I sent it by way of father, and before it reached Marblehead it had accumulated to one hundred."

Again, in 1849, I find a letter from Marblehead, signed by a committee, urging him to come down and help them out of other trials. From a variety of circumstances their church was closed, and their society scattered; and they looked to him as their only hope of awakening an interest that should unite them again. He obeyed the call, and their success followed his visit.

IX.

MINISTRY IN PROVIDENCE.

I CANNOT proceed with details of life in Providence without first alluding to the civil aspect of the community there at the time my husband accepted the pastorate of the First Universalist Society, and in a measure anticipating its effects on his subsequent ministry.

We removed to Providence in March, 1842, a few months previous to the terrible political excitement, which was but one remove from a civil war, and the disastrous effects of which were felt, years after, in the sundered ties of churches, neighborhoods, and even families. After enduring the shock for a few years, a division eventually took place in the society over which he was settled, — a part of the congregation leaving, to form another.

These commotions caused the first great trials that he had ever experienced in his ministerial life. Opposition to his peculiar faith he had encountered in all forms, but that bore no comparison to feuds and jealousies in his own church. The single aim of his life was to be a faithful minister of Christ; and his natural sensitiveness, the jealous care with which he had guarded his public character, that the ministry should not be blamed, his plain, frank nature, that had no affinity with worldly policy, made his situation one of sore trial. "No power of the pen," he afterwards wrote, "can reproduce the horrors of that time; and especially is it impossible for mortal

man to know, outside of his own experience, the self-restraint, the miserly care, the wasting anxiety, imposed on a minister placed as I was."

His frail constitution, always in extreme sympathy with his anxieties of mind, suffered severely; but his mind ever reminded me of those plants that send forth their richest fragrance when crushed and wounded; for his school of trial exerted a beautiful discipline on his pulpit powers, and it was a common remark of those who knew him best, that when most tried in spirit he was the most eloquent and impressive in his sermons and prayers. Of its effects on his life his correspondence will testify, for the chastening power of every trial he failed not to acknowledge.

A year previous to his death he felt called upon, from a published account of these unhappy affairs in Providence, in which were statements prejudicial to his ministerial character, to write the whole story of these painful years. This he published in a small pamphlet, distributing it, save in a few instances, only among those who, by a written request, signified their willingness to read his own side of the subject. He says, in the conclusion of the work:

"No one can be more aware than myself of the tendency of such controversies as these to depreciate the public estimate of the purity of the ambition of the ministry; and I bleed to think how my word may wound some hearts to whom the dead was dear; but I have been forced by the highest considerations to the task accomplished, and I am thankful it has *not*

'Left me with a palsied heart,
Left me with a jaundiced eye.'

When death has done its work with me, no friend could be expected to touch these matters if I let them alone; and here, then, is my live word for my own soul, for my family, and for that church which I now most happily and ardently serve."

This was an ungracious task, and his health, already

failing, sunk under it; and, I may truly say, it was the last labored work he ever performed.

After its completion, his mind dwelt much on his labors in Providence, which comprised the best and most useful ten years of his life, notwithstanding they were "cradled in storms;" and he contemplated giving, in a series of sketches, the most interesting events in his ministry there. He lived but to publish a few in his *Repository*, entitled "A Pastor's Memories." They give his first impressions of Providence, his hesitation with regard to a removal there, his final settlement, and a few other incidents. Among his papers I find several of these "Memories" unfinished, from which I make a few selections. The first that I choose shows how utterly impossible it was for a minister to escape the fiery ordeal in those exciting times.

I have no disposition to record the unhappy events of early years in Providence. I could not do so without unpleasant personal allusions; and that is no part of my work. I shall only refer to them as their discipline unfolds the character of him whose inner life was at that time known but to a few.

That good is permanent and evil transient are truths dear to the cheerful Christian. 'T is well to "let the dead past bury its dead," and build no monuments but to perpetuate good and holy memories; "of which," says one, "there are enough in the life of Henry."

"Whoever has seen the arms of the state of Rhode Island, has seen a *shield* borne up amid the contending waves of the sea, having as its emblem an *anchor*, and, as its motto, *hope*. Clouds mingle with the light that is streaming down on the motto. This was a good symbol of the condition of many a pastor in Rhode Island at the time of my installation. At best, his hope was amid a tumultuous sea, and within his pastorate he found the contention of opposite parties, so fiercely prose-

cuted, that all questions of religious union were made, many times, to give way before it.

"A great question of right had been started on moral grounds. It was a just and righteous cause. It elevated the man above property. It put up checks to disputation. Just rights had been held back too long from the people, and now violence was preparing to grasp at once the desired good. Hostile parties talked of revolution and war. I tried to be faithful to my duty as a pastor, and when I saw the indications of war irresistibly plain, I preached faithfully to my people. One of my discourses was on the text, 'There came a viper out of the heat;' in which I aimed quietly to speak against the violence of discussion so often introduced into the conversations at fraternal gatherings, and to show how innocently sometimes one friend inflames another. And so also I dwelt on what was more public, and preached from the text, 'Wisdom is better than weapons of war.' I said, in this discourse, The pulpit would be false to its trust were it not to have a solemn and earnest voice for these perilous times; and it would be as false to its trust were that voice to be a partisan one. I call the times perilous; and they are so, look from whatever point of view we may on the political aspect of the community, remembering the lessons of history. Much that is and should be dear to the patriot and the Christian is perilled; and no man to whom peace, order and progress, are dear, can be without anxiety. The pulpit should speak to utter the monitions of religion, to call men to a consideration of their common responsibilities, and to bid them, amid political strife, to remember and obey Christian principle. If it were not so, the Christian ministry would not be adapted to man as he is, to all his relations in life, to all times and circumstances, to follow him wherever he goes, and be with him wherever he tarries. And is there not as much need of religion speaking with power in the soul, when man is surrounded with political excitements, and loud voices are pouring into his ears the arguments for various positions, as under any other circumstances? I cannot but think so; and, if so, the pulpit must speak; it must use the sacredness of the Sabbath and the sanctities of the temple to impress the mind and calm the passions, that rationally and soberly, and with manly patience, all parties may approach a consideration of those higher duties

which govern and mould all others. For what is the object of our gathering here? It is not simply to make a public manifestation of our respect for religious institutions, or to offer public homage to Almighty God. We come to correct, improve, and strengthen our principles and feelings, to question the character of our six days' course, to implore grace to assist us in holding to the convictions of our sober hours amid the heat and controversy of other gatherings, and to deepen in our hearts the truth, that wisdom *is* better than weapons of war. We cannot forget the state of the community, we cannot keep down the questionings of our hearts, and we should, we must, confess that we need a higher than ourselves to guide us. We are not here to overlook the world, and think only of heaven, but rather to think of heaven, that we may better, more justly and prudently, look upon the world, see the position to be taken, and maintain it, come weal, come woe. I have said the pulpit must not have a partisan voice; and it must not. We can choose to our liking, and have to our hearts' content, party utterances, without entering the sanctuary. Here ye have gathered from all parties, with all the variety and shades of opinions; and for me to use the hour to party purposes, were to outrage the unity of mind that placed me here. No, my brethren; we are to-day to recognize but one party — the Christian; and as here we are removed from all disturbing influences, it becomes us, as responsible beings, to consider well the character of our passions, to scrutinize our motives, to temper our zeal, and to clothe ourselves with patience and hope, that we may act as those fully convinced that wisdom *is* better than weapons of war.

"Some may, perhaps, be ready to ask, is there really a necessity to ponder on that truth? I answer, there is; that it may be felt to be a truth. There would be a necessity for discussing this axiom were our domestic disturbances all quieted, for the time has not yet come when men study war no more. The histories of martial achievements and stories of battle-fields are still too much delighted in, and the show and pageantry of war have yet too much attraction. The roll of the drum, the floating of banners, the glitter of burnished arms, the gorgeous dress, and the martial array, still combine to exert a powerful magic. Take these away, and the pride of the eye has no food. Let man be met as he is met in social

and busy life, and war would not be dreamed of; but dress men up in the usual fantastic uniforms, and a veil is drawn over what revealed a friend or fellow-citizen, and the soldier seems to belong to a different race than the man. I never felt this difference so deeply till I beheld the late chief magistrate of Massachusetts, on the day of great parade, move on, clad in his usual dress of simple black, surrounded by his guards. All looked strange but him; the man was not hid beneath feathers, lace, and embroidery, and in his plain costume he looked the governor of a republican people. And as all eyes were attracted by the contrast, and many comments with one spirit were made, I could not but feel that wisdom *is* better than weapons of war. Wisdom, in its own dignity and unadorned majesty, appeals to better feelings, and fixes deeper convictions in the soul, than all the array that can be made by weapons of war. Wisdom calls into exercise the reflective faculties, inclines men to labor to compass right ends by right means, and wait patiently for the issues of the operation of truth; while weapons of war — the exhibitions of force or compulsion — drive them to their own armories, to take up corresponding weapons.

"And what is the solemn moral of freedom? It is that liberty is a trust, to be used as all precious gifts from God are to be used, prudently; not as disuniting us from any allegiance to the right — to duty. It absolutely takes from us many apologies for wrong-doing, which might have been put forth before our freedom was bestowed; and the wider the range given for action, the greater is the danger, and the greater is the necessity for prudence and caution, as on the part of him who goes out from a narrow strait into the open ocean. As the mariner moves out into the wide waters, he has indeed more freedom, and it is well; but it is a freedom which demands the exercise of the most cautious prudence, a frequent consultation of the chart, and a perpetual reference to the course desired to be pursued. He is free to sail, but he is bound to duty, and can alter no law which rules wind, current, or tide; and truly does he realize that wisdom *is* better than weapons of war; for weapons of war can, at most, befriend him against but one kind of danger, while wisdom can aid him against many forms of evil. Indeed, I think all must allow that we dwell altogether too exclusively on the blessings of

freedom, and too little on its dangers and duties. I do not say this to imply that freedom is not the great good it is described to be, nor that it is possible to exceed the reality in the grandeur of description. No; for there is not a chord of feeling that does not respond with quivering music of joy to the shout, *We are free!* As the pealing chorus rises, we know an elevation of feeling that pervades our whole being, and makes us realize our consequence in the scale of existence. The winds as they blow, the waves as they roll, and the birds as they fearlessly cut through the blue air, are types of our liberty, and we exult to speak of them as such. While we do thus speak of them, the eye kindles, the countenance is more illuminated, and the voice increases in enthusiasm. We are all orators then; and the 'flow of soul,' in the current of words, is deep, strong, and continued. And all this is well, if beneath all is a right consciousness of responsibility to ordained and perfect laws. It is only in obedience to similar imperative and unvarying laws, that the types referred to are such — that the winds blow, the waves roll, and the bird wings his high and venturesome flight. This we should take into our analogy, that our favorites may teach us lessons of obedience, as well as awaken exulting feeling — lessons that would moderate this feeling, and direct it to good purposes; that whereas it before would incline the hand to grasp weapons of war, it now, sobered and made rational, inclines the heart to inquire after and exercise wisdom, as better.

"One Sunday was an awfully trying day to me. Few men were at church, armed bands were constantly passing, and I could not, if I would, forget the scenes without. I tried to point some religious lessons from the events transpiring around, and sought to kindle the charities of life anew, and to lift up the duties of the Christian to the common light of great principles. I recurred with satisfaction to this discharge of my duty, when I went forth on the morrow and beheld the preparation for a bloody battle — the arrangements to provide for the wounded, and the whole of the horrors of war suggested by these preparations. Happily the end came without the disasters anticipated; but the good citizens were kept for months under martial law.

"How impossible it was to keep free from the inventions of inflamed minds, may be illustrated by one incident:

"I was, one day, making calls, and, on entering the home of one of my parish, I found the family sitting in a back parlor, wearing a singular appearance of gloom. Conversation was rather slow work, and at length some allusion was made by the gentleman of the house to the events of the day.

"'What is to happen to-day?' I most innocently inquired.

"'Why, don't you know the prisoners are to be brought in?' was the reply.

"'No, sir; I was not aware of that,' said I.

"'Well, you see what you have helped — don't you,' responded my host.

"'To what do you refer, sir?' I asked, in great astonishment.

"'Why, you preached a sermon to encourage the war,' was the reply.

"'To what sermon *can* you refer, sir?' I earnestly asked.

"Some references were made, by which I found that he alluded to the discourse on 'Wisdom is better than weapons of war.'

"'Why, my dear sir,' said I, 'the discourse to which you refer was a dissuasion from war; the very text implies that; and, as it was carefully written, I am ready, with you, to examine the whole of what I preached; and I am sure you will find nothing to help war in it.' But words, at that time, were of little avail.

In another "*Memory*" we see him in the sick-room:

"So frequently was I called to visit the sick and dying among those who had deserted my ministry, that I was not easily surprised at any new request. One day I was strongly invited to call and see a consumptive. As was my custom, I went, and was pleasantly received by the invalid. It was plain to me that she must die, and that soon. Only indirectly did I, for a while, speak to her of religious truth, by telling of some invalids I had known; their gradual preparation for death, and the peace with which they departed. I found I had secured the attention of the dying maiden, and, striving to give her pleasant thoughts of what was possible to be enjoyed, despite the prostration of the body, I found she was inclined to be inquiring, as she felt my only aim was to min-

ister to her happiness. I was urged to renew my visits, and I did so. One day I found her confined to her bed, and it was evident she would never more rise from it. I was sure that some unrevealed trouble was at her heart. When left alone with her, I took occasion to say, 'Lucy, there is some trouble which is weighing you down; if you will make me your confidant, I will help you all I can, with Christian sympathy, to remove it. I think it is some religious difficulty — is it not?'

"'Yes, sir,' she replied, the tears gushing into her eyes. 'Some of my Baptist friends have been in to see me, and they tell me I must have a new heart, or my soul is ruined.'

"'But, did they tell you what a new heart meant?' I asked. 'Did they explain to you how you were to get a new heart?'

"'O, no, sir,' she replied with a sobbing voice, 'they only said I must pray for it; but how can I pray, when the thing to be prayed for is all a mystery?'

"'True; and now,' said I, 'let me tell you what I think about the matter. You will let me be frank with you?'

"'Certainly, sir; you have been very kind to me,' answered the dying girl.

"'Well, Lucy, you have lived a gay life,' said I; 'you have made your happiness to consist in being one in mirthful companies, at balls, and where music and merriness made the hours fly swiftly. The more quiet pleasures of home, and the sacred joys of religious improvement, have had but very little attention from you; but how is it now? Do these gayeties and this absorbing love of mirth appear the same to you now, since we have conversed of the claims of the soberer views of life? Have not you felt a desire to counsel some of the young friends who have called to see you, against pursuing this career of mere pleasure? And do you not think that you would choose a different course of living, were you to be restored to health?'

"'O, sir,' said she, with great animation, 'I am greatly changed in that respect. I see now, in God and his dear Son, in the things of religion, what I never saw before. I can understand how it is that Christians find such delight in the beauties of holiness; and a new world, a new existence, is opened to me; I feel its attractions more and more every day.

"'Then, my dear, you have been getting a new heart,' said I; and I went on to talk to her, as simply as I would talk to a child, concerning the weanings of the heart from earthly to heavenly things, and showing to her, that, in giving the heart to God, the process was the same as in any transfer of the affections from an unworthy to a worthy object. I talked of God, his great love, the form in which that love was manifested, and of the 'unspeakable gift' in his dear Son — the 'unsearchable riches of grace,' in the great purpose of man's redemption. Thus her thoughts were led away from the vanities of the world, as the truths of science lead the mind away from the absurdities of astrology to the sublime order and divine harmonies of astronomy.

"Lucy was happy; she felt the prayer of her counsellor as the breathings of the plain gospel of redeeming love. Her mother now entered. She had left, that her daughter might be alone with me, as the dying should be left, at times, with their spiritual advisers.

"After Lucy's mother had escorted me to the door, she returned to her daughter's room, and found her in great rejoicing. 'Why, mother,' said she, 'I never thought Mr. Bacon was *handsome* before; he's *real* handsome!'

"This was told to me, and it could not fail to please me, as an evidence that my ministrations had done her good. She looked at me through new ideas, and she saw the beauty of my faith, in the earnestness with which I tried to help her up out of the valley of shadows, to where the morning had spread its golden light, and wherefrom she could see the sparkling river of grace, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.

"Lucy died a most happy death. She laid out some gift for all her relatives and intimate friends, and, when the last hour came, she sung with a lark-like clearness and soaring, some of the holiest and happiest songs of the sanctuary. As I looked upon her in her shroud and coffin, I could but say to myself, 'Welcome the prejudices of the world, when they can show, as her case showed, the power of disinterested love to overcome them all! How much dearer is my religion for every conquest it achieves!'"

In another, and the last, of these "*Memories*," from

which I quote, he alludes to a meeting of the General Convention of Universalists, which was held in Providence, on September following his settlement.

"The hundreds of guests were freely entertained, and yet there was room. It was a hallowed season! Never did the presence of the Holy Ghost come to a people in richer fulness than at that time; and one single incident will show the exceeding rapture of the occasion. At the close of the meetings, a clergyman was addressing a mighty throng, on the blessedness of the great festival, and attempted to shadow forth his sense of the fulness of joy, by saying, 'My friends, if all the rapture of our souls could be made visible as incense, it would fill this spacious house!'

"'Yes,' exclaimed a venerable man, near the pulpit, 'yes, and it would take the roof right off!'

"The happy influence of this occasion helped the spiritual life of the parish, and the following winter was eminently successful; but I was not left to forget the thorn in the flesh."

During 1842 and 1843, I find but little of his correspondence that will be of interest to any, save those of his own household. His large parish, his interest in all meetings of reform, his calls, for miles around Providence, to attend funerals and to lecture, and his *Repository*, filled up his days. A few extracts express the tone of his mind at this time.

"I have just passed the shop of a blacksmith. The swart arm of the artisan was dealing vigorous blows on the iron he would bend to his will, and cheerful was the ring of the anvil. Happy man, thought I, are you beside that flaming forge, with your implements and materials for labor around you! You know the quality of your work, and what it will amount to — the utility of your labors, and their appreciation in the sight of those for whom the articles made are wrought. Your rest at night is calm and refreshing, and the morrow's sun will be greeted with cheerfulness. Happier art thou, at that forge, beside that anvil, than he who has to deal with all the variety of characters, and finds so many efforts unavailing to promote

real utility. Thou singest with the spirit, while the body labors; but the minister must labor with both. Who can tell me what will be the good wrought by the sermon I have just prepared? Well, let it pass; it has done good to my own soul, and, if it is all in vain when preached, it has wrought a good work for me. I thank God I am stronger to bear and endure, and love more and more his 'still small voice.'

"CHANNING, in writing to a minister who had much to depress him, said, 'The true use of difficulties is at once to confirm our devout submission, and to call forth conscientious exertion.' This is a sentiment worthy of being pondered; for, in these days, there are few in the ministry who are not called to meet trying difficulties, which test their adherence to principle, and prove the strength of their piety. It is easy, in prosperous and quiet times, to declaim loud and strong, that 'truth is mighty, and *will* prevail;' but, when 'persecution ariseth because of the word,' when social discomforts increase, when the face is averted that was once turned glowingly to ours, and truthful actions make enemies to assail us — then is the time to test our submission to inevitable evils, to prove our devoutness, to see how much sacrifice we are willing to make, and decide how nearly we can tread in the footsteps of the Master. The result will appear in one of two ways — depression of spirits and languid activity, or heroic trust and conscientious and vigorous exertion. If in the first, then our religion is but fair-weather piety; if in the second, then in our souls is the seat of strength, and, like the apostle, our spirit can say, 'I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me.'

"Uphold me, Father, I am weak;
And day by day I feel it more;
I would be humble, mild and meek,
And serve the God I do adore.

"As moves the trembling wires along,
The low, sweet sound of some dear strain,
So, in my spirit, wake the song
That brings thy spirit back again.

"Nor leave me, Father! Let thy love
Restrain, subdue, till I am pure;
Then, though on earth, with hopes above,
I shall eternal life secure."

As containing many characteristics of his style of preaching, and aptness of illustration, I extract from a letter written me during my absence from home. It is dated Sunday Eve, June 11, 1843.

"This morning was most beautiful. We had a fine school — two hundred and thirty-nine; the infant school numbered forty-eight, and lovely did the little children appear. I preached from Mark v. 19. I spoke of the context, and drew lessons which tended to exalt *home*, and make it estimated as the sanctuary of the affections — the great conservative power whereby we are all kept from being radicals and ultraists. I preached without any memorandum, for I could not write any; but the outline was clear.

"1st. The world for excitement; home for soothing and comfort.

"2d. The use to be made of what is gained in the world to enhance the intellectual character of home.

"3d. The pleasure of communicating thoughts and feelings to those who know and sympathize with us.

"4th. The duty of estimating the great things which God hath done and is doing for us. The commonness of the great things which he does for us hides the greatness. I spoke of the sunrise this morning; and of the clouds that, at the time I was speaking, were sending down torrents. I alluded, in my own way, to the pleasant impression the beautiful sunrise had left, by which the gloominess of the day would be lessened. 'It is the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.' If so, these mercies are great things, for which we should be grateful. I alluded to many matters in this connection, and closed with contrasting home on earth and in heaven — that we should unite them, and thus bring the sanctity of the heavenly so to bear on the earthly, as to be a restraint in joy, and comfort in sorrow; that when the loved are shrouded in death, the shroud may be regarded but as

'A travelling robe to a fairer home.'

"This afternoon it rained terribly, and the church was very thinly attended. I preached on, 'Neglect not the gift that is in thee.' When I commenced my sermon, I said, 'It is told

us, in the Life of Mozart, that when one of his sublime oratorios was about being performed in a large hall, some of his friends came to sympathize with him, and apologize, as best they could, for the extreme thinness of the audience. 'Well, well,' said the son of music, '*the music will sound all the better.*' This, said I, is true philosophy; this is the taking hold of circumstances, so as to turn the favorable side to the eye. We have all such a gift as this — such an ability to be happy, in spite of fortune, and we ought not to neglect it. The preacher needs it much. * * * * *

"If it were not that you like long letters, and have patience to read them, I should close; but I know it will please you best if I go on.

"I unconsciously made an allusion, this morning, to an electrical machine. I was speaking of the duty of recognizing Christianity as the living power which gives form and feature to the moral movements of the age, and of the impiety of speaking of them as though they were the products of human progress, abstractly speaking. 'It is,' said I, 'the revolving of Christian truth in the soul that gives forth the electricity which runs along the whole chain of regenerating influence in society.' I spoke, also, of the personal appearing of Christ. I told the people that the mere personal appearance of Jesus was of little consequence. 'Suppose,' said I, 'he were to enter at the door, clothed in his seamless robe, and sandalled as a Hebrew peasant, what would be the effect? Our curiosity would be gratified; the strangeness of the costume and aspect would please our love of novelty; but the higher sentiments would not be awakened, the soul would not be stirred, till he spoke — till from those lips should come forth the glorious truth which satisfies the intellect and answers the affections. It is the appearing of his truth that we need most; and his truth appears in all the moral movements of the age.' I don't know why, but this reminds me of a few of the remarks which I made at the communion, at Roxbury. Said I, 'The Jews were wont, at their festivals, to break a wine-glass, and the Greeks had a custom of putting on the festal-board a death's-head, decked with roses; and these were to remind of mortality, of the uncertainty of life, and thus impart a caution rightly to improve passing time and privileges. But Christianity institutes no such custom; it does not point to the dark grave,

and bid us labor in view of that. No! It makes us realize that we are immortal beings, and bids us live worthy our destiny. It brings bright and glorious things to cheer us, to restrain from what would be an unhealthy indulgence. And so, at this festival, our thoughts should be fixed on heaven, and from thence should we derive new strength and joy to run the race of duty, to realize the reasonableness of the exhortation, "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."'

"It is now past eleven, and I must close for the night. With the morrow comes my birth-day; — thirty years old, and yet how little of wisdom have I! What advances have I made for ten or fifteen years? I have done something I hope for mankind, and only wish I had been as well acquainted with what belongs to true life, as I now do, ten years ago. But the last years have been the happiest. * * * * *

"It is lonely enough here in my study, when I so commonly hear the healthy and strong breathings of the children from their little chamber, as they sleep after the plays of the day. May God be with them and you!"

A letter to his father, under date of January 23d, 1844, recounts the multitude of his labors at that period.

* * * "I am alone here. Not only do I have all the labor of the Universalist ministry in the city, but I am called upon very often to go out into the country to attend funerals and lectures. A fortnight last Saturday, that terribly cold day, I rode out ten miles and preached a funeral sermon. The labor of preaching I would not regard, but the great evil is the time taken up. Such a journey costs a day, for I start at eight, and cannot get back until late in the afternoon. Then, I preach three sermons every Sunday. A man ought, in a place like this, to have considerable capital to live upon, intellectually, I mean, or he will soon run out. For instance, I preached three sermons on a week last Sabbath; on the Monday following I made an address at the social circle; on Wednesday I battled for moral suasion in the State Temperance Society; on Thursday morning and afternoon the same; in the evening I gave the first of a series of sermons

on Universalism at the North End in a hall; on Friday lectured as usual in my vestry. On Sunday, again I preached three times, — in the afternoon at the *Bethel*, in exchange with the seamen's preacher, Br. Taylor. I preached a sermon, in which I compared the love of God to the magnet. In the evening I commenced a series of lectures on the lives of eminent Universalists. The subject of the introductory was, why the community are so little acquainted with the fact that many eminent men, the most eminent, had received faith in the Great Result. I mean to write these lectures out, and I think you will like to read them. When I come to treat of Father Murray, I mean to gather all I can that is not in his life. *You* must help me to illustrate anecdotes, &c. You can remember much about his sickness and burial.

"But to my diary again. Last night, Monday, I made another address at the social circle on the power of the human voice, suggested by hearing the sounds of a sweet singer hushing the company. Wednesday evening I am to lecture on Temperance in a Baptist church in Olnyville; on Thursday, again at the North End; and on Friday, as usual, in my vestry. Next week this is to be repeated, excepting that I lecture before a young men's society on Wednesday evening, on self-culture. So by this you see, that, with the *Repository*, &c., I have some work to do, and, if I do not write oftener, it is not because I am idle or forgetful. O, no; every morning on the wings of prayer I enter home, and am with you.

"When the warm spring comes we hope you and mother will give us that promised visit. Little M—— and H—— would clap their hands, and dance a hornpipe, could they but hear you were coming."

In the summer of 1844, a new experience was added to our lives. Death then for the first time entered our household, and our only daughter, our darling Mary, was called away. He who had spoken so many words of Christian comfort for others, now heard their sweet echo in his own soul.

While she lay sick, in a room adjoining his study, from whence he could hear all her little loving and

patient words, he quieted his troubled and anxious thoughts in writing the following:

"How many, many times the words of David have leapt up in my mind of late,—'Who knoweth whether the Lord will be gracious to me that the child may live?' And who *does* know? How uncertain is the speech even of science and skill, and how variable are the signs and promises upon which the soul lights for hope! Now it is deep night; anon the stars seem to be glittering through the dark clouds, but, lo! it is only the electric flash. I wait in unutterable anxiety for the morning star! But, while I wait, thought will be busy, and let me think to some purpose.

* * * * * * * *

"'*Who* knoweth whether the Lord will be gracious to me, that the child may live?' None. It is mystery all. If she shall live,—if to those sad features may again come the likeness of the past, and to those swollen limbs the agile gladness of other days,—O, I will deem it a gift of grace! I will bow in adoring thanksgiving, and from a gushing heart of prayer shall flow the tribute, God is gracious! Yes, I will not be alone in my worship. Other hearts will take up the joyous theme, and, like the chorus at a solemn festival, the song of gladness shall flow and echo from court to court!

"Hush, leaping heart! Again mystery deepens, and dark visions flit before my gaze. I would turn away from them, but I cannot. There is a fascination in their melancholy, and the shroud, the coffin, and the tomb, are not so sad as once they were. My little one lies there in the vision that is now before me, but it is not the all I loved. Precious, indeed, it is, for it once held a spirit dear as heaven. Out of those eyes I alone saw its light; from those lips only came its music; on those cheeks its smile played; and that ear thrilled as no other to the father's voice. Sacred shall be the spot where it shall lie! The dust shall be holy; and to every bird that sings above that grave, to every flower that blooms there, to every cloud of beauty that tarries above the spot, and to every fragrant wind that kisses the mound, my blessing shall be given. Lie in peace, gentle one! Thy Saviour once laid in the tomb, and in the light of his smile, when he rose, all the darkness of the grave was scattered, and the beauties

of the eternal world clearly discerned. Immortality and eternal glory are one; and the grave is the shadowy gate of home.

'Now, like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou 'rt safe in heaven, my dove!
Safe with the Source of Love,
The Everlasting One!'

"Again I am back to the reality. A moan dissolves heaven and lets us down to earth! Ah, would I had power to take that pain, though I should bleed at every pore! Mystery on mystery! why should the frame of childhood know such suffering? Yet, happy childhood! it knows not the mental pains, the anxieties, and the feverish hopes and wishes, that so wear upon the springs of older life. I have spoken with her; all her thoughts are pleasant, and, when she speaks, some sweet image spreads out its beauty. Ah, now a new life is imparted, as one enters she dearly loves, and from whom she has long — long for her — been parted. She must tell all she can think of; and how graphic is her language! A few words, and the picture of the loss of her bird, and the fright of its mate, is before us. And so with every event that has occurred. The listening soul is soon in a picture-gallery, and the saddest scenes have that strangely sweet light which only childhood's spirit can give. She sleeps! Blessed be the slumbers that steal over her frame, and like a soothing charm that lulls every fibre to the rest that strengthens, let the lullaby fall on the ear!

"In hope I wait the issue. God is gracious, and will be gracious. Yes, though he take our precious one, yet will he be gracious! Gracious to comfort and console, to bind up the bleeding heart, and open fairer visions of immortal glory. I will trust on. I have stood by the infant dead, and spoken words which have comforted the bereaved. I can go to the God to whom I have led others. At the fountain, from whose depths I have drawn water for thirsting hearts, I can drink myself. My child shall ever be to me an angel. Call it not idolatry, either of the dead or living, for inseparable with the idea of an angel is the idea of God and heaven."

On the last evening of her sunny life, not being

aware of any immediate danger, he was sitting in his study writing his book notices for the *Repository*, when it occurred to him he would write a notice of the Bible.

"*The Holy Bible;* containing the Old and New Testaments. We have often thought there was a great and pressing necessity for writing a notice of this work as though it were a new one, and indeed it would be a new one to many, should they peruse it as they do some other works to which notices direct their attention, intently and with enthusiasm. And after all the multitude of books which are crowded before us, what volume can compare with the Bible? It is indeed The Book! Walter Scott was right, when in his last sickness he desired Lockhart to read to him, and Lockhart asked him 'what book!' Sir Walter replied, 'In this hour there is but *one* Book!' as he pointed to the Bible. Such an hour comes to many souls, and happy for them that they are not left to say, 'The well is deep, and we have nothing wherewith to draw.' Among the multiplying volumes of this book-making age let not the Bible be forgotten. Let it not be as a piece of furniture, or a household ornament, but a treasure of daily wisdom. Let its holy words of guidance speak counsel in the morning, and let its voice from heaven pronounce the blessing at night."

He had just finished this notice when he was called to her bedside to see the shadow of death pass over her pale, sweet face. He says:

"Life's whole tone was indeed changed to us. I dare not speak of how I loved her; of the deep and bitter anguish that thrilled almost to death my heart, — nor of the holy and blessed memories that now steal over the soul like airs from paradise. Heaven is nearer than it was, and more of my heart is there."

The first few months of our bereavement he spent all his leisure in preparing a little volume; —

"Mute register, to *him*, of time and place,
And various fluctuations in the breast;
To *her*, a monument of faithful love."

This little work he sent out to the world, bearing the title of "*Sacred Flora; or, Flowers from the Grave of a Child.*" He says:

"It would not have been put to press, had not the author been assured that the religion of Jesus has bestowed upon him a gift to be a consoler. The records of his ministry, kept by memory, afford him many precious evidences that this is his vocation; and the success attending the publication of a former work, '*The Christian Comforter*,' verifies this belief."

Rev. O. A. Skinner says of these works:

"Let me mention one fact illustrative of his peculiar mission. He was the author of two works designed for mourners, one entitled 'The Sacred Flora; or, Flowers from the Grave of a Child;' and the other, 'The Christian Comforter; or, a Gift for the Afflicted and Bereaved.' Both are works of remarkable excellence, full of sympathy, and rich in consolation. Of the Flowers plucked from the Grave of a Child, he says: 'He has looked into his own heart and written. He has loved to write, because of the serenity which passed upon his own spirit from the truths thus evolved; and why should he not hope that the speech of his own experience may soothe other mourning spirits, by leading them to the highest and purest sources of consolation, through the assurance and endurance of faith?' He had known what sorrow was, for he had wept over the grave of a child 'whose life on earth was that of a spring flower,' and from the depths of his own sorrow he wrote. His other work has been a comforter indeed, and has performed in homes of sadness a blessed mission. How many bleeding hearts have found peace through these little volumes; into how many desolate homes have they poured the light of hope and joy! They were the first books that ever appeared among us, designed to unfold for the bereaved the rich consolations of our holy religion. Many sinking hearts have they lifted up; many souls have they led to God. They do not merely talk about consolation, but give it, and in such rich abundance that mourners are strengthened and blessed, and unconsciously find themselves resting on the

bosom of eternal love, with the full assurance of finally dwelling forever with the departed!

"It will be seen, from the character of these works, that he must have had a heart of peculiar tenderness and affection. If further proof were required of this, I might refer to his devotional exercises. A cold heart cannot pray. It may utter the words of prayer, but they will have no uplifting power, no unction. In prayer the feelings give themselves utterance; and rising above logic, modes of reasoning, and the demonstrations of argument, the heart soars on high to the immediate presence of the Father; and there with him, away entirely from the world, it pours forth its petitions in language that flows like inspiration, and that lifts every listening heart into its own divine region of purity, life and blessedness. But few men had a gift in prayer so remarkable as our brother. While engaged in this service, he seemed unconscious of the presence of any one but that of the Eternal; and as want after want was disclosed, and he passed from petitions to thanksgivings, all the riches of heaven were unfolded, and the heart, upborne with him, saw as with a divine eye all the excellence of the Father, and felt the refreshing power of infinite grace."

That he had drank of the living waters was evident from the manner in which he bore this trial; for without its strengthening influence a nature like his would have been prostrated. None of life's duties were for a day omitted, and calmly he went among his people, a living witness of the beauty and power of his faith. A letter to Miss Edgarton, August 24th, of this same summer, expresses the tone of his mind:

"I received your letter by due course of mail, and was sorry to find that you have had so much to depress the spirits. Reason as we will, and fortify ourselves as we may, there is much in this world to 'sink the spark immortal.' 'Fire ascending seeks the sun;' but there is many a wind and current of air to turn it from its upward tendency, to cloud it with vapor, and veil its beauty from our sight. God's 'pillar of fire' is a cloud the best day of our lives, and, not till the

night of mortal existence shall come, shall the veiling robe be put aside, and we behold the glory in unclouded splendor. I dwell more and more in my thoughts on the revelation of our physical existence in the immortal world. Such is our life here, that it is difficult for us to have any idea of the recognition and intercourse of disembodied spirits; and all the representations given in our Holy Book, of angels, present them in bodily form. When our Lord was transfigured, representing the decease or exodus that he should accomplish at Jerusalem, he is not represented as disembodied, a glowing radiance, an abstraction, without form, and void of expression; but his form was glorified; he was recognized, and the light of God's glory shone in his face. Paul dwells much on the new body that shall be given to the spirit; in contrast with our present form, it shall be 'spiritual,' yea, it shall be incorruptible, powerful, and glorious. Glorious to behold, radiating clearly the mind; powerful, giving freedom to the action of spirit, as the grand Haarlem organ gives an instrument to the grandest genius to display his powers; incorruptible, subject to no diseases, weaknesses, or death. This portion of the revelation of our future state or being is given to answer longings of the soul for some definiteness, and to comfort us when the evils of sickness press heavily on our loves, or upon ourselves. Sickness and its attendants are necessary here, to develop our best affections and tenderest sympathies. God has ordained it; we see it, and feel it; and let us humbly bow to a hand that leads only to paths where reünion with the beloved shall at last come, without a shadow to darken the future that spreads before us. Anxieties awaken all the force of the affections, and I welcome them, when reason and devotion mingle, to enable me to perceive how love grows in darkness and doubt, and recalls the blissful assurance that the anxieties shall *not* make a part of our essential and eternal being, while the affections they develop shall. Yes; amid the changing and perishing things of earth, love survives. The shadows that flit over it are but as the clouds that pass over the everlasting stars. I love to sit at my study window, when the clouds are thick and dark — when the rumbling thunder murmurs its deep bass along the heavens — and meditate on what could be seen by an eye whose vision could penetrate those veils! Calmness steals in upon the spirits, and 'from the cool cis-

terns of the midnight air' I drink in peace. Why does the midnight thought bring so much sweetness of feeling to the soul, if in our spirits there are not intuitive prophecies of light and glory to follow? Let us yield to the love of night's serenity, and from the mountain of meditation, like our holy Master, we shall come down to walk calmly on the tempestuous waves of trouble's sea. On the very hem of the garment of prayer, wet with the dew of the holy mountain, there shall be healing. Matthew xiv. 23–36.

"I was grieved to hear that M—— was sick. I have pictured him, 'in the spirit's pictured halls,' as one somewhat pale, but yet amid that paleness tokens of great elasticity of spirits, on the lip a glow that tells of determined life. But now the picture is somewhat altered, and what shall I say? The common expressions of condolence seem but little to utter, and yet, *when they come from those we know to be sincere*, they are much. Have you cause to allude to being parted *a life-time?* Is there cause for any such apprehension? If so, in the entire prostration of all I am, I pray Almighty God to give to your soul an angel's strength. But our love casts out many shadows over beautiful realities when we tremble for fear of a loss; and may it not be your trembling that has made your vision less clear than it should be? I trust it is so, and that *he* will be soon restored to health.

"My *spirit visitor* is with me always. I have written a book about as large as your 'Flower Vase,'—'The Sacred Flora; or, Flowers from the Grave of a Child.' It is prose, and full of heart."

Again, under date of Oct. 8, he writes to the same:

"The little book, 'The Sacred Flora,' I mentioned to you some time since, is now through the press. I think you will like it. It literally ran out of my heart, and I begin to look upon it as inspiration; for my heart is not good and pure enough to hold such waters, and you know all the prophets were not of the holiest. It is, in short, the language of Christian hope. It will, I trust, not be disliked by any sect, for when we wept our dead, the tender sympathies of the *human* heart spake out with the same fervor from our Orthodox friends as from others.

"You may be surprised to find that I have again attempted *poetry*. What I have written before is miserable, but I do think that in this little work are some pieces worth preserving. They are the utterances of the heart, and if they do not appeal to anything else, they will appeal to feeling."

A few extracts from letters to me, under date of May, 1845, are records of a missionary tour in company with three other clergymen through some of the towns of Rhode Island.

"North Scituate, *Tuesday, P. M.* — Here I am enjoying a pleasure rarely given me. In the first place there are four of us, Brs. Boyden, Dennis, Crocker, and myself. We were all together at meeting and through the night; and you know how rich to me are the reminiscences of the past, drawn from ministers' memories. * * * * I awoke this morning with a bad headache, and Br. B—— magnetized me, or the coolness of his hand, and the patient stroke of his palm, quieted my nerves, and it soon disappeared.

"The morning was beautiful. The rain of the past night, abundant and gentle, washed 'all nature,' and she was bright and beautiful as a bride.

"The house where we are stopping is somewhat elevated; the stream, which supplies the factory below with motive power, flows before it; and all around, and indeed within too, is pleasant to the eye. The air is clear and sweet. Life enters as from heaven as we breathe it. We walked out to view the interior of the cotton factory. I have not entered one since I first went to Lowell, and it was quite a curiosity to me. In the weaving-room, where the girls wrought, the windows were filled with plants. The room was very long, high, and light. Everything was neat and beautiful, and I did not wonder that so many chose that mode of labor, to 'going out to service.' In the upper room were the reeling-machines. I asked the overseer how they produced fine and coarse thread, and found that the machinery was all the same, but the weighing out of the stock was different. They decide what kind of a fabric they need; then calculate upon the amount of stock it will take; this is carded and reduced to a kind of roll, by passing through a tunnel into a railway, and

this is carried into another machine, from which it comes out in a ropy matter, then it is carried into another, and so on till at last it is a very small thread. This thread is woven, and they have thus in the end the desired result. I thought of the Scripture which says of God, he declared the end from the beginning. When he made man he knew what fabric in the end would be woven from the material given; and his work is perfect. Beautiful is the machinery in that factory, but more beautiful, accurate, and complicate, is the 'wheel within wheel' operations of God's moral government. In Ezekiel's vision he saw eyes in the wheels; significant, I suppose, of God's oversight of all affairs, as in this factory there is one who is acquainted with every wheel, and spring, and pulley, all their relations and movements, and oversees and regulates the whole. This is the religion of a factory.

"*Wednesday, P. M.* — I am in the same town from which I last wrote, though at another place. The house is a large, old-fashioned, and comfortable farm-house. The area before the house, the out-buildings, &c., betoken the possession of all that can be desired of outward wealth.

"Yesterday we went to Warwick, four in one carriage, and found the friends ready to receive us. After tea we went to the school-house, and found a goodly number to greet us. We had a good meeting. Br. C. and B. spoke an half hour each, and then I spoke an hour. The people seemed happy, and our friends were satisfied. We go from here to Chepachet, seven miles distant; from thence to East Cumberland, where we preach on Thursday evening. In going from Chepachet to Cumberland we go through Woonsocket, and shall therefore stop at Br. B.'s home.

"In Warwick one of the committee refused to let us have the school-house. He knew, he said, what Universalists believe, &c. After a long time he confessed he had never heard a single preacher of our order, but that twenty years ago a man, whose name he had forgotten, worked in one of the factories there, who professed to be a Universalist! We hear many such anecdotes, descriptive of a spirit against which we must contend just as much as our fathers did. But such meetings as we had last night will do a good work, for all spoke to the purpose. I spoke on the blessedness of faith, my favorite subject; and never did I feel more in the spirit.

Brother C. spoke on our duty as Christians, — 'Be ye followers of God as dear children;' and Brother B.'s theme was, the reason why some believe, and some believe not. He answered, admirably, why physicians and lawyers were so often sceptics. He said one physician claimed the reason why his profession were sceptical as lying in their superior reasoning powers; but in conversation with another, he said that if he succeeded ninety-nine times with a medicine, it might fail the hundredth. Medicine is but a matter of experiment; hence the *habit* of doubting. One other reason I might give: Physicians are continually analyzing and separating parts, and thus they religiously 'misshape the beauteous forms of things, and murder to dissect.'

"I fear this is a dry letter. However, it will be my mind, and *that* is myself.

"I rode many miles to-day through woody lanes; violets, large and beautiful, anemones and bright-eyed bunches of innocence smiled all along the way. The country looks like June, and the air is 'redolent' of sweetness and health. I wish you and the children could board here a month or two. They would have a nice place out on the green, before this fine old house, and you and E—— would have fine rambles in the woods. Here am I at the end of my page. *Mizpah!*"

Woonsocket, Thursday noon:

"Here I am sitting in Brother B.'s writing-chair. Last night we spent at Chepachet. We had a pleasant ride there, a distance of nine miles. Dr. S—— received us right gladly. Chepachet looks more like a sea-faring town — a cape town — than a country village. We found a meeting was appointed at the church for us; the minister had read the notice on last Sabbath.

"Our meeting was not large, but attentive. We all spoke, and the services lasted until ten. This morning Dr. S——, his daughter, and Brother B. had a fine sing together, and then we started about nine for Woonsocket. Beautiful morning! I enjoyed the ride much. I think this journey has done my soul and body good."

On June 12th, the anniversary of our daughter's death, he writes to a friend:

"Last evening I received a letter from H. C. L. I thank him for what he says about *Mary*. Words are holy and beautiful when given to her memory, and shoot out from the paper as stars from the twilight sky. Ever, ever is she with me; and I would I could dream of her oftener, for a dream of her casts upon my feelings a sweet and long-continued influence. All last week was a Lent to me, and a vivid dream would be an Easter."

Several letters to me, dated Glens' Falls, N. Y., September, 1845, contain slight records of a journey to that place in company with the Rev. J. Boyden, jr., and of religious meetings they held there in an unfinished church.

"Yesterday — Sunday — the weather was most delightful, and the day was a rich one to us. The friends here fixed up the church finely. Several of the windows were boarded up, and the rest were covered with muslin; two carpenters' benches were put together and covered with a carpet for the ministers' platform; seats were brought in from school-houses, and beautiful lamps lighted the house in the evening. On Saturday evening we held the first meeting, and a very large audience was gathered. Brother B. preached on the moral influence of Universalism. 'Little children, these things I write unto you, that ye sin not.' These things we *preach*, as John *wrote*, was the theme. I followed, by showing that our faith offered no such apologies for sinning as were given by orthodox views of human nature — of Satanic agency. In my letter to S—— I expressed the fear that we should have a cold, wet Sunday; but the morn was clear as the hopeful face of a child. The church was filled. Persons came from great distances. I preached in the morning, on magnifying God. Brother B., in the afternoon, on rewards and punishments; which I followed, by some remarks, at his request. In the evening I preached again, to a full house, from Hebrews xiii. 8. I was in the spirit, and it was a perfect delight to preach. The day more than answered the expectations of our friends, and they were happy.

"The more I travel either in space or in thought, the more I value our friends in Providence. * * * * Be, there-

fore, full of courage and hope. I was most heartily pleased with the tone of your letter. It was just heroic enough to answer my soul. Keep that tone as the key-note of the heart."

Tuesday, P. M.:

"This evening I lecture in the Presbyterian church on temperance. Our Sabbath services here will undoubtedly do much good. An elderly lady was in Brother D——'s last evening, and she was delighted that her son — heretofore rather a sceptic — came home from our meeting on Saturday evening, and waked her up to tell her of his perfect ecstasy. He was at church during the three services on Sunday. A right start, I trust, has been given to Universalism here.

* * * * "Thank God for letters! They are better than any magnetism. They are the embodiment of mind and heart. We love to gaze on the very letters, knowing that the face we love has bent over them. They tell us too so many of the minor things of life, that, after all, make up the greater part of happiness. Away from home, as I now am, a letter is *far* better than papers and books, and you know how I love them. The most attractive reading will be laid aside in a moment, and the letter becomes as intensely interesting as though it were a revelation. And is it not a revelation? How many tendernesses are indulged in that would not find utterance in language elsewhere, and how much does the heart reveal of its dependence on others for happiness? By the joy that letters give me, I must be more faithful to writing them."

Under date of September 13th, he writes to a young clerical brother, in whose progress he has taken a great interest:

"The events of yesterday were very agreeably spiced by the receipt of a letter from you. It was like a good cool breath from the lofty regions amid which you find so much romance and reality, and I welcomed it with no little fervor. That you have been writing, I perceive in the change of your penmanship; and, should I judge from the physiognomy of your chirography, I should decide that you had improved in composition. There is less nervousness, and more confidence and

patience, in the *look* of the words. As business always comes first, I will give you my experience. I regret most deeply that I have been so careless as not to write my sermons. I find I have grown diffuse, and undecided about choosing subjects, which is very disadvantageous to any one. I am now fixing again the habit of writing sermons. This has been a busy week, yet I have snatched time to write out three sermons fully. I repeat what I have most frankly and affectionately said respecting the benefits of continued writing. *Lord* Bacon has the right motto: 'Reading makes a *full* man; writing, a *correct* man; and *speaking*, a *ready* man.' This opens a good argument in behalf of the mutual benefits of reading, writing, and speaking. Study out that argument, and appreciate it, and then you will act upon it, and — succeed.

"I am glad to hear you speak so warmly of your situation, and especially of your encouragements to labor. Labor, then, with earnestness, that remembers there is an independence of the pews as well as of the pulpit that should be regarded. You will regard, I know, and keep from that mockery of freedom, which is but the mere bragging of the pulpit.

"I hope to meet you at the General Convention in Boston next week. A delegation of about sixty are going from here."

At this meeting of the General Convention of Universalists several matters of importance occurred with which his name is associated.

A mass meeting was held on the last day of the great gathering. In the morning there was an animated and enthusiastic discussion on the educational movement in the denomination, and in his zeal for an educated ministry "he made very happy reference to his own early experience in illustration of certain bearings of the subject." His own experience was a great prompter to duty in the cause of education; and though he had succeeded, self-taught, he did not say to others, "Go, and do likewise."

Many young brethren in the ministry will remember his deep interest in them, and his readiness to assist them at any moment with advice, encourage-

ment, or pecuniary aid. His own personal gratification was forgotten, if one in whom he had confidence required assistance; and though he could deny himself of a long wished-for journey, or favorite books,—the greatest tempter of the student's purse,—he could not deny himself the pleasure of extending aid to one anxious for literary advancement.

In the minutes of this mass meeting he is mentioned again, as leader in a noble movement:

"The following resolution was presented by Brother H. Bacon, and passed:

"*Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to prepare a solemn, earnest, and plain protest against American slavery; and, when prepared, to present it to every Universalist clergyman in the United States for his signature, respectively requesting those who are not willing to sign it, to give a reason for refusing; and when it has been fully circulated, and they have waited a reasonable time for answers, they shall publish the protest and signatures, with the reasons offered by those who do not sign it."

It fell to his lot to prepare that document, which received the warm commendation of many brethren, and was signed by over three hundred Universalist clergymen.

On receiving intelligence of the death of Miss Edgarton's father, whom he had met for the last time at the Convention in Boston, he writes to her under date of October 8th:

"I was surprised last evening with the sad intelligence that your venerable and worthy father had departed this life! Is it indeed so? How death is continually astounding us, thwarting all our plans, and overturning the best foundation of all our projects. But no, it is not *death* that does all this; for death is but one of the manifold providences of God, incorporated in the great scheme of human redemption, and governed and guarded by infinite wisdom. *You* BELIEVE this. I find joy in the thought that you do; for is it not a joy to a

sympathizing heart to know that the bereaved friend holds to a great truth which can sustain and support? But, my sister, do not misjudge the province of our hope, as many do who talk as though we ought never to weep if we really believe the Gospel. No, my friend; 'the heart remains human, however divine its hope may be.' I never felt this more forcibly than I did while wandering, at the twilight of a Sabbath evening, in one of our burial-places, when I read on the stone over one grave the well-known lines:

'What peaceful hours we once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
This world can never fill.'

My heart went out immediately to the sorrowing one who caused those lines to be engraved there. No word of repining, of hopeless grief, was there; but the soul poured out its remembrance of what had been, but could never be again. * * * * The heart must yield to its humanity, to what this life is, to what has colored and changed it, as well as to the divinity of its hope. Sense and spirit have a desperate struggle at times. The battle grows alarming when death enters the field. And if, at times, we falter and tremble, the God of compassion will tenderly regard us, and not make an iron rebuke to fall upon us. To that God I prayerfully commend you and yours.

"I esteemed your father very highly. He was a relic of a generation which is fast passing, full of those sterling qualities that stamp virtue as genuine, and make the ring of the metal tell of its purity. You lived in his love and in his pride, and I know of how much value was the full beaming smile of fatherly satisfaction to you. It made the most trivial affair of great worth, because of its power to interest him. You have given him much happiness, and that thought must be hallowing to you. Of our ability to contribute to the happiness of the departed *now*, I can think nothing certain; but Christianity frowns not on any indulgence of the idea that they know, see, and are interested in us more than ever, now that the veils of flesh are thrown off. Let this be as it may, it is all right in the counsels of God. Of *reünion* I am sure. My heart feels it as an instinct of affection; for a festival most

truly begins when we grasp the hands we love in the great gathering.

"Extend my Christian sympathies to your mother and to all the family. I would that I were able personally to express how much I grieve, and O, let me add, how much I hope, with you! To Him who is a *very* present help in every time of trouble, I commend you all."

As the favorite festival of Thanksgiving approaches, he thinks of home. Under date of November 24th, he writes to his father:

"I wish we could be at home Thanksgiving. My heart, my thoughts, and my hopes, will be there. No festival seems so dear to me as Thanksgiving. It makes all that is tender and affectionate in the past to revive in freshness, and all from whom we have parted seem again to be in our midst. It is the festival of the heart, and I grieve for the necessities that separate us on that day.

"I shall hold a meeting in the forenoon, and I am going to preach from the text, 'With thanksgiving make your requests known unto God.' We ask too often for many favors, without being grateful enough for what has already been given; and it will be my object to set our duty in this respect clear before the people."

Under date of December 9th, I quote again from his letters to his young clerical brother:

"Your letter came very welcomely to hand from your new home. I was surprised when I first heard that you were to remove from G——, that region of poetry, romance, and blue laws. However, I am willing to believe it was no hasty move on your part. *Haste* is the young man's worst foe. 'Time, faith, energy, said the young man,' is the motto I have repeated to you, I believe, more than once, and it is a good one. *Time* is required for anything better than a Jonah's gourd, that is to live more than a night, as the oak that bends over the mushroom symbolizes. *Faith*, that keeps the mind fixed on the aim desired; for 'where there is no vision, the people perish;' where there is no lofty and animating ideal, the strength of

the soul dies out. Then comes *energy*, that applies its faith and 'bides its time.' Be it so, brother, with you; and 'God speed!' will not be a mere wish.

"Where we are conscious of our deficiencies, about half the battle is won; because the consciousness of our wants keeps us alive to all the means providentially furnished to meet them, as a person, travelling in an unknown island, will make himself understood by even barbarians, because 'necessity is the mother of invention.' Among her numerous progeny are the means of overcoming the difficulties which the circumstances of early life throw in our way, and we must be true Yankees, and patent for our own use our inventions.

"The difficulty with which you commenced your life is a serious one, and all ministers of ambitious minds and aspiring spirits have felt it. Say what we will, and let come-outers say what they please, the minister *is* more than the man. To him are given privileges, and to him are opened mysteries in domestic life, that would not be opened to the mere man. The minister is a living symbol of the religious sentiment. I have been amused to see what a change would come over a group of wild creatures when they found a minister was among them, notwithstanding their bold talk about the greatness of the man above the minister. It may be they are like the man who ridiculed superstitions in reference to the moon, but yet was always careful to see the new moon over his *right* shoulder. Even come-outers have their right shoulder, over which the soul casts its glance, and they cannot help it. But, brother, I would rather see you on the side of a want of freedom or familiarity, than on the side of a too free use of this man-pleasing and self-gratifying style of acting. 'There is where you do err,' you will probably say. So be it; and do you get far enough beyond, to save yourself from the censure that often comes to me. But do not lower the dignity of the true minister. Take a right platform, and resolve to bring others up to that, rather than to go down to them. This is due to your office. 'I magnify mine office;' I consider its relations, and it becomes more and more important in my sight. Save yourself from that *false* independence of which you speak. The ministry is overrun with it, and you have rightly struck at its source. 'We preach not ourselves,' said the apostle; let us not be more proud than he was.

"In reference to the *Manual* of which you speak, I would say that there is none like Todd's. Ministers are supposed to be collegiately educated, and it is the duty of the professor of pastoral care to lecture on all the subjects pertaining to the minister's duty. The best work is one lately published by Professor Edwards, of Andover, containing a selection of the best things written on the subjects of sermons, sociality, &c. I will get it for you. Campbell's and Fenelon's suggestive essays I believe are in the compilation. You must read, applying our rational principles, so as to smooth down the sharp corners and rough edges of what is too austere and repulsive to the more amiable feelings of the human soul.

"Be free in asking of me any counsel you wish, and most readily will I meet your desire if I can. I pray for your success, and most sincerely do I trust in your advancement. Your penmanship improves; — that indicates that you are writing. Do so, and you will gain great good by it."

He has alluded in this letter to his reserved manners, and in a previous one he says, "Many think me a cold and distant one." To have knowledge of the living spring in his soul of tenderness and love, one need to have witness of his deeds, rather than words and manners.

One who knew him thoroughly, writes me, "I have often said that those who knew Henry but little, did not know him *at all.* Instead of putting the best side out to strangers and persons with whom he was slightly acquainted, he did the opposite. Those who read his writings seldom found their expectations met in a slight or casual interview. To a stranger he did not seem genial; and had a stranger witnessed his manner of greeting his particular friends, he would not have been impressed with the idea that he was a warm-hearted man. Yet did he possess a deep fountain of friendship and generosity. I feel that I know this; and if you write his memoir, it will do justice to him in this respect, wherein he was least understood." Would that I could do justice to one whose

outward life was but half the expression of his great soul. Only with his pen and in his pulpit did he completely reveal himself. In social life he seldom expressed all that he felt, and often when he felt the most he would express the least; but not the simplest act of kindness that he could perform for any one was overlooked. It was often astonishing to witness his tender regard for children; no mother's eye detecting quicker than his their wants and annoyances; and among the sick and sorrowing he was best known and appreciated. Those who thought him a "cold and distant one" amid busy life, forgot it all when they needed his sympathy or aid; and such times have made his name cherished with a deeper love than often falls to the lot of man. His mind always overburdened with thought, his frequent depression of spirits from constant ill health, his nerves keenly sensitive to every atmospheric change, and his natural shyness and diffidence, are causes sufficient for some marked peculiarities of manner, which were difficult to be understood by many outside the range of his experience.

During the year 1845 the division, to which I have before alluded, took place in his society. He thus refers to his position to a brother minister; and the spirit of the boy, who would not break his temperance vow in the face of ridicule, rules now the man, and will not permit him to desert the post where principle and duty bid him remain.

"Bless God, E——, that you go where the demon of political party does not rant and tear as here. But I will not rank with either political party; I will stand in the breach, to live or die a Universalist minister. That name, with its fictitious shame and real glory, is dearer to me than any other. This city is an important point, and I will hold to it. For one thing I am grateful to Him by whose grace we are anything good; no fault is found with me, save that I will not come out in politics. Not the slightest charge of ministerial ineffi-

ciency or neglect, or of defect of Christian character, is made against me. I have a reputation far, O, how far, beyond what I deserve!

"I once thought I would never tarry in a place where I knew a single member of the society was against me. In shame and confusion of soul I have long since cast away that cowardly resolution, and now I see what principle requires. I pray God I may abide firm to duty. David once forgot duty, and sighed, 'O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest!' Where would he fly to? He thought it beautiful to see the dove in the blue ether above, but the circles which the bird made in rising showed that he was but a type of the Christian everywhere. There is a great deal of roundaboutiveness to duty. We talk of *moving* straight on, but the map of the journeyings in the wilderness is a better symbol of the pilgrimages of duty than the straight line of an arrow's path. An old man in Gloucester told me once, that he had been out into the fields, and saw the snakes coming out of the ground into the warm air of May; and he thought, he said, of Job, and of what Job asked, chapter xiv. 13; and he thought also that God would take as much care of him as of snakes, and prepare a sunny time for him to come out of trouble. *We* have to imitate that old man, and to learn more than we have yet learned, even from *snakes*."

There were true and noble friends who stood by him in these days, making "sunshine in life's shady places." In writing to his father, he says of one of these, "He is a glorious man; as kind as the sunlight, and as free and generous as the rains. God bless him! He does bless him in the possession of such a heart."

I give the copy of a letter under date of May 1st, 1846, which he sent to his society in acceptance of their vote for pastor; which vote, at that time, was renewed yearly. It explains the relations existing between him and the society who remained with him.

"DEAR BRETHREN: Your vote, renewing my engagement as

pastor, has been communicated to me by your committee. For the expression of confidence and affection which I recognize in that vote, I am truly thankful; and in acceding to the proposition, I do so consecrating my best strength to the service of the society in its religious capacity. The vote I understand to have been unanimous, or, at least, without opposition; but I am of too frank a nature to pretend to an ignorance of the dissent existing among those who had power to vote in the premises. Had such a dissent existed when I was but a candidate here, I should not have accepted the vote; but how different the case really was last year and at present need not be stated. My course has been open and frank, perhaps *too* frank for the times; but I choose to suffer rather for too much than too little candor. My great reason for tarrying here has been a deep conviction of duty, — *duty* in all of its many relations, near and remote. That a sense of pecuniary dependence has *not* been the motive that has kept me here, is evident from letters in my possession, and from other testimony, from which two things are manifest; first, I have refused to preach anywhere as a candidate; and, second, I have rejected urgent and flattering advantageous invitations to settle elsewhere. I have done this because I stood, as I stand, on principle. So here have I tarried, trusting in God, who bringeth order out of confusion and light out of darkness, and grateful for the sympathy and regard of honorable and esteemed brethren. I would reverently bless God for the discipline of trial and sorrow which has revealed to me what noble friends I have found, and which has opened to me some of my own faults, that I might correct them, and thus be more worthy of the regard of such steadfast friends.

"And now, on entering upon another year, I ask the freest expression of the brethren in reference to anything which, in their opinion, would promote my usefulness. I have striven to preserve the honor of the society in all my dealings; and by rectitude of life, and singleness of aim as a minister of Jesus Christ, I have labored to make our faith respected in the community. I have been contented with the appropriations of the society, and would gratefully acknowledge that those appropriations have always been punctually paid by the treasurer when due.

"I would now repeat my acceptance of your vote for the

ensuing year, and offer my fervent prayer for the well-being of each individual of the society and congregation."

In recalling this period of his life, some years after, he says:

"In the most depressing times I felt no one could make me poor or weak but myself; and I flew to my study, my Bible, and the ever-comforting pen, whenever inclined to quail before difficulties. I steadily refused to listen to any invitation from abroad, asking only life, grace, and God's aid, to *work* till I saw the First Church in a condition superior to what I had ever beheld there. I did so. Pain and suffering of body were conquered by the might of a resolute will. I never asked a respite from labor; I never had any; and, ever studious for ways to advance the cause I loved, I was full of springs and resources, and went far and near to preach on Universalism and to lecture on Temperance."

While passing under this cloud, he writes the following to a clerical brother who had recently experienced some professional reverses:

"External position is not the test of true worth among the enlightened and good. Take the correspondence of the best minds, and you will find that references are made rather to country clergymen, for true excellence, than to city ministers. I think ministers make to themselves a false standard. They make the possession of a city pulpit the acme of ambition, not discerning that many a country clergyman has a wider and more intelligent popularity than the majority of city ministers. Then the 'call' of a clergyman to a society is so often such a queer thing that it does not mean much. Some little incident occurs, some peculiar chord is struck, and the whole feeling goes with him. It is not an inquiry into his character, his talents, his former success, &c. No one asks whether he has or has not a wife; and no one seems to be swayed by anything except the impression made by his preaching at the time. A call is too slight a thing, morally considered, to be permitted either to flatter or depress an intelligent and Christian mind.

"If we are to be preachers we must discipline ourselves to trial; and if we remember the ancient words, 'I have chosen thee in a furnace,' it will not harm us. We can grow anywhere if we are determined to progress; and the best legacy we can leave our children, is to teach them the great lesson of Universalism, — that more excellence sat at the palace gates in the heart of Mordecai than passed through with Haman. Let them not be directed to our position, but to the manner in which we fill it; for there 'all the honor lies.' And so with our friends; — let them not stand to look at us with the hope of seeing us go up and up the hill of fame, but let them look into our performance of duty, and see what we are."

One, not of his religious views, watched his course at this time with interest and sympathy, and wrote to him the following lines of Christian cheer:

"The strongest hearts the deepest baptisms prove;
The purest 'neath the chastening hand hath bled;
They who are richest in the Saviour's love
The paths of deep humiliation tread.

"Thou hast poured comfort upon hearts that mourn;
Thy word hath cheered in wav'ring hope's decline;
Beneath the cross, so long unfaltering borne,
Thou shalt not faint; for many prayers are thine."

I regret that I am not able to give more records of his walks among the sick and afflicted, they were so rich in spiritual instruction. I find many brief journals among his papers, but they are written, as were many of his sermons, in mere outline, with references that none but himself could fill out. Two leaves which are more fully written than the others I will endeavor to make plain.

July 10th, 1846:

"Called on E—— S——, and found her extremely low. She said she wished to feel submissive. Life was dear, especially for her father's sake. She wished to have the realities of heaven made distinct. I commended her, first, to remember the infirmities of the body oppressed the mind, and forbid

continuous thought. I spoke of the Saviour on the cross. Second, I told her she must not ask too much, so different are the things of the spiritual world from the things of this life. Third, she must give up her father, and then she could give up herself. Give up what is between us and God, and then we can give up ourselves. Anxiety for others prevents concentration of thought. Fourth, she must take some text or hymn and let it soothe her. She told me she awoke one night and thought she was dying. She had lost the power of speech, and then she thought of the text, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God.' She wished me to talk to her upon that passage. I said, man reasons with himself. Why art thou cast down? Is it sin, doubt, affliction, infirmity? Hope in God is the grand remedy. We shall yet see him, i. e., perceive his wise dealing in present evil. He is the health of my countenance, because he refreshes and animates my soul. My God; my greatest good."

July 14th:

"To-day, she told me how much good my preaching had done her. She spoke of losing the awful terror that had possessed her soul before she listened to the sweet truths of Universalism. She told me of her grief at seeing so many not loving church services; and of her joy at communion. She wondered how so many could go away. 'Let them ask themselves, if they had lost a friend, and he had asked of them to keep his memory by such a simple rite, would they not deem a neglect of his request to be the basest ingratitude?' With tears she spoke of this."

August 1st:

"To-day we talked of faith. I told her of the child, dropping itself down in the dark into the arms of his father, satisfied with the tone. Then I spoke of God's tone of love; and how we need not fear the dark valley when his voice was heard through its gloom."

August 5th:

"'How is your mind, to-day?' I said. Her answer was,

'Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.'

"She wanted to be lifted up above death and its appendages. They came across her thoughts, and disturbed her. 'Pray for me, to-day,' she said, 'that I may be submissive and have clearer views of heaven. You know my case; I will leave all with you.'"

August 10th:

"To-day I read and explained the Bible to her. Then I read some of her favorite hymns. She wished me to mark some of them that she thought peculiarly appropriate for a sick-room."

August 21st:

"She is gone.

'Sweet is the scene where virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest.'"

January 5th:

"Called at ———, where I attended a funeral a week since, and saw an exhibition of overwhelming sorrow, the most painful to behold. To speak or to pray seemed like talking to the stormy sea. I found them to-day more calm; but the great want is faith; and, as I said to myself as I crossed the threshold the day of the funeral, 'If I could *sell* them faith, they 'd give me half they had.' For ten years, a friend told me, they had not been to church. Death to such seems like the blowing out of a candle."

The following I find among his unpublished "Pastor's Memories."

"A lonely funeral! how melancholy it is! The common sympathies bring attendants at the humblest burial in the crowded city; but sometimes we find people who live so completely isolated in the very centre of the throng that their immediate neighbors do not know when even death has entered their dwelling.

"The loneliest funeral I ever attended was in the midst of various factories, and on one of the thoroughfares of the city.

The family were strangers to me. I did not know of their existence till the day, and near the time, of the funeral. And, as I approached the house at the appointed hour, I noticed the absence of a hearse, and saw only a one-horse carryall at the door, without any driver. I entered the house, and spoke to the three persons present, — the father, mother, and grandmother of the little child who was to be buried. I waited some time, expecting the entrance of other persons, but no one came; and I learned that none were expected. The poor make few friends. These were English people, who had first wrought at Pawtucket, where they had laid the only child which they had, and now they intended to bear this one to lay it by the side of that other. They were too poor to ask the services of a sexton, and the carryall at the door was to take them and the coffined child to the burial-place. The presence of a hearse at the door, or a single carriage known to belong to an undertaker, would have brought to that home sympathizing neighbors. But there sweetly in its little pine, red-stained coffin, the infant lay, and with the parents and grandmother, as the whole of the assembly, the services proceeded.

"I never found out a greater fulness of heart than then. I plead of the Divine Spirit for power to comfort them, and I tried to bring the glories of the Holy Word and the hopes of heaven to people the place, and make celestial company the joy of the bereaved. I prayed and wept with them, and I did, from the depths of my heart, pity those who thus were taking their last look at their only child and grandchild, without a friend save the stranger minister.

"When the services were ended, and the coffin-lid was fastened down, and the gush of agony had subsided, I proposed to the parents to enter the carryall, at the door, and I would hand the coffin to them there. I moved toward the coffin to be ready to take it, but the mother, seeing that I was waiting for them to pass out, looked up to me with a sweet look and eyes brimming with tears, and said:

"'Sir, you go first, and we will follow.'

"Few as they were, she wanted the usual forms observed."

In a letter to a friend, he alludes in the following manner to his Sabbath visits to the Insane Asylum:

"Last Sabbath, at six o'clock, I preached for the third time at the Butler Hospital for the Insane. I am pleased to see how, degree by degree, I get the attention of the inmates, and, for the time, win them from their woes.

"I preached yesterday on patience, — James i. 4, — in reference to its commendations in the Scriptures, and its relation to the physical, intellectual and religious man. We have a regular service, as at the church; and I am careful to choose out plaintive and cheerful hymns. There is something beautiful in the thought that the soothing power of religion can take hold on the deepest powers of self-control, and keep the crazed quiet for a time. It affords good materials for study to watch the movements of the audience, and I take pleasure in preaching there.

"I preached first on 'Unto you which believe, he is precious,' and 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul?'"

A few extracts from a letter to one of his sisters, under date of June 13th, 1846, are expressive of his cheerful views of life:

"I learn with deepest sorrow the sickness of little F——, and feel more ready than commonly to sympathize with the family, as we have an object of intense interest in a little sufferer in a house opposite, where an infant has been several days tortured with spasms.

"Nothing affects me more than the sight of such a sufferer, so helpless, and at such an age when our sympathies leap forth spontaneously to caress and protect them. The mystery of life presses then most heavily upon me, and I thank God for 'the rainbow round about the throne,' that is pavilioned in 'clouds and darkness.' I hope and pray T—— may be spared the death of such a beautiful child.

"I regret to hear that Dr. —— was called to such a distance, but we are suffering from what I had hoped would never come again — war. It penetrates everywhere, with its anxieties at least. However, the good providence of our God exists everywhere; and where He is, the soul may find all the essentials of the true life.

"Yesterday was my birthday. I'm 33. How awkward the figures look! I hope my life don't look quite so awk-

ward. I'm sure I don't look altogether to the past as those figures do."

Much in the same strain he writes to one of his Sabbath-school teachers, who is absent from home:

* * * * "To let the mind seek something cheerful, is the grand rule for happiness in our melancholy moods, — moods that come to all thoughtful and sensitive spirits, sometimes uninvited and causeless, as far as we can see. And why should *we* ever fail to find something cheerful? We have none of that limited faith that asks, 'Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?' but the spirit of our sublime and blessed hope prompts us to believe that he can meet all the exigences of our present being, and in no circumstance or condition will he cease to be the God of love. At home, in the church, you sing above the beautiful motto in gold, 'God is love;' and O, abroad, may it be your joy to sing still above that truth deep seated in the heart, 'written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart.'

"Your letter was exceedingly interesting in its details, as I never had the pleasure of travelling in the region described. I wish I could send as pleasing matters from here, but all the news leads to rather mournful things than otherwise. At present there is more sickness in the city than has been known for years.

"I have attended many funerals, of late, of persons of all ages. I returned before my visit was ended at father's, being called back by telegraph to attend two funerals a week ago yesterday. On Saturday I had a most mournful one. Mr. —— laid in his grave his only child, a son in his twentieth year — a good son. Mr. —— has been very infirm for years; very lately he buried his wife, and now the last of seven children; and twice he has had two children lying dead at the same time in his home! He may well feel *alone* — that he is a pilgrim. His son was well and at work a week Saturday, and on Thursday was dead!

"Thank God, Mr. —— has *our* great hope, that never refuses to cast a cheering light on the dark waves of mystery. It is the watch-tower of God. The light of the world burns

brightly in the height, and blessed is the mariner on the sea of Time who knows how to steer his course by its guiding rays."

To the same, as she is preparing to join his church, he writes:

"I have read your letter with gratitude for your frankness. I can ask for no higher expression of kindness or friendship.

"I shall present your name to-night, and with the sincerest pleasure shall welcome you to the Master's table. We are all *human*, however divine our faith may be. The past has much to reproach us with neglected privilege, but God is ready to look mercifully upon us all, 'not imputing our trespasses unto us.' A sweet word of comfort you will find in James i. 5. Beautiful is the picture there given of God. He will not *upbraid* us; he will comfort us. As Job hath said: 'Will he plead against me with his great power? No; but he would put strength in me.' Be assured of my warmest sympathy and most faithful friendship."

During a summer vacation in August, 1846, he was called home to attend the death-bed of a parishioner. He writes to me of her last quiet days:

"As soon as I arrived I called on Mrs. ——, and O, how glad she was to greet me! Almost her first words were, 'You have been faithful to me;' and she alluded to the clearness of faith into which she had been brought. 'It was you,' she said, 'that showed me the little narrow path that led me out of the woods.' She has talked incessantly about me, and all the family were very glad that I returned. You may judge how quiet her feelings were in respect to the great hope, from her beautiful words, 'The waters grow more and more shallow; I shall soon be upon the banks.' I talked and prayed with her, and then left, thanking God for something superior to mortality.

"On Sunday morning, after going into the Sabbath-school, I went there again. She was still perfectly calm and clear in her mind. I found her very anxious to have herself and her children baptized — solemnly dedicated to God. After due

preparation I attended to it. When I came to the little grandchild, most touchingly did she look up into my face, as though she felt it all. I talked with the young boy, and he wept as he felt what was being done. It was a holy scene; the time, the circumstances, all were full of hallowing influences. I left with the solemn *farewell!* I cannot but believe that she is now at rest."

Tuesday:

"I was at Mrs. —— twice yesterday. It is a happiness to see her so calm, so hopeful, and so happy. Her first words after the greeting yesterday were, 'My path is all clear. All my doubts have been taken away.' Every wish and desire seems to have been satisfied, and she is carrying out the prophet's lesson, 'It is both good for a man to hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.' Her mind is as clear as a crystal. She has made every arrangement for her funeral, and not a thought of all that is to come seems to give her anything but satisfaction. The preparation for the burial is the preparation for a journey. She has requested of me that I shall have a particular hymn sung the Sabbath after her burial. She recited one verse:

> 'I leave this world without a tear,
> Save for the friends I hold so dear;
> To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
> And to the friendless prove a friend.'

I rejoice in the full hope and clear faith of our sister."

A return of Thanksgiving carries his thoughts again to his father and mother at Medford.

December 2:

"We send you many a thought at this time, as we have pleasant talks about home. I feel very often extremely desirous to visit you, and one of my greatest privations is the distance at which I am compelled to be from you. I feel sometimes as homesick as I used to at East Cambridge, when I could take my cane and walk home, and then go back lively as a cricket. However, it is not for us to choose our nearness to each other, save in heart and soul. God grant that no sepa-

ration shall ever occur in that sense! On Thanksgiving day we were all alone, and H—— declared it was 'no Thanksgiving at all.' We set our table with all the nice things we could get, but all to no purpose. We found out at last what the matter was, — 'There 's no company here!' said he; 'it is n't Thanksgiving to be alone.' The trouble was helped by an accident to our small table, so that we were obliged to take a large one; and we four did look rather wide apart, and rather unsocial. However, E—— and her family spent the evening with us, so the day ended very pleasantly.

"E—— A—— and I were talking over to-day how singularly our families were separated this year; — one in Ohio, another in New York, another in Maine; you and some of her family in Massachusetts, and we in Rhode Island; — five different states! Such is fortune!"

While visiting Boston and its vicinity during the anniversary week, in May, 1847, he writes home to me:

"I am here at Medford. It is inexpressibly beautiful around me. The trees in full blossom, the grass in richness of growth, and the waters glittering as they flow, form a picture the most enlivening to behold. I was enchanted yesterday afternoon, when the cars dropped me here. The glory of the season was beheld for the first time, and I felt that June was near. M—— says it seems to her that within two or three days the trees have burst forth in verdure, and now they begin to cast a shade, — a shade that is, after all we say of sunshine and beauty, one of the most needed and agreeable things sometimes. May we not see a moral symbol in this?

"We had a glorious time at the breakfast yesterday. About two hundred were there. Had you only been there I should have been completely happy. The company was extremely pleasant, the speaking very fine, and the singing spiritual and good. Everything passed off finely. Of course, I spoke, and in behalf of woman in connection with our cause. Full half of the company were ladies. Our meetings were excellent. We had four reports, — on peace, criminal reform, temperance, and anti-slavery. Next year a report from the corresponding secretary will take the place of different reports, and that

officer is myself, as one 'who gets hold of everything.' The meeting next year is to be, — report, &c., in the A. M., entertainment in the P. M., and address in the evening. A grand day it will prove, I doubt not."

The office of corresponding secretary of the Universalist General Reform Association, to which he was chosen this year, he held for three successive years. He was chosen, he says, as "one who got hold of everything." No movement in the moral world escaped his notice, and his annual reports were the products of yearly vigilance. They were among the best and most labored productions of his pen. The introduction to the one for 1850 is peculiarly his own in spirit and diction. He says:

"Having no recognized place among the great institutions which give the peculiar moral interest of this 'Anniversary Week,' it becomes us to make for ourselves a place, where, though standing on the outside, we may get much good. Reformers have always been strengthened by the undesigned evidences of the truth they affirmed, and true intellectual freedom is known only where truth is sought for in every sphere of mental activity where its presence can be imagined. The anniversaries of this week have something of the Pentecostal fire, and it may warm where those who use it never designed it should be transmitted. We ought to feel great interest in every form of the various workings of Christianity, for new associations may be in the moral world what new machines are to the industrial world; for Christianity, as the highest form of wisdom, may say, 'I, Wisdom, dwell with Prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions.' Each association has some invention to be accepted, at least, for study; for the best inventions have been suggested, sometimes, by the defects of others, and men thus worked for results they never contemplated. We should go among the giant and beautiful associations which give character to the time, as Allen, the associate of Clarkson, in company with a near friend, went through the tour of Europe, looking beyond the ordinary show to the real moral aspects of town and city:

'Scattering sweet words and quiet deeds of good
Along their way like flowers,
Or, pleading as Christ's freemen only could,
With princes and with powers.

'Their single aim the purpose to fulfil
Of truth, from day to day,
Simply obedient to its guiding will,
They held their pilgrim way.

'Yet dream not hence the beautiful and old
Were wasted on their sight,
Who in the school of Christ had learned to hold
All outward things aright.'

"Thus shall we best build up the completeness of our idea of duty, giving it a comprehensiveness, like the character of Christ, that leaves no virtue or grace unglorified. These are days for our Ruths to come home, so laden with new convictions of the divinity of long-cherished truth, that wonder may well ask, 'Where hast thou gleaned to-day?' And sometimes I imagine there is a Universalist Boaz in the field, with servants in the secret of his respect and love, and hence we poor gleaners find whole handfuls left for us, dropped on purpose. At least we may reverentially acknowledge a good Providence as helping us, where we are strangers, though there be a kindred.

"But as we receive, so is our obligation to use. As it is the wisdom of the individual Christian, so is it the wisdom of associated Christians, to 'remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Giving is to be measured by receiving; for unto whom much is given, of them shall much be required. Our association assumes a *receiving* attitude. We know the blessedness of receiving. It is a high and rapturous joy to look abroad over the benevolent activities of our age, and see what blessings are winged for us. Like imprisoned birds that know their home, beautiful truths fly to us from this and that enclosure, into which we may not enter, and we are happy as we fold the quivering dove in our breast. God's providence is vindicated by the indirect action of gospel truth; and, like Elijah, we are made to see that there is more good in the world than we dreamed was here. It is blessed to receive new confirmations of our interpretation of the record of religion; to receive new

ideas in reference to instrumentalities and agencies, new promptings of God in history to will, and to do, of his good pleasure, — to use our freedom for the highest end. But do we know the greater blessedness of *giving?* Have we added to the talent, and returned it to the Master, through the avenue he has opened? This is the great duty. To aid us in this work this association was originated, and for this are we here to-day. Not to wear festal garments and grow dizzy with each other's flattery, but to be stimulated to nobler effort, with a clearer aim, are we to spend the hours before us."

Rev. George H. Emerson, in a short but eloquent eulogy, says:

"Mr. Bacon was a *reformer*. His reports, read before the Universalist Reform Association, are among the most valuable documents the spirit of modern reform has indited. He led off in the movement which, a few years ago, drafted the protest against slavery. He was himself on the committee which proposed the protest; in fact, the document was substantially from his own pen. He was an earnest temperance man. He wrote and spoke much in behalf of the temperance cause. He took a great interest in all the movements of the day which had for their object the amelioration of the sufferings of his fellow-mortals. As a minister, Mr. Bacon was admirably successful. He never left a religious society without leaving it better than he found it. The grass was green beneath his tread.

"Mr. Bacon was a most devoted Universalist. He took the deepest interest in the denomination. He allied himself with it heart, soul, mind, and strength. Yet he was not a *mere sectarian*. He loved Universalism because he believed it was the best thing for man. He saw in it the true inspiration to virtue. All his ideas of reform, whether in the matter of temperance, slavery, or capital punishment, in which questions he was deeply engaged, came to him from Universalism. If all men are brethren, if they all are the equal objects of God's paternal love, if they all have an unity of destiny, the interests of each mingling with the interests of all, and all this is what Universalism teaches, how could he, consistently with

his faith, be indifferent to anything that wronged or outraged a human being?

"In all these good things, Mr. Bacon's example is worthy of imitation; but, as I have said, he is especially to be admired for the assiduity and singleness of purpose with which he toiled. He has left a legacy to the world — the example of ceaseless industry. May his surviving brethren learn from wisdom the value not alone of a good and faithful life, but of a life consecrated to labor in the Master's vineyard."

Under date of Jan. 23d, 1848, my husband writes a peculiarly characteristic letter, to his young clerical brother:

"I received your letter yesterday, and of course was gratified at the urgency of your invitation to be present at your installation; for I love anything in the shape of friendship, unless it comes as Hamlet's father's ghost did. I had a letter yesterday from a ministering brother, whom I feared had taken offence in consequence of omitting the publication of an article, and you don't know how good the words looked, — 'I have loved you more and more as I have felt more acquainted with you.' This was underscored, and it came a real refreshment. 'Loving favor *is* better than fine gold,' especially when you have lived out the time of peace and quietness.

"And now you are to settle in ———. My hopes and prophecies are realized. My trust is the same. The harness is on, and the only way to keep it from galling is to work under it; keep it pliant, and see that it is only a harness. I never had ambitious hopes. My great trial has been a mean opinion of myself, and I work for everybody, that I may, if possible, convince myself that I am something. I have succeeded as well as any one could ask for me, and perhaps I should not regard the charge here a defect. I would not care anything for it, were it not that it injures my good name, so that I hear I am one thing in my writings and another as a man. Yet I am strong. I steadily pursue the even tenor of my way and hope. So let it be with you. Don't work too hard at first. Don't try to re-fashion things too fast. Feel your way, and God give you the right feeling! I rejoice in your success, and trust it will be the proper incitement to new developments of wisdom and worth."

But now the tide of prosperity began to turn again in his favor. A new interest was awakened in his society, which first manifested itself in the outward adornment of the church — a good evidence of vitality. "The old brick pavement and black fence in front gave place to a broader stone walk; the old organ gave place to a new one, the dull lamps were exiled for gas, the house was completely renovated and newly carpeted, a new pulpit was placed in the church, and new hymn-books were introduced, and other improvements were made."

Writing to a sister in April, 1848, of his brighter prospects, he says:

"My fate here has been singular. * * * * I think a brighter day is dawning; but it is hard work to 'let patience have her perfect work.' Anxiety is the great burden of a minister's life. He is destined to see always the saddest and most serious aspect of this world, and must hold communion with the grief rather than with the joy of humanity. Yet there are blessed alleviations in his lot, — minds illuminated, hearts comforted, spirits lightened, and souls lifted above the power of bereavement and death. Our joy or sorrow, in most of the spheres of life, depends on our inclination to look upon the best or the worst side of our lot — whether we talk in the language of the gods or of men. I take a wider survey of our relation to God and man than I once did, and I find comfort where it at first seems no comfort can be found. Yielding to the unavoidable circumstances of life, as to a wise and benevolent discipline, we may find affliction good, and heaven made more attractive by the unsatisfying nature of all earthly possessions. * * * * If that Beautiful Presence, which I miss every hour, were only here, — if it could have been that she might have tarried with us, my soul would be exceedingly happy. But God is good in what he denies as in what he grants."

The events of two Sabbaths — a happy and a busy one — he has recorded at this period:

"Sabbath before last was a day of exceeding happiness to me, so great was the variety crowded into a few hours; and yet room enough was found in the mind and heart to entertain the whole. I had the company of Br. J. M. Spear, and Mr. Berk, the converted Jew; and so seldom do I have the companionship of a brother minister in any of my religious meetings, that the presence of one is truly delightful, as on the Friday evening previous, and through the Sabbath. In the morning we opened the school, and happy is the sight of so many children dressed in their Sunday pleasantness, interested in their exercises, and ready to receive the lessons of holy wisdom. The flowers, contributed by the scholars, were gathered into the crimson glass vases, and carried to our snow-white pulpit, to stand in the presence of the people, as on every Sabbath since early summer. Then a general survey of the school was made, and all deficiencies caused by the absence of a teacher here and there were supplied. Then came in our friend Berk. First, he heard the infant school sing, and seemed carried away by the silver melody of their little voices. He then addressed them. How eagerly they listened! How well he adapted his language and illustrations to their limited minds and 'small experience!' My little Eddy, in his fourth year, told at home what the 'Jew-man' said, and repeated the moral of friend Berk's similitude, that when he became a Christian he felt like one who put on a new coat, and did n't want to get a single spot of dirt on it. Then he addressed the larger school; and I never knew the scholars more interested in any speaker than in him. He was touched, he said, by the allusion of the pastor to the house of Israel — to the scattered Jews as a monument of God's promises and warnings; and went on to tell the school of the history and fate of the chosen and rejected people, making some very affecting references to the life of our Redeemer. He illustrated a picture I purchased the week previous, and delineated the places memorable in the history of the Lord of life and glory. Then I followed on the same subject, impressing the duty we owe to the Jew in accordance with the apostle's argument in the eleventh of Romans. Then came the public services of the sanctuary. The singing and the prayers were inspiring, and the converted Jew addressed us from the weeping prophet Jeremiah. All were interested. We all

went home full of thought, and with a better feeling towards the scattered and persecuted Jews. The intermission was passed in conversation touching the objects of the missions of those two brothers who have given themselves to different classes of humanity — the Jews and the prisoners.

"In the afternoon Br. Spear addressed us on the Causes and Prevention of Crime. Next followed the communion. It was gratifying to see our friend Berk with us, and the season was one of unusual interest and hallowing power. May we, who participated in the happiness of that time, be careful to let other souls know how much we enjoyed the occasion, and thus impress them with its significance and worth.

"The day passed, and the evening came; we left home for the conference, and what a blessed season we enjoyed! We sung 'A poor wayfaring man of grief;' the Christian Jew prayed, and our hearts were opened to God and all things good by his thanksgiving and supplication. We sung 'Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep,' and I spoke of a tradition concerning Abraham, who sought to find God in something visible, but was forced to something wholly spiritual beyond; so with us — we must not look to this sect or that sect as having all of truth, — we must look beyond, and recognize the living spirit of Christian faith and love wherever it has a being. Br. Berk spoke of the happiness he had enjoyed through the day, and that he could sympathize with those who love Christ, of every name. Br. Spear exhorted us to Christian doing. Br. Charles E. Carpenter, Br. Rhodes, and Br. Leach, also spoke to us in an interesting and profitable manner. We all left the meeting highly edified,— feeling, as our friend Berk said, 'we had had a Sabbath day's journey heavenward.'

"How much was embraced in this one day to make me better! God of my life, let me heed the memories of that pleasant Sabbath!"

"'Little to do and great pay,' is the sentiment of a great many respecting the minister, forgetful of the labor that lies back of his public performances, and the incessant demand made on his time and talents. The week is so filled up with a diversity of operations, that, when the Sabbath comes, the minister wants a day of rest as well as others; but, instead of

having what he needs, he must put on new strength, and show an unflagging interest in kindling a warm devotion in the hearts of the people. If I believed half that is said of natural laws and what must be done to keep alive, I should expect to see a faithful minister wear out in a year. But, no! mind has great power over the body. A resolute moral will can wonderfully reänimate the slumbering fire in the ashes of mortality, and keep the flame steadily burning.

"The Sabbath following that of which I wrote as 'a happy Sabbath,' was a busy one, though not so busy as I have known. The morning was beautiful, and an hour and a half was spent in the Sabbath-school, — the nursery of the church, the hope of the state, the home of religion. Then followed the assembling of the school in the church for our quarterly service in their behalf; and how beautifully their silver voices rung on the ear as they sung 'By cool Siloam's shady rill'! I preached on the symbolry of religion as a chief means of teaching children a proper reverence for sacred things, — described Father Murray's rite of the dedication of children, — my parents' observance of it, — my remembrance of the interest taken in it as performed by the three preachers I remember to have heard in the old church — Messrs. Dean, Adin Ballou, and Streeter — and vindicated a revival of the interesting ceremony.

"Preached again in the afternoon on man's inclination to give more weight to his doubts concerning God's goodness, than to the arguments in behalf of an unlimited trust; that, if we give to a criminal on trial the benefit of a doubt, we ought certainly to deal as generously with God.

"At an hour after service I went to South Providence, and lectured an hour or more in the old school-house. Felt rewarded by the attention given to my message. I returned, supped, and soon a carriage halted at the door to take me to a wedding, and a fine family gathering it was. The couple were at length married, the cake eaten, and the *cold water* drank, and then, telling the husband that though his wife had lost her name, yet I hoped he would always find her *Handy*, I left for home. A while there, and then remembering a partial engagement, I took my staff and walked 'down town' to the Temperance Hall. What a crowd! Being comfortably thin, I wedged my way in, and made a speech against an in-

famous receiving of bribes in certain trials for violating the license laws. I spoke of the necessity of advancing a moral cause by moral means, and plead for the establishment of a house of refuge for drunkards, where we could follow up efforts to reclaim them.

"Some little after nine I returned home, read a little, went to bed, and slept soundly, thank God! What a joy comes on the morrow after such a day — to think that something out of all that was done must have done good! This is the argument for being always busy in moral efforts and duties; for some of the seed from the sower's hand fell into good ground, and brought forth much fruit."

X.

MINISTRY IN PROVIDENCE — CONTINUED.

In July, 1848, the sad news came to us of the death of our cherished friend, Miss Edgarton, then Mrs. Mayo. Her rare combination of intellectual gifts and sweet home virtues has made her the light that she desired to be, —

> "A bright, soft star,
> * * * * * *
> To herald on the weary to the land
> Where all is rest and peace, to guide the way
> To heaven's unclouded day!"

Her tender historian, her husband, has embalmed her memory in a volume, whose leaves will ever "keep their green."

How much she was to the friend who had known her intimately from the commencement of her literary career, the following letter to her husband will tell:

"God lives, and with him the beautiful spirits no longer visible in our homes. My heart is with you in this time of life's greatest trial; and as sympathy came, dear as love itself, from her who is removed, when we had laid away our dead, I feel impelled by her sweet memory, as well as by affection for you, to write a word of condolence. But, I hardly know what to say, so bewildering is the thought that she is removed. I know not why it was, but the idea of her death — of her dying — had never passed through my mind. I had expected to always greet her while I should be in this world, as I greet the same stars that shone above me in childhood; and when the brief word, that only told me of her

death, came to me, my heart was indeed overwhelmed, and I thanked God for tears. I have no claim to kindred; but, since the evening I held her first letter in my hand, I have cherished her favor as an honor, her love as a high privilege, her confidence as a sacred trust. It was a happy night when I read the first communication which she sent to the *Repository*,— the beautiful story of 'Annette Lee.' I saw the foreshadowing of that usefulness which has marked the life of your dear companion, and, long before I had ever seen her in the flesh, our correspondence had become very familiar, and our friendship very strong. With what alacrity did I spring to welcome her to Boston at her first visit afterwards! I see her now, as I saw her then, sitting with her hands quietly folded in her lap, one of the sweetest smiles playing round her mouth, and the dark, full eye looking out with such a beauty of expression, such an eloquence of thought, such a glow of feeling! One moment and we were as long known and cherished friends. Till her marriage our correspondence was frequent, and I have loved to look over the many letters I have preserved, and renew the communion of the past. No word has ever marred the perfection of our friendship, and her name has been shrined in my soul as the synonyme of everything gentle, enduringly kind, pure, and self-sacrificing. I pour upon her grave the most profound grief of which my nature is capable, and I hallow her memory in devout thankfulness that it has been my privilege to know her, to love her, and to have her sisterly love. I look back to days and weeks of constant repetition of sweet conversations, and festival enjoyments, when her heart was as open as the day, and beautifully shone her virtues, which have been best seen by you. It was a great sorrow for me not to be present at the burial service, to tender in person my respectful and profound sympathy for you, but I was prevented by the sickness of my second boy. He was taken ill on Monday, and from that time to yesterday afternoon he had all the symptoms of the scarlet fever, — that scourge that took from us our little Mary, whom Sarah so dearly loved. * * * * * It would have been a sacred privilege to have been there, and many a heart will be her tomb, from whence thought shall see her rise to an immortality, glorious beyond all imaginings. I was glad to read your note to T——, and to learn that her

death, as we call this passage to the better home, was peaceful, and to you strengthening and elevating. I never supposed death would come to her untimely, or robed with shadows. To some he puts off every veil, and exposes his angelhood in all its divine reality. She was one of the privileged. She interpreted to us the meaning of 'eternal life,' not walking in abstraction, a spirit apart from her kind, but in the serenity of faith, and faithful to the sweet amenities of this life.

"Receive, my dear brother, my heartfelt sympathy. I rejoice in the thought that you are strong in a strength from God. To all the sweet memories of the past, and to the sufficient hopes of the future, let your mind be given, and may God indeed be your strength, the more as the greatness of your bereavement may be seen. To God and his grace, to Christ and the imperishable comforts of his gospel, to all the dear past, and the dearer future, I commend you."

He completed her last *Rose of Sharon*, a few pages of which she had left without copy, with a short memorial of her. In a letter to me, while absent from home, he writes:

"I have finished my memorial of Sarah. It will tell, at least, how deeply I admired, and how warmly I loved her; and will present her in some new light before the world; though I fear I may have omitted something better than I have stated. I wanted you here to talk with, and read to.

"I came near a trouble to-day. I had engaged to attend a funeral at one, and, being weak and tired, I laid down to sleep. At ten minutes past one the memory came, and I sprang from my bed, but, as the house was near our home, I got there in season. It was the funeral of a child, and on returning my mind mused thereon, and these lines fashioned themselves in my thoughts:

> 'Beautiful babe in thy quiet rest,
> Thou art sleeping now on thy Saviour's breast!
> Soon thou wilt waken his smile to see;
> Beautiful babe, farewell to thee!'

"What a depth of feeling does the thought of *Mary* give

to me at a child's funeral! I am all tenderness and pathos. I seem to be convinced that all parents loved as we loved; and why should I not think so? My whole being wrestles with the Father for the comfort of the bereaved, and I know I must meet the heart's wish of the mourner. I feel happiest, professionally, at such times. I feel that the hand of God is on me for good. I seem to be made for usefulness then, and I know in my own consciousness that I am doing good. But how strange a minister's duty seems to me at times! Now, to-day, to spring from my bed, and then immediately engage in the burial service; — what a rushing together of heavenly and earthly things! But I am always soon ready for the duty. There never is a time when I cannot pray; and if I do good in that service, it is because I perfectly abandon myself to it, and offer the rushing thoughts of my warmed and active mind. It is a privilege to pray, and to hear prayer.

"You bid me enjoy the quiet of my study while I can. Quietness *within* the study, and the absence of familiar and endeared sounds *without*, are different things that make the mind uneasy, because in new circumstances. It 's too silent to be home. It seems as though E—— was sick still, and I was trying to prevent his being disturbed."

Although constantly engaged in his study with his book or pen, he was eminently social in all his domestic relations. His library was open to his family and his friends, and many a sermon, letter, or article for publication, was written with children playing at his feet, often interrupting him with requests and questions. Many of their little expressions he would catch up and turn to a pleasant account.

"Don't hit my bubbles!" shouted one of his little boys to him, as he at one time crossed his study for a book, and his foot almost touched a soap-bubble. Instantly his mind turned to the bubbles of literature and their like danger, and a long, pleasant article was the result. Many of the expressions of his friends were caught up and used in the same

way, and those familiar with him would often say, on hearing an apt remark, "Take care, Mr. Bacon will put you in a sermon."

Under date of October 4th, he writes to a sister, anticipating her marriage to a clergyman, and the prospect of her new home:

"You come to sober realities when you ask my opinion of A——. The aspect of the town is that of a quiet, rural place, where the heart, at peace with God and duty, can easily find enjoyment, and need not sigh for any other sphere of action. The society is like all other societies, presenting material to mould and temper according to the standard it is desired they should attain. If we are not in all things pleased with our friends, we must labor to improve their qualities, remembering that they may not in all things be pleased with us. Mutual charity is essential to a good neighborhood, and in order to be pleased with those who are to be our neighbors, we must study their *good points*, as artists do the productions of the great masters, and thus make the most of them for our own advantage. Taking your own rule, and applying it, your happiness will consist in centring your *whole* interest in the duties of the wife of a Christian pastor. No one has a right to marry a minister of Christ who does not venerate and desire to aid that profession. She must be a stumbling block in her husband's way who does so. She is worse than Lot's wife; for a pillar of salt is not so bad as a rolling stone always checking the wheel of the Lord's chariot. I grow indignant, in the highest sense, when I think of some ministers' wives, without sympathy for the work of their husbands, making a perpetual reproach upon his wisdom of choice, and cooling the ardor of every zealous friend of our dear Redeemer; for to whom shall the warm-hearted sister in Christ go for sympathy, coöperation, and advice, if not to the wife of her minister! If at her pastor's house she cannot divulge the secrets of her heart; if when at home she muses and the fire burns, and she cannot bear that fire to her pastor's home to warm a kindred heart to zealous duty, nine times out of ten the flame will be extinguished, — smothered by the ashes which no friendly hand had removed away.

Read the last paragraph of the 302nd page of the *Rose* for 1849,* and see there the rule of being happy. Hallow the words of a gentle spirit who lived to labor, who could say, with Mary of Bethany, that life's joy was in doing, and who chose rather to pour the perfume on the head of her Divine Master than her own tresses; and mark the record, — '*the odor filled the whole house.*' How beautifully emblematical of the effect of a true devotion to the service of the Saviour, to do what we can for him, — not to anoint him for burial, but that the heart may be more his home! Anoint the soul of the disciple that it may be prepared to receive the Saviour, as a bride her husband."

To the same, under date of May 26th:

"And now of this beautiful May day, — I hope it is as beautiful with you as it is here. H—— went out where I preached yesterday, and gathered some fine violets and blueberry blossoms. He made a pretty basket, and placed the flowers in it with some verses of the 'Home Vale' poetess, and hung it on his teacher's door. He said he guessed she saw 'Dash,' for this morning when he went into school she smiled, but he looked sober, and leaves her to speak the first word.

"I am glad that in your most meditative moods you recall us. The worth of friends may be tested by considering what are the moods of mind in which we most vividly recall them. Some come to us only when we are in the festival joy, the carnival of merriment, and we think of their jokes and jests, their merry laugh and resounding mirth. Others come to us when head and heart are sick, when life's river flows mournfully, and a sombre shade hangs over the brightest prospect, even dimming the beauty of the moonlight on earth and sea; and, as they then come to us, the cloud turns its 'silver lining,' the stars seem to wipe away the teary mist that dimmed their radiance, and life's river flows more musically. Others come to us when the heart is free, when the sympathies give out music, as the Æolian harp makes melodious every breath that falls upon its quivering strings; then

* Extracts from Mrs. Mayo's Letters.

those pleasant spectral visitants come like the cheerful, good-hearted, social neighbor, and our communion is sweet. Others there are who visit us only when we think of heaven, when the atmosphere is holy, as to Jacob when he awoke from his dream of the angel ladder; then,

> 'With a slow and noiseless footstep,
> Comes the visitor divine,
> Takes the vacant chair beside me,
> Lays her gentle hand in mine.'

"Sweet and holy are the communions that follow, and, when the spell is broken, we feel like the astronomer who would stay the day from breaking that he might longer study the stars. Let us, then, be recalled by you in the better, the higher moods of mind.

"If it is a sweet delight to speak freely, just as your heart dictates, do so; and, remember, we have the tenderest sympathies for everything that may concern you.

"I can enter into the spirit of all the romance and poetry of life as readily as ever. We do not sit down to the humdrum of prosaic monotony and talk of 'domestic cares;' but we live over the gilded past; we have the 'dew of our youth,' and the air is still laden with the aroma of the spring-time of love."

No one appreciated the influence of a true-hearted, duty-loving woman more than he. It was one of his favorite themes. He alludes to it in the following extract from a letter to one who has been a favorite and faithful correspondent to the *Repository* from its commencement, Miss M. A. Dodd:

"I was really negligent of a note of yours in reference to the picture you gave in one of your interesting sketches of woman's influence. You asked if I thought the picture overdrawn. Certainly I did *not!* I do not believe that the picture of such kind of women's influence can be overdrawn. There is no power so potent in its sway as the might of a true-hearted woman, who is felicitous in giving expression to her affections as the need of the object of her love may be. The power of right in contrast with physical might is often pictured by elo-

quent orators, by references to what this or that philosophic or moral movement has effected; but, after all, they do not do justice to the best exhibition — in the home! Take Luther's acknowledgment of his wife's influence, and we begin to see what the world has omitted to honor in summing up the agencies that wrought out the Reformation. The French exhibit, by contrast, the preciousness of this influence, and Rousseau was not wild when he declaimed upon the value of his discovery, that the family was the institution to be respected in order to insure the change that France needed for her virtue and happiness. I know — to come from the great to the small — an illustration in one of our ministers, to whom a wife has been all that you attribute to 'Alice.' Indeed, that were a poor spirit, truly, that would not find, under such influence, an awakening which can only be likened to the change which spring brings to the earth."

Under date of April 4, 1849, he writes to Rev. A. D. Mayo, after his first visit to our home, where many hours had been passed in recalling sweet memories of Sarah:

"I cannot delay longer to bid my pen say how glad I was to hear from you, and how pleasant the memories of your visit here are to us. I do most cordially reciprocate every expression of friendship and spiritual affinity, and trust our intimacy will be as delightful as our first cause was sacred. * * * * When the truly welcome companion comes to our home, when our star drinks light from his star, and our 'peace is as a river,' not like the intermitting brooklet, there is a deliciousness in the enjoyment which leaves behind in the soul the aroma of angel communings. I heard a little anecdote today which will express one portion of my grateful feelings. A very little girl went out last summer into an arbor where vines were flowing and loading the air with the sweetness of their fragrant breath. The tiny creature danced along down the path, and, when she came into the perfumed air, she drank it in eagerly and exclaimed, as she clapped her hands, 'O, mother, it smells — it smells like *music!*' As incommunicable as this little creature's sensations are my own as I recall the fellowship of heart and soul during the past week. There are

some strains of music which I have heard that might give expression to my feelings, but nothing else can do it.

"The conversations we held in reference to Sarah have left a strange sanctity in the soul, and E—— A—— and I have frequently spoken to each other of the good which our free interchange of thought and feeling has done to our spiritual being. I never realized, before, the worth of the ancient doctrine of each soul having a good angel, as now. I can feel the blessedness of such a conviction, for every thought of Sarah is an electric force that disperses the mists and clouds of passion, and leaves the soul 'like the clear shining after the rain.' My spirit can never become so untuned as not to respond to any expression of love for her excellence, and respect for her memory. At least, I hope God will never leave me to such a fate.

"Receive, my dear brother, the full heart of sympathy and love, and may a sacred memory, nay, a sacred *Presence*, guard us from evil."

From a letter to the same, dated May 24th, I make an extract for its local interest. It mentions a home that was a charmed retreat, a home of rest for the overtasked and busy pastor. How goldenly they stand out, those glorious summer days, or long winter evenings, when, leaving the city and all its cares, we sought the quiet, rural parsonage at Woonsocket, and, in interchange of thought and sympathy, such as true and tried friends can alone experience, we would refresh our spirits, and consecrate anew our energies for life's duties!

"I have just returned from a visit to Br. B——'s. He has a beautiful residence in Woonsocket, a little out of the village, on an eminence, surrounded with trees, where the air comes freely, and a fine prospect wins the nerves to quietness.

"Br. B—— is a rare gentleman, full of humor, and benignant as the sunshine. His wife is a pleasant hostess, anxious to have her guests enjoy every moment of their tarrying. I want you, some time, to make a visit there with me. The repose would do you good."

To the same, under date of July 26th, contains an account of a Sabbath-school excursion.

"How I wish you could have been here on our excursion-day! It was a perfect day. We numbered near seven hundred, in a stanch and commodious steamboat, and went to Rocky Point, twelve miles down the river. The friends seemed the happiest I ever knew them, and I was in ecstasies. We had a service with the school on landing, accompanied with a fine band of music. The forenoon was spent in bathing and rambling, or sitting in some of the cosiest nooks of this river-side retreat. At noon we dined in the grandest freedom imaginable. At four we had speaking from a rock pulpit, and good singing. Four brethren spoke, beside myself. On board, returning, I got up a temperance meeting, and it kept the people lively until the last moment. All home at seven, safe, happy and grateful. The day was one of those times that live with beautiful distinctness in the memory, as a period when a new baptism came to our whole being, and we found a new faith in ourselves, a new hope for humanity. When I see how little it takes to make a multitude united and happy when the heart is tuned, my confidence strengthens respecting the prospective union of our race."

These festivals were seasons of great joy to him, for he loved to cultivate the social nature of his people, especially the young lambs of his flock. Their happiness was his happiness. Writing to me, once, when I was absent from one of these excursions, he says:

"O, with inexpressible gratitude I thank God for this day! In every pause of hilarity my *thoughts* have said, 'Thanks to thee, O, God, thanks!'"

His delight in witnessing the gambols of children he expresses on another occasion:

"I went from you through the Common. The boys were multitudinous around the fountain, and crackers were firing

and shooting in great abundance. I thought of my young days, and mused on what a loss it must be to any man to outlive his boyhood; to be insensible to the sights and sounds that once filled him with gladness. There is no necessity for such a change. Memory and imagination may link us with the past, and 'I am with you in your play' may be the language of the old man's heart, though he be a cripple, and can only look out on the lawn at the merry children."

Under date of July 26th, he writes to Rev. J. G. Adams, in anticipation of a visit:

"And now for that visit! What shall I say to tell how glad we should be to see the promise pass into reality! the reality of flesh and bones, mind and heart, smile and voice, passing into our house, 79 Friendship-street, Providence, R. I.! If I were a partialist I should say, 'It is too good to be true!' but my hope and love are too great for that, and so I must say, 'Come, thou blessed fulfilment!' We offer you lots of inducements; a healthy and pleasant city, beautiful rides, and the loveliest sails down the Narraganset to pleasant nooks. Rocky Point, where our school and friends went on Tuesday, is a delightful spot, containing cosey retreats, fine bathing-places, and charming rambles. We'd go down there and *live;* live for at least one day—and then how glorious the evening would come on, for our souls would be full of love! Now don't let the bright prospect pass away, but arrange your affairs so as to come to Providence. I want you to see our church, and hear me tell that my hour has come. My people have spent within a year near, if not over, three thousand dollars extra, and now have raised seven hundred dollars more, and the society is in better circumstances than it has been for twenty years. The house is well fitted up — new organ, two vestries, thirteen or fourteen hundred volumes in the library, two hundred and sixty or more in our Sabbath-school of teachers and scholars, and not a cent owing anybody. I feel, like the woman in the parable, to call our friends to rejoice with me, for I have *suffered* and toiled, have grown and become strong. If I was only grateful enough I should be happy."

In this letter he also alluded to several portraits

of his brethren, which had appeared from time to time in the *Repository*, with short biographical notices.

"This getting out of portraits," he says, "is a ticklish affair, and ——'s reminds me of Pop Emmons,—William Emmons, Esq.,—as he appeared on the fourth of July in my boyhood." When at last his own appeared, it was accompanied by the following unpretending biography, which may justly be said to contain a spark of that wit of which "brevity is the soul":

"The portrait given in this number is by some considered a capital affair; by others it is not regarded as good as it might be; but to none, we believe, is it *too* handsome. We have quite a familiarity with the face intended to be pictured there; we shave it every morning, and have no objection to giving our opinion, which is *in favor* of the artist's work. At any rate, it is *one* of the pictured man's looks. He can, and he sometimes does, look *better* than this portrait, and sometimes he looks much *worse*. He feels thankful that he has no worse shadow than this to go forth to his distant friends. He has no biography to present, and will only permit us to say, that the person whose name is written beneath the portrait (a capital *fac simile* is *that* autograph) is a son of Robert and Mary Bacon, natives of Barnstable, Mass., formerly residents of Boston, now of Medford, Mass., whom he deeply venerates and loves; and was born in Boston, glorious Boston, at the North End, brave, honest, and liberty-loving North End, June 12, 1813. He was the sixth child of a family of ten, all christened at the altar of the John Murray church, where, for years, they sat side by side, Sabbath after Sabbath, in one of the 'long pews.' He attended the free schools of Boston,—the Mayhew and the Hancock,—and graduated at the university of *Common Privileges*, under the presidency of *Hard Work;* commenced preaching, August, 1834, received the fellowship of the Boston Association of Universalists the following November, and was ordained as pastor of the second Universalist Society in Cambridge, Mass., the last Sabbath in the same year; he continued there three years and some

months, and removed to Haverhill, Mass.; from thence went to Marblehead, Mass., and, in February, 1842, removed to Providence, R. I., where he commenced his labors with the First Universalist Society the first Sabbath in the following March, and there he continueth unto this day. He has never been compelled to remain a single day since childhood on a bed; has never lost but one Sabbath from illness; and is altogether too elastic to be frightened at the idea of work. Fourteen years' connection with the readers of the *Repository* has given them opportunities to know something of what he is; the rest they must find out as they can; and as he makes no claims to having done any great things, he thinks it best to stop ere he steps into egotism."

That he was never "compelled to remain a single day since childhood on a bed," resulted from the "might of a resolute will," and an intense desire to work while his day lasted, rather than from physical strength. He was not reckless of health, but when the duties of his profession called, he forgot sickness and weakness, and for the time "his youth was renewed like the eagles." He could "run and not be weary; he could walk and not faint." Anxious friends saw for years that his life was too laborious for his delicate frame; but his answer, when cautioned, was, "O, there is so much to be done in the world that I cannot rest! I had rather wear out than rust out."

In a tribute to his memory, Rev. A. D. Mayo says of his untiring activity:

"If there were any fault to be found with him, it was the almost reckless zeal and industry that drove him through his professional life, and broke him down when his best years were approaching. But this was the failing that only a noble soul can be accused of; and doubtless his own instincts were his best advisers. All admired his industry and zeal; but few knew how greatly he suffered all his life from the struggle against a feeble and sensitive body. Amid the confusion of that nervous irritability that is a living death to many a soul

as finely strung as his; racked by frequent and excruciating pain; goaded into new labors by a physical restlessness that forbid his soul to pause; he worked on amid the constant apprehensions of his beloved friends, supported by a will that clung to life till nature would no longer respond to its commands. It is very hard for a soul to be pure and true, tortured by a body like his; but gloriously did he beat up against his enemy, and bore off his cross triumphantly, singing the song of victory. What he did well, under God, was his own; what he left undone, or did imperfectly, none knew so well as he; and none but those that loved him best understood the life-long endurance which explained much in his character and career."

During the summer of 1849 he prepared a *Service Book* for the use of Sabbath-schools, which has been extensively used. The conviction that impelled him to prepare it he thus states:

"Herbert has beautifully said that we may look merely *at* the glass of a window, or *through it*, and the heavens espy. This aptly sets forth the proper relation of all ritual services; they are designed to let in the light of devotion to the soul, and not to shut out the view of spiritual truth and beauty. They communicate the devotional feeling which originated them. They come in as *aids* to devotion, — as mediators between the senses and the spirit. They bridge over the chasm which is so often felt to exist between our relations to material and spiritual things, and bring us more speedily than we should otherwise be brought into communion and fellowship with the Divine. This is nowhere more apparent than in the Sabbath-school; and in all denominations where use has been made of any kind of liturgy, as an aid to devotion, its utility has been demonstrated. It secures a participation in the devotional exercises of the school better than the opposite method of extemporaneous prayer."

All the prayers, and most of the hymns, contained in this work, were written by himself, and it was prepared for the press while on a visit to his parents. To their home he would often repair, in the

summer time, to recruit his failing energies; but he as often forgot the object of his visit, and at the end of a week was more likely to return home with long articles prepared for the press, or some half dozen new sermons, than any other trophy of his *recreation*. While preparing this work, he writes me from Medford:

"If I could stay another week, I would arrange not to go into Boston at all, and I would be all of the 'recluse' that I could be. It is very pleasant here. Every day seems to add to the glory of nature; and had I the *Service Book* only finished, I would visit old scenes, and call up some of the memories of other years. O, how much poetry has to give way to business, and sentiment to utilitarianism! But so let it be, to teach us how much the resources of happiness depend on ourselves — on the condition of our inward being."

Among the favorable notices of this little book was the following, from the pen of Rev. W. A. Drew:

"That active pen that never tires has got out a book which is a book. We looked for an ordinary production under its modest title, but find it a thing of more than common excellence. It is the best thing in the shape of a Sabbath-school book that we have ever seen; and ought to be, and will be, soon in all our schools."

Rev. G. H. Emerson says:

"Mr. Bacon was a *religious* man. If any human being, known to the present age, could have written the Psalms of David, it was he. He breathed in an atmosphere of religious fervor. His *Manual*, used in our Sunday-schools, is a proof of his devotion of soul. Few written prayers have the life of piety in them, as have those contained in that book."

After an absence, on a return to his own pulpit,— where he always loved best to preach, — he writes to me:

"I preached on the honesty of Christ in dealing with religious errors, from John viii. 22. The Samaritans received only the five books of Moses, and could not know God as they did who received all the prophets had written. I applied it to those who would limit us to the smallest compass, and not give us the vast range of truth to learn of God. In the afternoon I preached on the charity of Christ towards character — doing justice to what was good in those disliked by his nation. The first was without notes — the latter was written. I was glad to be at home. The organ sounded sweetly, and I enjoyed the meetings."

The winters of 1850 and '51 — his last winters in Providence — were, outwardly considered, the most successful seasons of his ministry. For the sake of his friends he was happy; but he had long ceased to esteem his labors by the crowds who listened to his preaching, and the testimony of the humblest individual who had received light from his instructions, was to him as worthy and dear a tribute as the crowded audience. To Rev. A. D. Mayo he writes upon this subject:

"How much easier, happier, truer and more useful, we might be, would we but act on the sentiments you express in your last letter! Get a word, a good and true word, and speak it; leaving to the working of eternal order the result. We are all too much thinking of the fitting audience; we thus choose our auditors, and do not reach where we might do the most good."

At another time he writes upon this subject:

"It is a great folly that is expressed by too many preachers, that they will not preach to a few, a sermon that they have carefully prepared. Brother, who can tell you that you will be alive the next Sabbath? How do you know but that among the few before you there is some soul who hungers and thirsts for the bread of life which your sermon ought to contain? Must the few go away feeling that the minister has little respect for them, but a great deal for the crowd? Away

with this paltry spirit! Let the minister be true to his religion, and remember that 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and many confess their vanity by what they say of small congregations. Preach with your whole soul to the few or many. They come to worship God, and not merely to hear you. Step not, by your vanity, between God and them; but preach with honest sincerity, and it may please God to so bless your labor that it shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine in the unlearned hearer."

Referring to his lectures in 1850, in a letter to Rev. J. S. Dennis, he says:

"I have had a series on *Duties and Dangers*. I have finished all but two — one on the Use of Sects and Parties, or Decision and Charity; the other on Religion is Life. They will number ten, — all fully written, and each occupying an hour in delivery. I like the popularity of these lectures, because my people are so well satisfied, and it is encouraging, too, after the ups and downs of my life here."

The next winter, another series, on City Scenes and Characters, were equally successful, and his audience was not confined to those of his own denomination. Many not of his household of faith were his attentive listeners through the whole season. For the first time in his life, during these two winters, he began to yield a little to his failing health, and while the lecture season lasted he held only morning and evening services. To Rev. A. D. Mayo he writes, in the winter of 1851:

"Nothing but the hope of writing to you with some prospect of a better condition of body could have made me so long silent, and now I write because 'delays are dangerous.' I have been wretchedly sick these two months, though I have managed to do what necessity seemed to press upon me, sometimes to my advantage, at other times terribly to my injury. * * * * The fates would have it that my worst days should be Saturday, leaving me a fragmentary being on the Sabbath. But I have preached every Sabbath, and some-

times — Heaven help me! — three times. So I have gone on till now; and now I consider myself some — a good deal — better. But here is my danger: a slight exposure, especially to wet or dampness, injures me, and I do not venture from home hardly any, not even 'down town.' I regret this; for it seems to me my life is idle. I do nothing but write my lectures; and those, thus far, have been written in pauses of pain. They are on *City Scenes and Characters*, and have been attended by a crowded congregation. We are to commence next Sabbath to have only morning and evening services, to my great joy.

"Of course I need not say how glad we shall be to see you and C——, and of the good things we will do to make our fireside pleasant. We have a new stove in our sitting-room, with an open grate, that gives a cheerfulness to the place we have never seen before. Come, and *feel* it.

"I feel just like writing C—— a letter; but I have heard she said I only let one know me little by little, which I suppose is the fact, and I know not whether she has learned enough of me for me to venture on a letter."

But a few of his many letters to the correspondents of his *Repository* containing advice, criticism, and encouragement, are in my possession. From among these I select a few extracts. They were written to a young friend in whom he felt a deep spiritual as well as intellectual interest.

August 2d, 1850:

"Your letter gratified and saddened me. I was glad to hear you were *at home*, but sorry to learn you were unwell. When I first met you, I saw at once you were living too fast, — too much of mental excitement was on you, — and whatever takes your attention creates an intensity of devotion. Remember we are made of muscles, as well as nerves, and the one is to the other what the strong arm of the masculine is to the feminine in the wearying walk. I do not believe we ever work the mind too much; but we may and do work it too exclusively in one department of effort, and to the neglect of the body. There is one matter in connection with your

health that you must let me refer to; and that is, the development of your mind is such, that you must see things as a poet; the suggestive power of nature and events will bring home to you a stimulus greater than what others, unlike you, would get from books, and things will affect you that the prosaic will pass by without thought or notice. Southey says, in his autobiography, 'There is an evil, too, in seeing all things like a poet; circumstances which would glide over a healthier mind sink into mine; everything comes to me with its full force; the full meaning of a book, a gesture, a child's imperfect speech, I can perceive, and cannot help perceiving.' Now, in this way what a constant and powerful stimulus was ever present to him in the field of vision, and what a necessity was thus occasioned for attending to all the requisites of giving a healthy tone to the physical system! But beyond this is another need — the need of religion, that gives GOD to lean upon, to look up to, to find a constant refuge and strength. I was happy in reading your letter, because it breathed a *religious* spirit; and let me say, not merely professionally but as your friend, that it is the Christian spirit which best helps the removal of bodily infirmities, by giving hope in immortal life, by turning the thoughts to the thankful view of earth and earthly things, and by causing the cheerful soul to 'smell the rose above the mould.'

"I write in haste — in a little pause while waiting for tea — and send you my best hopes that you will take good care of the 'earthen vessel' that contains 'heavenly treasure,' and that God will have you in his keeping."

Feb. 15th:

"Just as I had closed the morning blessing at our table your letter was handed in to me, and, though I am in haste to meet duties, I must write a few thoughts to you. Your letter says just enough to make me curious to know more. It gives, as the physicians would say, but part of the symptoms of your trouble. Your difficulties seem to be plainly religious difficulties; and Carlyle somewhere says, that all our spiritual maladies are resolved into our opinions. The question is, what form does opinion take to disturb you? Whence come the unrest and the wrestling of soul? What is the image on

the cloud, angel or demon? Should not the beauty of the day on which you wrote be symbolical to you, with its blue sky seen through the broken clouds? Clouds are transient — they are made to be broken; but high above them, overarching with eternal beauty, are the heavens of God, like the permanent love of the Great Father for all his intelligent creation.

"A dear friend, now in heaven, once said to me on her death-bed, 'It was you that showed me the little narrow path that led me out of the woods.' And what was that path? It was simply this: Do not ask a religious experience for which nature has not fitted one. Some are all feeling, others all thought, and yet others are merely animally excited. See what your temperament is; take the love of God to your heart; let it work according to your personal nature, your peculiar individuality, and serene hopes will be yours. She was tormented perpetually by friends anxious to keep her mind on the rack, but they could not shake her confidence in God, now that she discovered that her greatest trouble was the attempt to get the religious experience of a class of persons who were satisfied with mere feeling, and who never, like herself, *weighed* the great questions of partial or universal love. When I once asked her how she was, when we thought her dying, she answered, 'The waters grow more and more shallow; I shall soon be on the bank.' She got beyond the depths that troubled her, and then she seemed to herself to be ascending towards the banks of deliverance.

"Now, my dear friend, let me lead you in the path to Him who is the light of the world. Tell me specially your troubles. Pour out your soul in the greatest confidence, and God will help me to help you. I cannot bear to think that 'the light that is around you is growing dim,' unless it be the passing of the morning star into the radiance of the rising sun. It *never* will be a trouble to me to hear any tale of the heart's struggles where there is a desire for spiritual light.

"Take this as a rule of thinking on revealed religion: Do not ask for a kind of evidence of the great truths of God, which the case will not admit of. We see, in our highest estate, as through a glass, darkly; only in heaven can we see face to face — unshadowed, unobscured truth. Faith is our guide. We must not ask to *see*, but as, in times of sorrow and sickness, we have loved to shut our eyes and lie down on

our mother's breast, and find peace there in a simple consciousness of her mighty and prevailing love, so must it be with us, and our repose on the bosom of the Father, who gave love to our mother's heart."

April 1st:

"I attempted yesterday to write to you, and to-day the spring air recalled you, and I said to-day must see a missive on its way to ———. A new incentive came with your letter just received. It has made me happy by its joyous spirit. I am glad the spring has balm for you, and the violets will bloom as little pieces of the great veil — dropped to let the glory through — our Father mercifully draws between time and eternity, that this life may be seen to have its beautiful things. I am sorry you are weak. Guard against too *intense* a life, whether of study, affection, or anything else good. The candle burns out quicker when the breeze keeps fanning it, and its light is not so steady and beautiful.

* * * * "Don't think I offer praise professionally. I never did that to any writer. God has given you a rich nature, and I would have it carefully worked, as we say of a gold mine. * * * * Write when the mood is on you. Write as the bird sings, the brook runs, the violet blooms under the oak, and you will write what will be read, and that will go of 'its own sweet will' singing through the brain.

"I am going to commence with the July number a series of 'Letters to Amie.' They will be letters to clear up doubts and questionings, to give strength, comfort and hope. I shall meet your case, and you must read them just as though sent direct. Help me to make them right by telling me your needs, your doubts, your questionings. I will take them all into the Mount of Transfiguration, and glorify them in the light of the prophets and Jesus. * * * * Tell your friends I am very harmless, and my heresy is only loving what God has created me to love — the whole race for time and eternity."

He fulfilled his plan of writing a series of letters for the *Repository*, such as he proposed to his

young friend. They were published in the twentieth volume, under the title of "A Plea for Universalism, specially to Women, in Epistles to Amie."

Under date of May, 1850, I again quote from letters to Mr. Mayo on various subjects:

"Would n't it be delightful to set up a private telegraph! Then we could defeat those now unsuccessful interruptions that make us leave the half page written, and the letter unsent. Here I 've tried these many long weeks to get something on paper readable, and in desperation write this morning to say, our convention comes off at Woonsocket next week. Will you not come? Br. B—— and lady will be glad to entertain us. The ride is pleasant from here, carrying us through beautiful villages along the winding Blackstone, and we always have good meetings when we get there.

"I was very glad to get your 'Letter from the Country.' I like it much, especially the thought on *religious* poets. The hardest thing in the world is, to make people understand that what impresses them religiously is the highest kind of religious ministration, whatever may be the medium. Why, yesterday I saw a picture of Christ preaching; representatives of all classes were around him, but there was one face that wore the lineaments of gospel grace that spake to me, held me, haunted me, and would not let me go; and that was, and is, more than many sermons. I felt it was a *human* face; and yet what a *divine* work, I said, must be done in the soul whose high privilege it is to wear such a face — calm, serene, yet with infinite depths of feeling, thought and reverence! What you say of reform poets is quite true, for more than nine tenths of that kind of poetry is murderous passion; passion which, if thrown into acts, would be eminently destructive of good, as well as evil.

"At their yearly meeting, on Monday last, some three or four new measures were adopted by my society, showing the life that animates the members; one, especially, pleased me. Two members of the society are to visit the Sabbath-school every Sunday, and in this way we shall get a visit from all in the course of the year. I have a Bible class now, of adults, in connection with the school, and hope to do some good."

July 22nd:

"We have been enjoying, in the deep places of feeling, the foretaste of Tennyson's new volume. Yesterday we read two notices, and I long to get the book. It will fit my mood better than any volume of poetry I have known. In reading some extracts in the *Literary World*, I was struck with the power of association in giving force to the language of the poet. E—— A—— has the most delicious remembrance of sitting with her sewing, when a girl, at the window of her home, and hearing the mellowing pears drop, and the mowers on the hill-side opposite the house, and the verse that touched her the quickest was that luscious one:

'O, sound to rout a brood of cares, —
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears!'

"What a poem is that to which this verse belongs! How much a few words can do in picturing! To be able to appreciate such a work, to drink in its life, and feel it freshening the soul, as a cool breeze runs through the hair and clears the brain, — what a joy to be thankful for! Among my holiest thoughts is gratitude, that though God gave me none of the gifts of genius, he has given me, in some instances, to know where genius lies; to be stirred by its awakenings; to be lifted heavenward by the stroke of its wings, as a little boat is helped onward by the wake of the steamer as it passes."

He also mentions in this letter his intention of immediately preparing a memoir of Mrs. C. A. Jerauld, better known as a writer, by the familiar name of "Charlotte." Her life was a good illustration of the truth, that worth and talent, to be appreciated, need only to be known. Suddenly, from obscurity, she dawned upon us, and the glad, sunny light of her intellect had found a welcome in many a warm heart, when she as suddenly vanished. Soon after her introduction into literary life, she became the inti-

mate friend of Mrs. Mayo; their names became associated; and now the memoirs of "Sarah" and "Charlotte" lie side by side, as twin spirits, in the library of many a Universalist woman.

About five years previous to this date "Charlotte" had been called home. Some delay had occurred in preparing her Memoir; and, at last, he who had first introduced her into a new life, was called upon to fulfil the last office to her pleasant memory. He says:

"I have a singular shrinking from the attempt at this late day; but the new discipline of mind will be of service, and it may be I can so open the interior life of Charlotte when she was here with us visibly, as to encourage some soul that needs the favor."

During the month of August he accomplished this work, and a few extracts from a notice of it by Rev. T. S. King, published in the *Universalist Quarterly*, will tell his success:

"Most of 'Charlotte's' writings we read in the *Lady's Repository*, as they were originally published; but we have taken a new and far deeper interest in them since we have become acquainted with the soul of the woman, through the portrait drawn by her acquaintance and friend, Mr. Bacon. We have read the 'Memoir' with great interest, profit, and delight. It was prepared, as all memoirs should be written, by one whose heart was in the work; and yet he seems to have succeeded perfectly in 'guarding equally against the exaggerations of friendship, that makes questionable the verity of a record, and that cold, critical analysis of character, which sees no difference between the anatomy of the body and the soul, and which, having no enthusiasm, can communicate none to the reader.' In his execution of the delicate task, Mr. Bacon has produced a sweet, graceful, touching narrative, most felicitously written, and evincing, on every page, the skilfulness of sincerity and the discrimination of affectionate insight. It is altogether the best production, in every respect, we have met from the author's glowing and fertile pen.

"No better service could be done for the ignorance or

prejudice of one who imagines that Universalism is unable to foster a deep spiritual life, than to put in his hand the 'Memoirs of Mrs. Mayo and Mrs. Jerauld.'

"We might quote from this Memoir many passages of most just and timely discrimination in regard to the elements of Christian character, and the true method of writing the life of a friend. But our space forbids us.

"We cannot refrain, however, in closing, from quoting a few lines which express the prominent elements in 'Charlotte's' character, — her humorous cheerfulness and piety, — and which, for the beauty of their imagery, would surely do no disgrace to Jeremy Taylor. Speaking of the former quality, Mr. Bacon says: 'It poured out its affluence as a bird sings, as a brook glitters, as the phosphorescence of the sea charms the voyager; but, as that bird could fly heavenward, and that brook hold its course to the river, and that phosphorescence took nothing from the majesty and glory of the sea, so the mind and heart of "Charlotte" possessed all the loftier and holier tendencies.'"

In September, 1850, my husband attended the General Convention of Universalists, which was held that season at Buffalo. After its adjournment, with a company of friends, he visited Niagara Falls for the first time. The events of this journey were replete with interest to him, and his letters home were full of enthusiasm.

His letters home! No beauty of scenery, no charm of social life, no fatigue, could make him neglect these daily messages. He did not glean pleasure for himself alone; he took with him always the mind and tastes of those he loved; and what he knew would most please them he pictured with his pen. The same thoughtfulness with which he travelled, he also read. Whenever he found passages that suited the peculiar taste of any member of the family, they were sure to be retained for them. When prevented, by various cares, from gratifying my own inclination to read, I failed not to find the best pas-

sages in a new book, or the choicest reading in favorite papers, marked, and lying upon my table.

"His never-wearying care"

was always around us. The part that he took in the services of the Convention at Buffalo was the one often assigned him on such occasions — the sermon preparatory to the rite of communion. He says, in a letter to me:

"My subject this time was the 'Preciousness of Christ;' and I preached, as I often do at home, free from all notes. Some resolutions were brought up by the council in reference to the death of Stephen R. Smith, and Dr. Ballou and myself spoke to them. I was one among the chosen committee to visit his widow and children to tender them the deep sympathies of the denomination."

He often afterwards alluded to that interesting interview with the family of one whom he called "a bright and shining light," "an eloquent man, mighty in the Scriptures."

From his letters home from the Falls I make a few extracts:

"Here I am at Niagara! I have seen the Falls! They are visible glory. All my dreams, speculations, imaginings, and fancies, are nothing. They are less than an infant's breath to the freshness of congregated winds. I was overwhelmed; not as when the terrible thunder breaks forth at night, or when some astounding event has taken place, — the effect was first melting. I could have crept away to weep and pray, but I was with others. I pressed forward, and the grandeur came on me like a mighty thought that holds you captive for a while; — you are charmed, and you feel a new being has come. I was more than met with all I had imagined, except the sound. I had expected to hear the noise from a distance; but the noise — the deep-toned music, rather — did not thunder to my hearing at all. The roar was very sonorous, but it had altogether a different effect from the loud

roar of an organ. It soothed rather than agitated my nerves, and seemed a fitting accompaniment to such splendid beauty.

* * * * *

"Since I commenced this sheet, I have been to see the Falls by moonlight; and, if the day gave glory, the night gave a holier phase.

"The air was more like what we are told of Italy than I ever knew it. The moon seemed determined to do her best; and no language can give the faintest idea of the ecstasy I enjoyed, at the sight of a lunar bow, perfect in its arch, and the prismatic colors distinct. The mist that filled up the arch gave a most fairy appearance to the objects on the Canadian side, and the charm was perfect. I am willing to be called an enthusiast — anything; but the transcendent emotions of that night will live with me to affect my whole being for good. Standing there, I recalled and spoke to Bro. C. of Jeremy Taylor's similitude: 'If you *will* not have mercy in Time, you *shall* have justice to all Eternity; for mercy is the rainbow that never shines at night.' 'Here it is,' said I, 'beautiful, enrapturing, sublime. Here it is,' I repeated, 'emblem of mercy in the night of the grave, — mercy in eternity, when the grandest might of God will be most beautiful, because of his fatherly love.' I tore myself away from the spot, wet and cold, but I moved amid fascinating rainbows that the darkness of the deep enclosures of the forest could not banish from my sight. They crowned my couch and beautified my dreams. They are with me, when night is darkest, to waken songs of praise. When I return I will rapture you with my talk of this wonder."

To the eldest of his boys he wrote on a pictured sheet of Niagara:

"The picture you see above is a very good representation of a great wonder I came here to see. It is one of the greatest exhibitions of the power of the Creator. I looked on with awe. I felt as if I knew more of God than ever before, and gazed on the world of waters as though all the seas in the world had mingled with one channel, and were rushing impetuous into the vast depths before me. I went first to the American side. The path leads through a beautiful forest

The trees shone grandly in the clear sunlight of this splendid autumn day, and ever and anon, through the opening, I caught sight of the rushing rapids. * * * * *

"We went up into a high tower to see afar off up the river, and as far as the eye could reach the waters were foaming, and came rushing and tumbling, tossing and heaving, dancing and leaping, on and on, till they fell over the precipice into a vast reservoir. And, only think, H——, these waters, with such an immeasurable flow, keep rolling on, night and day, year after year! As you study the geography of the West, the lakes and rivers of this part of the land, remember what I have seen, and think of these mighty waters as fed by the great lakes. Think of the outlet here given to them, and think how good God is to unite so much beauty and grandeur with the work of his power. There is nothing that I want you more to cultivate, that belongs to things of the outward world, than a love for the beautiful. It will give you the best pleasure. It is a kind of happiness that can easily be had. The beauties of nature are near; they are of great varieties; nothing is charged for seeing them, and they never harm us. Little M—— loved all the things of heaven and earth. The sight of water, running water, was her delight; and she found a great deal of enjoyment in seeing flowers and trees, the clouds and streams. I am always glad when I find you inclined to look at the good things God has made. His pictures are better than man's painted ones. To stand at the head of a street and make a picture to your sight of what you see, is better than to see a painting. Try it. I am very tired, but I write this, wishing to make you happy. Tell little E—— all you can about the picture on this sheet. Remember your father, who prays that you may be good."

In his pulpit — where he seldom failed to take a new experience, whether it came to him from the natural, moral, or religious world — he gave a glowing picture of his memory of Niagara, from which I make a few extracts:

"I do not shrink from uttering my thoughts on beholding the great wonder of Niagara; for am I not constantly speaking of God, and is He not greater than his works? Are not

the moral sublimities of 'the glorious gospel of the blessed God' grander than any sights which salute the eye? And is it not my joy to communicate some of the 'unsearchable riches of Christ,' to enrich the poor in faith? I know nothing of shrinking from uttering reverent thought. Uttered reverence saves the world. We may shrink from attempting to be eloquent; we may decline to make Niagara's cloud of eternal incense a mantle of glory for our own little form, or to walk through the depths of foam and sparkling sprays, that we may be crowned with rainbows. But to look into our hearts and speak what we really, spontaneously felt; to utter impressions made upon us; to tell the experience of the hour or the day; to thank God in the presence of the world for a new life; — all this is well, when done in singleness of heart and sincerity of soul. We need this from each other, that we may know how variously the same great object affects different persons, and learn from this the lesson of tolerance in reference to the various receptions of the same divine religion. The experience of some at Niagara is oppressive. They feel insignificant in the presence of magnificence. Their littleness is overwhelming. Not so with others. To them the universe is nothing, with all its perishable wonders, in comparison with one human soul. Spirit keeps its preëminence over matter; and all visible glory but ministers to its growth and expansibility. I could not feel otherwise than thus. I felt nothing of pride; but I did feel that God had made the human spirit more than the cataract, and hath a sublimer ministry for every soul than was ever given to the gathered seas.

"I had never been anxious to behold Niagara. I should never have ventured near it were there not some attraction for me in the neighborhood. I thought my imagination had more than pictured its greatness. I had read descriptions, gazed on pictures, counted up the detail of guide-books, and I thought my vision was great as the reality. But I thought only as the dreamy child. The greatness of the reality is unsearchable. I shall never dare again to set up my dream as a picture of God's reality in any portion of his works. To muse without seeing any work of God, is now to me but a preparation for seeing, or a very poor substitute for beholding the thing itself. Every wonder of which I have read has increased upon me, and I felt an expansion of mind by which my idea of a prairie became, from what I before had imag-

ined it, as an ocean in contrast with a pool. A more adequate thought of anything which God has wrought, does not stop with the thing thus better appreciated; but it goes forth to other things, which we feel we have degraded by our diminutive conceptions. When such results come from musing, the life of the soul is made better; it is the life of a sublime reach of thought, an intense sympathy with true greatness and grandeur, a holier nearness to God.

"The thoughts I brought away from Niagara I will briefly give.

"I was awe-struck with the thought that I was gazing on the greatest wonder of its class. Here was the acknowledged glory of flowing waters. There is something exceedingly impressive in the idea that we have reached the climax in any series of grand and beautiful objects. All I had to do was, not to expect ever to behold more in breadth and fulness, but to take in the detail of the visible glory. It recalled my religious faith; the climax of broad views of the redemption in Christ, requiring me not to seek for loftier conceptions of the fulness of God's love, but to enter more into the moral and practical details, that I may see more of the spiritual beauty which exists in its sublime comprehensiveness.

"I was impressed with the fact, that the grandest expression of power, of irresistible might, was the sublimest exhibition of beauty. The first and the latest impression, on beholding the Falls, was of an unapproachable, entrancing, enrapturous beauty. I felt, as never before, the religion of beauty, and thought how affluent God was in the bestowment of beauty on the commonest of all things — water, above, around, beneath; in the rain, the dew, the snow, the mist; the brightness of the earth, the brilliant drapery of the heavens. I wrote upon my heart this truth: All power in God is beautiful. To look upon the lakes gives little prophecy of the spectacle of beauty they are to exhibit; you must go beyond the sublime bend; and little is the spectacle of beauty, to which the progress of the divine purposes in time tend, prophesied by anything we can see. We must go beyond the bend where time mingles with eternity.

"The *sound* of the everlasting flow happily disappointed me, and thus gave me thoughts of comfort. To hear the Almighty is better than to imagine his speech. I had expected

to hear thunderings and roarings, and had prepared my nerves for the weakening effect which the heavy bass of a loud organ has upon me, the vibration sometimes taking away all my strength. But nothing of this was there. The sounding flow was sonorous and smooth, and had a most blessed influence to soothe and quiet, rather than to increase excitement. It suggested to me ideas of deep-seated strength, steadiness of purpose, the majestic advance of glorious destiny, the deep, low, and yet sublime bass of nature's choral. It floated out on the air that waited to receive it, as the apostles took and bore abroad the word of Christ.

"Last of all, the *motion* of that mighty breadth and depth of waters haunts me. To look upon the rapids above, and see their turbulence, their violent agitations, and the impetuous hastening of their million waves, one would expect to see a wild and tumultuous rushing of the mass of waters into the gulf beneath. But it is not so. They come as an excited and stormy multitude, pressing on where some great object of wonder or admiration attracts them, and just where we dread disorder and shame, the vast concourse falls into an orderly and even solemn phalanx, and presents a front of commanding majesty. There does seem to be a pause in the waters of Niagara before they take their descent, and, as you fix your eyes upon them at that point, the sight is exceedingly impressive. After the turn is once made, then the waters open like the beautiful distribution of royal bounty into a thousand details of gracious beneficence. What a touching exhibition of commanding dignity where, above and below, all is excitement and commotion! Faint symbol of the steady purpose of Almighty God, to which all the changing flow of circumstances is made to contribute."

"Onward, then, let the mighty torrents and the dashing and tossing waves rush, to force their tributes into the majestic flood; and there, as the eternal cloudy pillar rises to the heavens, let intelligent souls see God and own the magic of his beautiful power. Still minister to others, Monarch of all pouring seas! as thou hast ministered to me; and let the deep of thy matchless beauty call to the deep of 'the beauty of holiness' in the heart of the reverent worshipper of God. Thou, through ages, but wearest thy way to grander heights and a broader flow, imaging the destiny of the human soul,

by the infinite love of Him who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand."

As was his habit, he recorded many events of this journey in verse,—"Wayside Sonnets." His mother, whom he met at Buffalo, is the subject of one:

"'T was in a city distant from my home,
I sought the temple of the festal throng;
The voice of eloquence rang 'neath the dome,
And rapt devotion swelled the choral song.
The rites were closed — the *Amen* lingered still,
As lives the crimson when the sun is gone;
I saw an eye whose glance my soul could thrill;
I heard a voice, the earliest to me known;
It was my mother, and her kiss she gave,
The dearest welcome that my heart can know;
And then I prayed, when grace my soul shall save,
Upon the temple steps with her to go,
In that far city built alone by God,
Whose golden streets are ne'er by mortals trod."

That prayer was answered. Upon the "temple steps," "in that far city," one lingered not long for the other.

Another sonnet alludes to a long-remembered Sabbath passed at Utica, N. Y., in the home of Rev. E. Frances:

"Peace to this Christian home! the peace of God,
That calms and soothes the unquiet pulse of care,
And bids sweet thoughts, like flowers that bloom the sod,
To spring to birth, and hallow all the air.
I had been roaming on a restless wing,
And in 'mine inn mine ease' I could not take;
But thou, sweet home, thy balmy rest did bring!
I slept to pain — then saw the Sabbath break,
As breaks the glory of celestial life
On raptured eye of new-born soul in heaven,
Who gazes back on earthly feuds and strife,
And kneels in worship for redemption given.
If prayer of mine can reach the august throne,
What hallowed peace shall in this home be known!"

Another is the memory of a morning call at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Sawyer, Clinton, N. Y.:

"Mine is a vision of sweet rural beauty;
A home that nestles 'mid the bowering trees,
Where love gives charm to every form of duty,
And in his works the great Creator sees.
The ruddy youths with rustic chaise are playing,
And graceful maidenhood the scene adorns;
The gentle mother, morning cares delaying,
Soothes the dear infant, and to converse turns.
The pictured walls recall the Saviour's story,
And how the beautiful may pass away!
While there, half read, the tale of him, the hoary,
Who wrought for Christ, nor yet hath closed his day.
The gold-plumed bird that chirped to me a greeting,—
All, all are seen, though transient was our meeting."

Home thoughts, "sweet and kind," go with him everywhere:

"Here, by the peaceful Mohawk's flow, my thought
Takes wing for home, its quiet, and its love;
Not all the power the mightiest force e'er wrought
Can bear me hence, or bid my thought remove.
I'm with thee, dearest, in that home of ours,
By death made sacred, and by love made dear;
I spend with thee the mellow twilight hours,
The sports of children and their laugh I hear.
A balmy freshness to my spirit given,
Wakes thought intense to run our history o'er,
And like a bird that knows its home is heaven,
My prayer is winged to him our souls adore.
I feel thy presence, like my mother's blessing,
The tenderest love for humblest me confessing."

A lake scene, by moonlight, is the subject of another:

"The moon crept up above the hill, and lo!
The broad lake quivered with the flashing light;
I soon forgot the daylight's gorgeous show,
And gazed enraptured on the broadening sight.
It seemed unreal, and I thought I dreamed,
So very beautiful each dancing wave;
And that bright path where full the moonlight beamed,
Would win my step, the Cephas path to brave.

I thought of him — the strong to dare, not do,
And hallowed feeling wrapped my soul in prayer;
More solemn grew the scene, — a spirit hue
Made holy every wave, and tinged the air
With a strange beauty, like the thought of God
When trusting souls the trial path have trod."

Seven other sonnets, descriptive of scenes and events, are among this series. They are filled with a love of nature, and a kindly sympathy alive to every expression of friendship.

"He brought an eye for all he saw;"

and his records of this journey are further proof of how completely he lived with his pen in his hand.

In looking over the *Repositories*, I find near this date a lively article in reference to some repairs that were being made upon the store of his friend, Mr. Tompkins. "38 Cornhill" had long been a favorite resort of clergymen on Monday mornings and festival occasions; and, as the office of the *Repository*, it had for many years been a spot dear to the editor. For this cause, together with the genial humor that pervades the article, and its pleasant allusion to a few clerical friends, I give almost entire his "Farewell to the Old Stove."

"'But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.'

"We stumbled in upon chaos the other morning. The renowned, the classical, the quizzical, the spiritual '38 Cornhill, Boston,' was 'being' ruinated! What a spectacle for such a sympathetic nature as ours! What an 'intensifying' effect it had upon our tender sensibilities! The 'process' was perfectly 'exhaustive,' and we should have wept in very weakness if the dust had not made every energy necessary to keep away the blinding cloud from filling our eyes. And then, too, how could we afford the time to weep, as but a moment was given us to take a last and lingering look at the memorials of the past, so soon to be hewn down by the battle-axe of improvement? And then the thought came, this is the

second ruin we have witnessed here! Here stood that fabric which always inspired awe as we passed it in early manhood. Solemn faces, belonging to forms in black clothing, were seen in the dusky light of the stairway, ascending and descending, and it seemed as though the fates of the eternities were all arranged above that winding stairway. Many a figure, seen going up there, seemed to possess wonderful courage; and the very fact that it was seen going up without trembling, settled the happy issue, and the poet sung right:

'And, moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.'

What a day was that when we first entered the mysterious retreat, — that seven-by-nine little closet over the entry, and by the solitary window saw the transformations of a Monday morning in clerical speech and manners! What merry and what solemn things were there heard! What boundless wit and good humor from the *King*ly soul of the circle; what shrewd sayings and keen common-sense apprehension of the vulnerable point in an argument or illustration from the king's *Paige;* what ecstasies of feeling and felicities of thought and speech from the dear soul whose cough at the late festival came in like the *Selah* of the Psalms! And there, too, was that *Balloun* of wit and wisdom, rising so majestically and gravely, and then sailing off so fancifully and gayly, that you hardly know how it is possible for one, so penetrating into the very heart of things, to sport so vivaciously with the bubbles on the surface. And there, too, with his readiness to take a subscriber's name, sell a book, answer a squib, write an editorial, reply to an argument, or tell a story, was the well-fleshed *Trumpet*er, not a whit more disinclined to take part in all social chat and friendly controversy, than if the stores of the *Magazine* were not to be supplied by him. And there was also the warm *Basin*, ready to receive any hand that it could make cleaner and more friendly, and 'open as day to melting charity' towards those whose Monday's enjoyment depended on their having in prospect a place for preaching the next Sabbath. And moving in and out were the young aspirants after the honors and martyrdoms of the ministry, like young trees bending and swaying around the 'brave old oak.' What a bene-

diction was the presence of that old soldier of the cross! His presence reminded of a thousand battles fought and won; and we took courage, as we went out from his sight, to pour our earnestness into the labors of the week and the next Sabbath efforts. What a grand progress was made when the room was enlarged, a settee in place of a bench, a desk to write on, and a carpet! It seemed then that the denomination was really something; and we rose far more proudly up the stairs, conscious that we were entering the audience-chamber of the great. Down went stairway and room; and, when the new building went up, our associations of delight were narrowed by the broadened avenue of entrance. And now the second must go, with all its eleven years' memories, — the floor worn by the passing to and fro of 'the brethren,' the gyrations on the heel, as the puzzled or too happy one ground the boards as he turned round and round.

"What a pleasant front had that pilgrim's Mecca! One step, and you rose to the threshold of the door, on either side of which were broad windows, so often made alcoves, into which 'the brethren' would retire by couples, to talk over the tremendous issues of an 'exchange,' some 'agitating sermon,' or a new settlement. There the seeker for 'a new minister' has stood, holding the button of some hopeful candidate, or pressing the fraternal hand on the shoulder, as though measuring the extent of the breadth there to take the responsibility of the office of a minister for the times. What instances of warfare with the beast and the dragon have there been related; what items of ministerial exposure and adventure; what quirks in singular developments of human nature have there been told with all the jocose additions of a clerical imagination affected by the reäction of a Monday morning! These corners were not dark, but richly lighted, — for Universalists ought to talk over their affairs and prospects in the light; and we have been amused to see the sun doing its best to make bright the broad back of some black-clothed genius, the reflection of the sashes squaring off the divisions of the sunshine, like the various 'settlements' of some young and happy minister who knows only of different districts of sunshine. How the morning quiet of some secluded talkers has here been broken in upon by the rapid entrance of some free and easy, noisy-salutation brother, who shakes

'to all the liberal air,
The dust and din and steam of town!'

The long line of spectral forms, dotted here and there with white neckcloth, is seen no more; and that sight of passing wonder, beyond the counter and the post, the Old Stove, is removed. Will nobody stop this march of — no, this rush and tumble of improvement? Cannot one Old Stove be spared? Must we part with our warmest friend? How could the sun look down through that square of lights in the ceiling, and give aid to the nefarious business of making that 'colored' friend of ours 'a fugitive from service?' We never saw such meek submission as we witnessed in the 'arrest' of that Old Stove. Venerable friend! would that we could have taken thy part in that hour of destruction! To think what kindly warmth thou hadst diffused around so many circles; what bowels of mercies had been thine; what a fiery heart could be tamed to manifest only the warmth that cheers but harms not, like the wine of the gods, that exhilarates but does not intoxicate! What a fate to be reserved for such goodness, was that we saw before thee! 'New birds for new cages,' seemed to be the voice issuing from thy depths, running through thy pipes out upon the morning air. This *is* a wicked world, Old Stove! No better evidence can be asked for than the treatment reserved for you. What have you done that you should be discarded? To be removed for a time, like a miner to search for new riches in the dusty realms of old things, might be very well; but to be borne away, never to be replaced in power and authority, that is too bad! New building, new stove! But thou shalt have revenge! When didst thou ever refuse to answer a draft, to make all discounts needed to fill with the one thing needful the exhausted treasuries of the chilled and frozen? And when thy mouth was opened, was it to give any other but the warmest welcome? Let them have their furnaces, Old Stove, and they will soon wish thee back again. The heat of a hidden furnace is like hearing a friend without seeing him; and if it is pleasant to see the lip move, and the eye kindle, and the cheek wear the suffusing of sensibility, then is the stove better than the furnace. And then, too, what theologian loves to think about *furnaces?* They are the most difficult things in the world to spiritualize. We cannot help thinking of the plains of Dura and old Nebu-

chadnezzar and the golden image (the golden image might be pleasant to some, if it was not by the side of the fiery furnace), and what comfort is there in the poetry of a furnace that always burns best on warm days, and will not let you see what it is that is blessing you when you cry, 'Poor Tom's a cold'?

"We are serious in our regard for our venerable friend. Our readers will not doubt our seriousness. They must have felt it. And 'is there not a cause?' 'Thy friend and thy father's friend forsake not,' and, especially, when there has been a great warmth of friendship, giving a full return for all bestowments, kindled to intensity of heat by every appropriate appliance, keeping even its ashes alive that no man should make a lye out of them. We should have secured a daguerreotype of our venerable colored friend, had there been any opportunity, but there was not. It seems too bad that it should be so. It would be some comfort to look upon even the shadow of his ebony phiz, and his tall form so evidently made for use, and not for mere ornament. He was tall and compact, bearing every evidence of having been well fed and with fine digestive organs. He was never troubled with the dyspepsia. His coat was generally clasped, — he disdained buttons, — but when it was thrown open, there was every evidence that he had a kindly bosom and a warm heart. He wore a pointed frill about his neck, very much after the Queen Elizabeth fashion; the points thereof were very sharp, seemingly to give warning of the character of the old hero, 'Touch me rashly, and you will get hurt.' Despite all the changes in the fashions, he stuck to the conical hat, and was always as prim as any could desire a great personage to be. He had a queer way with his arms; they were always stretched up over his head, reaching up to the sky-light, to waft away, as with a blessing, the incense of his smoking pipe. Whatever of wrong thought may have been indulged in at any time in presence of our old friend, no man can say that that venerable African ever pointed to anything earthly, for he always piped a heavenward suggestion, like the lark, 'soaring as he sings.' What a song he would pipe, some blustering winter morning, when his whole vocal apparatus had an extra clearing, and the whistle was in perfect order! Sometimes people would look in, as they rushed through Franklin avenue, to see if the law had

not been invaded by a steam engine being placed in the store. And what a warm backer did many a one find our friend to be while writing a letter at the desk! — many a greeting being sent forth abounding with a warmth that the writer or reader little thought of attributing to the right source. What a richness of color, strange as it may seem, did our black friend bring to the countenances of those who stood up and faced him! Wrinkled faces have been smoothed, and a rose hue has tinted the cheek late so pale and sallow, 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' When the ladies came (for, old friend, many and beautiful did come to thy charmed circle), so readily did they receive the cordial welcome of their ardent servant, that they always expressed a *fan*ciful want, and a *trumpet* was transformed into a fan to cool their cheek and brow. A strange life did our Old Stove live. How nobly did it stand up there, half way between discussions of business and the knotty things of theology! What changes of opinions and methods has it heard plead for and adopted! What greetings for new comers into the circle; the critical as ready to penetrate to the salient points of character, as its warmth was to enter the flesh and vivify the circulation! What a transformation of feeling in a western or eastern brother, who had been dreaming that 'distinctive Universalism' was exiled from Boston, but who found that the Old Stove had still its Murray fire! We well remember the coming of a dear brother from the South, and, as he stood there, he was a new stove, all a-burning, with the door wide open, the draught clear, the pipes singing. Our friend came with his heart alive to everything good, but with some ideas that the air of New England was to waft away. He was clear-spoken on any topic that came up; bold, uncompromising, steadfast to conviction; and, when the controversy waxed earnest and severe, how he would feel the extra heat of our endeared servant, and, snatching his hat from his head, thrust his fingers into his massive raven locks, and then drum a tat-too on the crown of his beaver! The *Stove* was too much for him, and he would rise and sway round in the area, with a Johnsonian stride and a little of a Johnsonian imperativeness. The moral, reformatory, evangelical warmth around the Old Stove vivified many a sympathetic thought then latent in his rich nature, and what a rivalship obtained between those two round, compact, large-breasted,

and large-hearted friends of ours, to contribute to the genialities of the place! The rapid fire of wit never came from a better marksman than he; and, as for a story, who could excel the power of his telling? 'A man of infinite jest,' jocund as the summer morning, yet as ready with kindly sympathy and sterling thought as if a Barnabas and Paul were united with Apollos, the 'eloquent man.' His freest humor never reminded you of defilement, but of high-bred joviality, where wit is in and wine is out; and things sacred were never profaned to add to the mirth of the moment. The Old Stove never played false, but was ever up to its promise; and so was it ever with thee, great-hearted friend! eloquent champion of truth and humanity, gentle as a lover's lute where the theme required it, and stirring as the peal of the mountain bugle, when the alarm must ring through the intricate windings of a worldly conscience."

"The work of ruin is consummated! The light above, the light and doors and walls around, are all gone; the thoroughfare is filled with rubbish, and we cannot, if we would, look in upon the deserted spot — the brave Old Stove removed. Well, be it so. Many a man stands yet in the place of power who may well envy thee, Old Stove, when his mission time on earth is ended, and who then must recall the consuming fact that he has permitted the fire of soul to burn, not to warm the kindly charities into livelier activity, and to give energy to the chilled love of liberty and right, but to shrivel up the enlarging sympathies of a humanity that was striving to give the speediest answer to the command of God, 'Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free!' 'Take away the Old Stove!' is better to be heard while its glory is acknowledged and its beneficence is diffusive. Surely, this has a significance to those whose creed tells them of a fiery furnace that will show its heat when the mortal stove is taken down. Farewell, Old Stove!

'I care not in these fading days
To raise a cry that lasts not long,
And round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise.'

"There has been dust enough stirred around thee in thy time, and now thou art *down*, poor Stove!"

At the close of the winter of 1851, to which I have before alluded as a season of much life and interest to his church, but of much physical weakness to him, he thus expresses himself in the conclusion of a letter to friend:

"The winter is over and gone. It has been a hard one for me. I was completely broken down, but I managed to preach every Sabbath, and got through well.

"Excuse this poor, rambling letter, and lay the sin to the charge of this north-east April storm, brewing in the air just now."

A request to preach two Sundays in Philadelphia, during May of this year, was responded to freely, from a desire, partly, to visit a favorite city, and partly from the hope of restoring somewhat his failing energies by the journey, and escaping for a brief time from the biting east winds, which, this season, seemed to reach his very springs of life.

An account of this journey he published in his *Repository*, entitled "A Week in Philadelphia." From these notes, which were his daily letters home, I make a few extracts, as his first written impressions of a city that was to become his last earthly home:

"The city of William Penn is a great and beautiful city. Our visits there have been sufficiently wide apart, by intervening years, to enable us to notice distinctly the changes which American progress produces in such a field as this. Venerable to the Christian and the patriot must Philadelphia ever be, by virtue of the moral beauty and majesty of its founder, and the scenes of the first Congress of the United Colonies, when, on the air of this city, floated the Declaration of Independence as read from the steps of 'Independence Hall,' and borne afar by the clang of the prophetic bell in the tower. Its regular streets, its imposing buildings, the vast and elegant show of marble, the one hundred and seventy churches, the banks, the public edifices, the parks, the presence of water in

abundance, its libraries and schools, render Philadelphia a gorgeous and wealthy place to the stranger, and a pride to the citizen. We went thither last May to spend two Sabbaths with our friends of the Locust-street Church ('the Church of the Messiah'), and now make a few notes of the many things we saw, and the thoughts they suggested. They are but our daily letters home. We left Providence on Friday evening, and the noon of the next day shone dimly on the city in the distance as we looked out to behold it. * * * *

"To avoid the smothering crowd of hackmen, we passed on with luggage in hand, though the rheumatic fiend had us 'on the hip;' but all along our way we were persecuted, first, by the patter of the drizzly rain, and, next, by the pattering feet of young runners, who thought it terribly wrong that 'a jintleman' should carry his own baggage. But the Exchange came in view, and the right kind of a curve brought us round to South Third street, where we were to find a friend whose countenance was ever present to our imagination as seen at our great festival — the meetings of the General Convention. The house was home to us, and there, in quiet freedom, we were to spend the home hours of a week in Philadelphia. The storm increased, and right merrily now sounded the rain as it made the glass of the windows its tambourine. In cheerful conversation the evening passed, and with thanks for a week's mercies, and hopes for the morrow, we slept, to find sleep 'nature's sweet restorer.'

"A rainy Sabbath! So it must be, and why make it more dreary by complaint and fretfulness? Let the fair weather be in the heart, and accept the day for what it is, a time of holiest culture for the soul. * * * * *

"Passing Dr. Furness' neat church, whose four marble columned portico gives it a fine appearance, we soon looked up to see the towers and building of the new Universalist church in Locust-street. It is one of the handsomest church edifices we have seen. We, of course, did not see it under circumstances favorable to a right appreciation of its beauty, as the confusion of the process of building was before us. But the proportions are most excellent; the style to our liking exactly; and we have no doubt the finishing of the whole will make this temple of worship a truly elegant and impressive church. It is situated, as we judged by a map, seven-eighths of a mile from

the nearest Universalist church, and the neighborhood of its location is most excellent. We trust our friends will be successful in their enterprise, for they are a body of warm and vigorous spirits, willing to do their part in the work of Christians. May the erection of this church be more than the opening of a new fountain or park, — a means of contributing to the moral health of humanity in the city. It is called 'The Church of the Messiah.' It will be dedicated, probably, in September or October of this year.

"Outside of the new church, in Locust-street, we saw little to remember that rainy Sabbath. We preached morning and evening; — first, on Saul at the martyrdom of Stephen, and second, on the Elements of the Blessedness of Faith. * * *

"The Sabbath is gone, — even while we sat talking with our host; for, to our astonishment, when taking our watch out to wind it up, we found the time a quarter past one. But, notwithstanding the wise talk of physiologists about a quiet brain for hours before retiring to insure good sleep, the benediction of that gracious power speedily descended, as though newly invented, and performed all that could be desired for a 'successful experiment.'

"Rain, rain, with the morning. This was not put into the bill of expectations when we came here, and it had the same effect on our ideal of the weather we were to enjoy, as the sight of a lady eating had on Byron, — the charm was gone. But the soul-barometer must point to 'fair weather' on its index; and so it did. We had entered with dutiful temper the school of self-reliance for *a week*, and, on the independent principle, live we would, that length of time. So the rain beat, and we did not care. The hail came rattling against the window panes, but we were in glory. The winds whistled and hallooed as though we were in the woods and they would help us out, but we heeded them not. They had got up a storm, and we a sermon. The storm is passed, but the sermon is left, bearing record in its imagery of the wild day on the forenoon of which it was written. It is the great lesson of Christian philosophy to put all ills into the body, keep them from reaching further, and thus preserve a controlling and conquering force in the citadel of the soul. It is sad to be imprisoned by the storm in a city whose beauties and wonders you fain would go forth to see; but the height of folly in such a case

is, to thrust one's self into an inner dungeon and the stocks, by fretfulness and wrestling with inevitable evil. The brain, in the little dome of this living organism of ours, is free from the pains that have beset it for months; and in a brief freedom from associations that remind of cares and anxieties, the spirit of existence seems endowed with new vitality and exuberant animation. We *will* be happy to-day.

"Morning again. Thank God for clear skies; for, notwithstanding we wind ourselves very high as spiritual beings, we are made to know that we have bones and joints and nerves to deal with. To-day the weather is extremely beautiful. The storm left us during sleep hours, and we have a purely bright and warm day. Though lameness reminded of body, the mind was active by curiosity, and forth we went, sauntering along the crowded streets, disposed to turn everything into contributions to a vast museum. * * * * *

"This evening, in-doors, we had a domestic picture, surpassing tableau or pantomime — the festival of a little boy's sixth birth-day. He was full of the matter; and, having assured us that we should be of 'the party,' and 'have some,' we became the poet of the occasion, and wrote a birth-day song. Harry is an imaginative boy, full of quirks and turns, wise saws and great sayings, and we had a merry time. The 'poetry' was read; the laugh was free, and then came Harry's 'treat;' and we were surely treated well; the bon-bons affording some rich specimens of amatory poetry, especially funny when drawn forth by a six-year-old pilgrim. Too little is made of those recurring seasons which ought to be marked as festival occasions, linking the past with the present, and setting up, as it were, memorial tablets to aid memory in looking back to bygone years. Quiet, happy, merry domestic festivals, uniting the old and the young of the family in one common sentiment, cannot but do good. They remind the parent very forcibly how years are passing, and what claims the increasing growth of his children makes upon him. It was a wise thing when the church embraced in its holy days a day commemorating the Holy Innocents who fell by command of Herod when the life of the infant Jesus was sought. How touchingly, on the recurrence of that day, might the Christian think on the various ways in which innocents have been

made to suffer by the theological Herods who have dashed out the joyous life of the heart!

"Wednesday afternoon, a ride was enjoyed in the carriage of 'mine host,' through the city, and a circuit of six miles on the return.

"The architecture in Philadelphia is, in general, of an imposing character. The long ranges of white marble-faced dwellings are very beautiful. The simplicity of their elegance is enhanced by the plain shutters which take the place of blinds with us.

"Passing beyond the boundaries of the city proper, we crossed the Schuylkill over the railroad bridge, and soon 'the common air *was* balm.' The Retreat for the Insane, with its fine walks and healthy prominence, woody shades and enlivening prospects, was met; and next the ample Alms-House, with its extensive grounds and healthy situation. Passing these, we entered a new burial-place — Woodland Cemetery. It was formerly the residence of a wealthy gentleman, who must have had delightful grounds when all were in order. His mansion was in the rear of a splendid array of forest trees of various kinds, many of which have been cut down. The land as you enter is singularly undulating, crowning and sloping with fine effect; the carriage paths, winding round amid pleasant scenes, carrying you to the rear of the mansion, from the platform or windows of which you have a fine view of the Schuylkill, and, in the distance, the Delaware. The house is in decay, and there is a hue of melancholy cast over the whole picture by the thoughts forced on one's mind by calling up the late owner and the splendor in which he once lived, the festal lamps and the garlands that once adorned the halls of the joyous. The ice-house of the old mansion is now the receiving-tomb. Where wines were cooled, the crimson current is now kept frozen.

"After leaving this lovely, but, to the imaginary, sad spot, we took our course through what is called West Philadelphia, enjoying the handsome cottages and neat grounds, and witnessing here and there the presence of the common intermixture of real worth and showy shams, specimens of a Quixotic taste run mad, the 'cottage' looking like nothing imaginable save a fantastically-dressed beauty in spasms. We took our way over a delightful eminence — Prospect Hill — and, describing

a graceful curve, we came to a fine turnpike road, and came over the Wire Bridge to Fairmount. Here is a grand resort for Philadelphians. By the water-works here the great city is supplied with water. They are situated on the east bank of the Schuylkill, two miles east of the city, occupying an area of thirty acres.

"Everywhere in the city the presence of water testifies to its abundance; and the shining white marble steps and the cleanly bright sidewalks give a sense of refreshment to the pilgrim from other and less watered cities.

"I well remember my impression when I first visited Fairmount, some sixteen years ago. I was in Philadelphia over the Sabbath, attended morning service at Lombard-street Church, and, in the afternoon, finding there were no churches open, I took a carriage with some dear friends, and visited Fairmount. For the first time I saw something approaching a Parisian Sabbath. For some distance, before the spot was reached, tables of refreshments gave a holiday look to the street; and when we arrived at our journey's end, what a multitude of people were seen! I found Fairmount a grand resort, as it is and must be for the city folk. The view of the Schuylkill and the high grounds of Fairmount is very beautiful as you approach them from the road leading to the Wire Bridge. Passing over the bridge, on either side are fine water scenes, which, beheld in the sunset light of May, gleamed brightly, diversified by all sorts of water craft, and enlivened by the darting here and there of the gay boats. It is a little singular that one item in the cost of these water-works was nine hundred and eighty-nine dollars for *whiskey*. It is one matter of rejoicing, in reference to the Cochituate (Boston) Water Works, that no intoxicating drinks were furnished to any of the workmen on the whole line of the works. This is but a contrast indicating the progress of attention to temperance principles.

"Leaving Fairmount, we hastened to the city, as the evening began to be dewy, passing, on our way, the singular combination of Catholic buildings facing on Schuylkill 6th street: First is the dwelling of the Sisters of Charity — a handsome white marble front; next is the magnificent Cathedral in progress — a good thing to look upon as a symbol of a steady faith, building with perfect confidence that a future of growth and

strength is yet before it; the next is the Jesuits' College, recently enlarged, extending from street to street. These edifices are ingeniously located with a real Papist's cautiousness; for, opposite to them, on Schuylkill-street, is Logan Square, and opposite to the end of the buildings — the Jesuits' College — is the Friends' Widow and Orphan Asylum, with its open grounds. The Cathedral progresses as money comes in, and probably many years will pass before it is completed. I thought the recent addition to the College of the Jesuits was but a symbol of their increasing power; for no one who has watched the movements of the Papal Church of late years, can doubt the increase of determined and subtle effort to build up power. For one, I do not fear the increase of Catholic dogmas in our country any more than I fear the dominion of a narrow Protestantism, which, while professing to uphold the right of private judgment and the sufficiency of the Scriptures, does really demand deference to the church and its doctors, and subscriptions to creeds, as the guide to the right method of interpreting the Scriptures. Catholicism is not merely a religion, but a polity; and this latter fact is the great thing to dread in reference to the spread of that hierarchy in our land. Even the narrowest High Churchman regards the church as existing for the individual; but Catholicism absorbs the individual in the church.

"Passing these buildings, we pursued our way through streets lined with splendid mansions, long blocks of residences faced with white marble, and here and there a private mansion that really seemed too imposing to be other than some public edifice. Once more the night came to me in a pleasant home, and sleep was as balmy as prayer was sincere.

"The morning came with no signs that Nature was ever troubled with any form of rheumatism; but poor me was stiff and ill-conditioned to enjoy the pleasant guidance of a good brother in once more seeing the interior wonders of the city. Yet, with my staff in hand, and the cringing of pain kept inside as much as possible, I went forth. I passed imposing structures, banks, hotels, and other buildings, with their stories of rapid fortunes made by the enterprise that ruins others; and at length we came to Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. I do not know that I was ever more impressed than when I first beheld

the old bell which rung out, for two hours, the grand deed of our fathers. I did not go into the tower at this visit, for my memory of a former time was too distinct to require it. There the old bell hung, with the prophetical motto moulded into the fabric itself, 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.' * * * * *

"A pleasant afternoon — and here comes a carriage with two pleasant faces in it. We are on the way now to Germantown, a place of Revolutionary memory. The part of the agreeable was very acceptably performed by a friend at my side, and on we went, over a good road through a very pleasant part of the country. Vegetation appeared, not precisely in gala dress, but with evidence that a gala dress was soon to be put on, and I drank in health and joyousness from the beautiful scenes stretching to the right and left. What a luxury to the 'city pent' is the breath of sweet-scented fields! It is the very aroma of life. We tarried at a public house about five miles out of the city, in the rear of which was a garden. Here my thoughts were sent afar by the presence of a thrifty lemon-tree, and a memory was added to the things of sight — a beautiful tree from which my mother had recently gathered some of the handsomest fruit I have ever seen, now preserved in spirits as perfect fruit.

"After leaving this place, we took a turn that bore us away to one of the most picturesque of roads — the Ridge Road — which I found to be the favorite route of parties.

"On we went, passing Laurel Hill, and noticing several recently opened cemeteries — Glenwood, Odd-Fellows, and Mechanics. These latter, I am afraid, are merely private speculations. It may be well to bury odd-fellows and mechanics by themselves, but I hardly think it well. In the burial-place, one of the most solemn of the impressions which thoughtfulness brings is that which comes from the tokens of the presence of all classes, professions, and nations, lying quietly together in 'God's Acre,' as the Germans style the burial-ground. To go amid a group of odd-fellows or mechanics would not be so impressive as to go into a place like Laurel Hill, and there suddenly to meet a tablet that tells a brother odd-fellow or mechanic sleeps below. I remember going into a burial-place beyond Portland, Me., and suddenly being arrested by an inscription. I did not know there

was a Universalist in the place; but I remarked to a friend with me, 'That is the grave of a Universalist.' 'How do you know that?' was the question. 'I know it,' I answered, 'by the Scripture quoted to speak of a *certain* hope.' 'You are right,' was the reply; 'he was *a strong* Universalist;' and what else he said was pleasant to hear. I lingered at that grave with satisfaction. I was glad to find that he, being dead, yet spoke in behalf of the faith he loved and served, regarding more the praise of God than of men.

"Passing Girard College, we saw quite a number of the inmates with their teachers in the road; they looked very healthy, and were *not* dressed in any uniform. I was glad to find that no badge of distinction was worn by these orphans, as is too often the case in public institutions. I passed the huge walls of the House of Refuge, with its narrow slits, like the arrow holes in the old feudal castles.

"I was set down at a friend's residence within sight of the towers of the new church, and here I passed a very pleasant evening, enlivened by the sweet singing of one of the choir of that church, and free and social conversation on all sorts of subjects. I like the freedom of hospitality here, and the little ceremony that accompanies it.

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"The Sabbath dawns again bright and beautiful. To-day I have preached on Rejoicing in every way in which Christ is preached, and on the Character of Ahab. I came home in a terrible rain, when it seemed as though the ocean was turned over. How these exterior changes do affect the mind through the body! What a curious group did we make, under that awning that sheltered us, when the heaviest fall of rain was drenching everything around us! Home at last; the lightning sending its shivering lance through the air, flashing on its way; and now the thunder makes the roar so like the heavy fall of water at a distance, that I know I shall sleep well. The last thought is to God and loved ones.

"I am now to leave the pleasant home where I have spent a happy week, despite bodily pain and the crippling of rheumatism. Ere I go, let me breathe in a few lines the sincere feeling of my heart.

"ON LEAVING A HOME IN PHILADELPHIA.

"I have been happy here. The wearied brain,
Like a pale watcher freshened with the light
And air of morning, shook away its pain;
The gladdened spirits wakened in their might
To know a life intensely beautiful.
O, human kindness, sympathetic thought,
How dear your looks and tones! How dutiful
My cheerful spirit bends to him who wrought
Such beauteous issues in this quiet home!
And wheresoe'er my pilgrim feet shall roam,
Memory shall bear me back, as in the wild
The traveller finds new strength in thinking o'er
The happiest spots, where, like a dancing child,
He found his fill of peace, and asked no more."

To the father of "this pleasant home" he writes soon after his return:

"And now let me thank you for your cheerful response to my last letter. I seldom get a peep into a man's heart that gives me such a rational picture of domestic life enjoyed, and I could not but contrast it with what a very worthy friend of mine said of his children around him: 'It must be confessed, it is terrible to get along with children.' When striving for high moral worth in them, to make them beautiful before God, the struggle is sometimes terrible; but not otherwise, for they will shake the wrinkles out of a man's heart when nothing else can do it. My three boys are to me a joy as well as a care, and, were it not that people make more and expect more of 'ministers' children' than of others, I should feel easier concerning mine. I believe my boys are free from anything worthy of censure, and it delights me to find my neighbors of all denominations loving them. God help us to train them for Him; and may you never cease to find a new spring of refreshment in the smile of your darlings!"

This visit to Philadelphia resulted in an invitation to him to settle there; and the memory of the past winter, and the dread of what the future might be to him, were among the first inducements to turn his face South, to a more genial clime. New scenes might bring new vigor to labor in that cause more

precious to him than life itself. The correspondence between him and the society in Philadelphia, relating to the settlement, I give entire. It furnishes one of those happy instances where a pastor and people lived up to the spirit of their engagement. The first, dated Philadelphia, June 21st, 1851, is from the president of the society:

"MY DEAR SIR: At a meeting held on the 18th inst., of the members and contributors of the Church of the Messiah of this city, a society of Universalists, it was unanimously resolved to tender to you an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the society, at an annual salary of eighteen hundred dollars; and it was made my duty to communicate this action, in which I most cordially unite, to you.

"The field here is an extensive and most important one to us, and to the interests of our cause in this city; and that we can build as strong, vigorous, and useful a society as any in the denomination, I have never doubted. But we must have an able and efficient preacher, one fully equal to the position in which we are placed; otherwise our progress may be lingering and discouraging, and our cause advanced but little.

"I confidently believe that, should you consent to settle with us, you would receive the united and zealous coöperation of all our society, in a field of usefulness in the cause of universal salvation that, I believe, is worthy of a just ambition; and, I doubt not, we should, in good season, receive many additions to our numbers from those who are with us in spirit, but whose influence is now lost to us.

"We propose closing our meetings after the second Sunday in July, and may not resume them again until the first of September. Our church will be completed and ready for occupancy in August, but we do not propose worshipping in it until the question of the settlement of a pastor has been made. Should you desire any information in relation to our society or its affairs, I would be most happy to communicate it to you; or, if you could make it convenient, we would be pleased to receive another visit from you in July. Should you desire it, such a visit would give you an additional opportunity to observe the condition of our affairs and prospects."

Under date of July 2d, the following answer was returned:

"My dear Brother: So many and free were our conversations, touching what we regard to be the Christian interest of your city, that, I suppose, I have all the items that ought to enter into a survey of the field, which the invitation of the 'Church of the Messiah' has laid before me. I am a frank man, and give you, without circumlocution, the result of what has been a matter of most serious meditation. My face is turned towards your city; and the only question remaining with me that makes me hesitate in giving a direct acceptance is: Do I really understand the position which will be given me? I do not question the sincerity nor the accuracy of anything which was told me in our conversations in your home, or elsewhere; but the circumstances in which I am now placed change my relation to you, and it is best that a fair understanding be had of the expectations of the society and contributors. I suppose it will not be asked of the minister to know anything of the past; the causes which did, however remotely, lead, or may be supposed by any one to have led, to the formation of the new society, otherwise than as relating to the common interests of liberal Christianity. He will be left free in reference to exchanges; the brethren and friends confiding in his judgment and discretion in every question of right or expediency in this matter; and in his pulpit, and in his methods of action, he will be left to ask of God what is best for the religious culture and redemption of his people, and while he should exercise towards his people the deference due to all minds, having their personal responsibilities, he will be left free to do his duty as he sees it. He will be favored with the frank criticisms on his methods of operation in the privacy and confidence which should obtain between a united people and pastor, as in every relation where mutual interests are to be consulted and promoted. He will not be expected to be anybody but himself; the copyist of no man; but working his own mine for what it may yield; devoting all he has or may gain of ability to the real religious interests of his people, without overlooking his relation to humanity.

"I do most respectfully place these thoughts before the

brethren and friends you represent as their scribe, without intending anything more than the most generous interpretation will allow. I am aiming after no pledges; I do not wish to give any about means and methods of action. I feel equally the *de*pendence as the *in*dependence of the pulpit, and intend nothing more than to frankly and simply express what I understand to be the position to which I am invited. If I am assured that I do not misinterpret the ideal of the 'Church of the Messiah,' I shall, in the hope of God's help, and the Master's presence, accept the office of pastor.

"The salary is a matter easily disposed of. It satisfies me. I never had ten words with any society about my salary, and hope ever to be kept from anything like distrust of the people in doing what they think they ought to do under given circumstances.

"There is one great sorrow in view of the idea of removal to Philadelphia. I must leave the field where I shall have wrought nearly ten years. I must leave the localities dearest to me by life's holiest associations. I must leave New England, where seventeen years in the ministry of reconciliation have been spent. But if my Lord and Master will accept all this as an humble sacrifice in behalf of that work to which I have consecrated my life, and give me that success which He loves, I will give it up with joy should the issue demand it.

"Should the issue be favorable to my settlement in Philadelphia, I shall propose the first of October, or November next, as the time of commencement; and shall have to make some inquiries in reference to a residence, and the removal of my family, library, &c. Let me hear from you at the earliest day which circumstances will permit.

"Your brother in Christ,

"HENRY BACON."

On receiving the following, dated July 7th, he decided to accept the call to Philadelphia:

"BRO. BACON: I duly received yours of the 2d inst., and I answer you with much pleasure. I saw nothing, in your views of the relative rights and duties of pastor and people, that is objectionable, or different from what we expected from any pastor whom we might settle with us. We held this evening our regular monthly meeting of our

vestry, and I submitted your letter to them, and beg to assure you that it was most kindly and acceptably received; and that we will with confidence leave to your judgment and discretion all matters appertaining to the pulpit.

"We promise you our earnest coöperation in the work before us, and trust and pray that the connection may be lasting, happy, and profitable, and that the Church of the Messiah, under God's blessing, may be all that we can desire.

"We should be happy to receive you by the 1st of October; but leave it to you to arrange as may best suit your convenience."

A letter to his parents, dated July 26th, tells how his resignation of his society in Providence was received:

"At the meeting of the society to receive my resignation, my letter was given into the hands of a committee, to report two evenings from that time. They reported some flattering resolutions respecting me, and voted to send me a copy, and also one to the Philadelphia friends. These are everything you could wish, and I will copy them. After saying that the society cannot compete with the Philadelphia society in the matter of salary, and that my resignation be accepted, the report says: 'We most cordially recommend him as an eloquent, efficient, and accomplished divine, and accord to him the highest rank as a writer; and we believe him to possess an unblemished character. We think all the members of the society are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Bacon for their unwearied attentions to the Sabbath-school, whose exhibitions and excursions have attracted so much attention. We look back with much pleasure upon the great good which they have accomplished during their stay of more than nine years among us. We consider the Philadelphia society fortunate in securing the services of Br. Bacon; and we close our report with the fervent prayer that God's choicest blessings may attend him and his through life.'

"I have received another letter from Philadelphia, full of the kindest expressions, assuring me of every attention with regard to my removal."

Again, to the same, he alludes to some beautiful parting gifts that were presented us:

"Last evening, agreeable to invitation, we visited Mr. ——. His large parlors were filled with friends, and on a table in the centre of the rooms stood the elegant gifts — a silver pitcher and goblet, on a salver. A very dear friend of ours, Miss ——, made an address on presenting them to us. She surprised everybody. It was touchingly eloquent, and it was precious to us because we knew it was sincere. I replied as well as I could. I can speak better for others than for myself.

"The meeting was an impressive one, in the best sense of that word. We kept together till quite late. A very tender word was said to me in the hearing of many, near the close of the evening, by a lady whom I had visited often during sickness. She said, 'These gifts are very beautiful and elegant; but they cannot be more pleasant than your presence has been sometimes to me in my home.'

"We have a great many things to make us thankful, and that will cause us to think of Providence with pleasure."

Under date of Aug. 21st, he writes Rev. A. D. Mayo, in reference to his future labors:

"As to success or failure my mind is perfectly easy. I go to do my work, and let success or failure take care of itself. The moment a minister begins to fashion visions of success to stimulate his endeavors, he begins to think of persons, how to manage them, and he is snared in his own fooleries. Let him look at duty, and try his best to do it, and God will take care that some time or other *the work* will be successful. * *

"I have written a series of discourses on the Lord's Prayer, as my legacy to my people here, and I hope to leave them in a prosperous condition and with unity of feeling."

Under date of Sept. 28th, he describes some of the pleasures of moving to a friend in Philadelphia:

"On Thursday we commenced moving, and found it no three days' jubilee. Such a collection of quizzical commodi-

ties, lame chairs and three-legged crickets, papers, old sermons and dry divinity, was never outrivalled. It is a sober fact, that I gave away more than six barrels of papers and pamphlets, and out of my library I endowed the Bethel minister here with wisdom enough to save his people. It was a wearisome work to start out of a house where we had lived nine years and seven months, and the comical things that turned up were welcomed because of the smiles and laughs they occasioned; for a good laugh starts the spirits into a new flow of strength."

To another he writes:

"I preached my farewell yesterday. The day was dull and misty, but our church was crowded, although no advertisement had been made in the papers. The day is passed, and I thank God that it is. This pulling up of deep-seated roots is sad work; especially when the tree is a human one, and the torture is felt from brain to foot. I shall not feel easy till I am again amid order in the habitation of my choice; though it is a great comfort that we shall, until that time, find a home with you so near the two places that are to be dear to us — the *church* and our *residence*."

To Mr. Mayo he gives an account of his last Sabbath in Providence:

"I did not leave the old home until Saturday at one; then came here to my brother's and wrote my farewell sermon. I preached it yesterday. I was honest, firm; and I felt a power that must tell for the best things. My text was, 'For here we have no continuing city.' I spoke of how to strong feeling the city seemed to cease to be, when in fact only the persons leave it; how independent the city is of the individual; how sad this thought is, and yet how consoling; and then the man does continue with the continuing city by his work, that no one can kill. I applied this to the society and the separation from the pastor; spoke of my history here; painted the opposition, and the falsity of their prophecies, and then spoke of what influence men had to strengthen or weaken a society. Then speaking of their future minister and duty to him, I

took leave of the society and congregation, then of the city, then of New England, and ended. In the morning I preached to the Sabbath-school and the young, on the Childhood and Youth of Jesus. I went through the day with a strength for which I trust I am very thankful.

"I am so wearied with last week's labors and yesterday's trial, that I shall rest at my father's for a while, and not leave for Philadelphia till next week."

"We preach not ourselves," was his oft-reiterated expression, when speaking of the claims of the pulpit; and, as an illustration of his application of this text of Scripture, I quote a portion of his farewell sermon. It was designed, as were all his sermons on occasions of trial, to put strength into the hearts of his people, rather than to open the fountains of sorrow.

"When the child is swiftly passing down the river, to him it seems as though the lines of houses and trees on the shore were passing, when really it is only himself. So, under the influence of strong feeling, men transfer to outward things what is really only transpiring within themselves. They speak of having 'no continuing city,' when the simple fact is, the city continues, but they pass out of it. It is a solemn moment with any thoughtful man when he has to come down from his lofty height of feeling, where it had seemed to him that all nature and art sympathized with him in his sorrow, when in reality he has been but magnifying his consequence and thinking of himself 'more highly than he ought to think.' The sun rises in its primal glory; the stars shine in the twilight heavens; and the moon rolls up her radiant chariot from out the valley, and clothes the hills in a beauty all her own, as though no tear was ever shed, or parting word ever spoken. Solitude, silence, and darkness, are many times more desired by grief than society, speech, and light; because the heart magnifies its emotions as no other can magnify them, and there is, therefore, no response to the fulness of its woe.

"There is something really sublime in the vision which the text and context suggest as having taken possession of the apostle's mind. He had dwelt on the preëminent dignity and

offices of Jesus; he had exhorted to the duties of responsive love; and he concludes his epistle with a strong word in behalf of fidelity to him who, in his offices and relations to man as Mediator and Redeemer, is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' 'We have an altar,' he says, 'whereof they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle.' A better religion has a better life for its adherents; and to those who had accepted Christ, there were joys and blessings which must, of necessity, be unknown to those who still read Moses with a veil upon their heart, and pursued shadows to the missing of the substance. And then the death of Jesus, the great sacrifice, loomed up; Jesus was seen, as it were, bearing his cross without the gate of the city, and the faithful are called to behold and follow him up the hill of sacrifice. Doing this, in feeling and imagination, the city seemed to the disciple to pass away, when, in reality, it continued the same. There it was, with its thronged streets and wealthy palaces; its marts and its halting-places; its retreats of prayer and its gorgeous temple; its representatives of all nations and peoples, who, by their presence, told of the many cities afar that were continuing despite the ravages of death and the passing away of those who once gave direction to the energies of the citizens. But to the strong feelings of the apostle it seemed as though the city was not; it appeared to float away as gilded vapor, and the continuing city was that which was to come, — the city of the Messiah, the city of God, the city whose palaces were Truth, whose temple was Love, and whose light was the glory of God.

"In comparison with the endurance of this city, Jerusalem was indeed a thing of the moment, and Rome, on her seven hills, but the pageant of an hour. It is grand to think how transient is everything belonging to the outward world when the soul is fully awakened to its own grandeur; when thought masters the senses, and mind is recognized as the only enduring thing. The city of the soul has, indeed, here no representative in the gorgeous show of material industry and modern civilization. There is no earthly city worthy of being its continual home; and the humblest Christian, like Bunyan in prison, may be dwelling amid splendor and magnificence that has no parallel in any city on the grandest of festival days, or at the proudest moment of prosperity and display. To

remember this is our duty. It has inspirited thousands to abandon wealth rather than honesty, and to find God in obscurity rather than lose him in the glitter of fame and popularity. It has given nerves firmer than steel, endurance the most heroic, and a spirit of victory as unconquerable as the ocean, as irresistible as the tides. To sell his soul for a city, is no temptation to such; for the soul is grander than the city, and more enduring. Its glory is perpetual.

"But it is difficult to keep strained to this high note in the Christian's song. With a divine faith we have human hearts. The seen affects us as the unseen cannot. Our life, our joy, our virtue even, seems sometimes centred in one place. There our best years have been passed, and no other place can have the experience of those years. To pass away is really to have the city pass; it ceases to be what it was; it is not visible as it once was; and however its familiar streets, with their stores and houses, may be present to the imagination, there is something like a shroud about them and the silence of the grave. It is with such a city as with the dead. The dead live to our faith; they go on in progress; we are not essential to their growth; but live as they may, and improve as they may, they are not to us, nor we to them, what they and we were when they were visible to us, and we gave to and received directly from them in the interchange of lip and eye. So with the city; afar from it, we know it still is, but for us it continues not as it once continued. It is a memory. It is to be called up to the imagination, not to the eye. It is no longer to give the daily stimulus to our thoughts, the direction to our efforts, the changes to our most secret life, as in the past. We are not there to hail the new-born, nor weep above the dead. We are not to be gladdened at the growth of the youth, or to be saddened by the decay of the aged. We are not to feel elevated by the progress of great principles, as though we were a part of the city thus moved to a higher and nobler life, nor depressed and shamed by the tardy step of reform and improvement. And, say what we will, there is a solemn sense in which the departing can say of the city of his long residence, '*Here* have *we* no continuing city.'

"The city will indeed survive. The sunlight will fall on its thousands of dwellings; the sounds of awakening industry will break on the morning air, and the noon bell will call the

laborers to lay by the hammer and the sledge, to still the wheel and lift the valve, and crowd the streets to where plenty awaits hunger; the evening star will look in upon many a group by the casement, and lamps will flicker here and there amid the mist that suddenly falls as the winds beat up the ocean vapors to shroud the river shores, and fill the streets with misty dimness. But the city continues no longer as it once existed to the soul. There is no charm that can make it so. Insensibly other influences will operate to form other habits, customs, modes of thinking and feeling, and in a little while the change in the speech of the visitor betrays from whence he came, and that he is a guest where he was late a citizen.

"It is well, then, that proper feelings be invited to the heart when a city where a soul has known a marked experience is to be left. Such parting, say what we will, is something like a farewell to a friend who may live to our memory, but not to our sight; and as far as the friends of the departing one who leaves the city make a portion of that city, the sadness and solemn thought of the time may be reciprocated. It is a fact that we are no longer to be what we have been. We shall live to each other, indeed, but not as we *have* lived. SOMETHING IS TO DIE TO-DAY. We shall be interested in each other, ready to rejoice and weep as the good God may send joy or sorrow; and I hope we shall pray for each other, and that our Divine Saviour will see us pursuing different ways to the same eternal centre of love, light, and liberty. *But* SOMETHING *must die to-day.* We must not wish to be what we have been to each other. Some feelings *must* be transferred, and around another name you must weave the garland freshest from the hand of friendship. Some other must have the good things this city would have given to me had I longer tarried here; and not the shadow of a reed shall be in the way, on my part, to prevent the passing to him of all that might, in your best moments, have been prepared for me. Prostrate before God I have asked him to help me give up this city — this field of earnest labor, sacred to me by a thousand associations; and now I ask that he will aid the souls to whom I have been something in a spiritual way, to give up me — to so give me up that I may not be in the way of any just transfer of feeling, but be quoted as one who

wrought for the same end to which the coming man may direct his labors. We are not essential to each other. *We can stand apart and grow;* and from our branches the great husbandman may pluck the grapes that shall fill the cup of communion with the same richness of refreshing drink, telling that the same sun has shone upon the vine in the one place and in the other, and that both alike were 'rooted and grounded in love.'

"Yes, the city continues though the man perishes. It is humbling to pride to see how everything goes on just the same as though the absent were present. He was told what great interests would suffer, what a loss would be sustained, but it is really but as the waters part when the boat glides through them: in a little while the troubled stream is quiet, and the reflection of the overshadowing rock or tree is as perfect as in a mirror. The fact is, the individual lives to but a small circle, except in very unusual cases, and his passing is more like the little fluttering of the leaves on the branch of the tree when the bird flies away, than like even the lightest passing of the boat in the stream. Let us not make ourselves of too great consequence. Let us call up the growth of the city, its multiplied agencies, its methods of improvement, its rapid increase in population, its evidence of energy and enterprise, and see it all like some gorgeous vision of power in which we may be represented but as a mere bubble, — it may be a bubble that a Newton used, but a bubble still, the explosion of which did not stop the progress of the science of light; for other bubbles were to be found and were used.

"To the misanthrope and to the child of vanity there is nothing more oppressive than this independence which a city has over the individual. To the one, it seems as though there was no life but in association with numbers, that like some armies seem immortal, as the name of the old member is taken by the new; but the vain man is an amusing spectacle as he keeps up the prosecution of little arts to make himself seem of consequence — arts that betray his jealousy, his longing to have a place that does not belong to him, and that make him wander like a ghost that would disturb the festival of the new marriage, and forbid the banns, forgetting that he is but a ghost. It is better to die once for all when our time

comes. It is better to own to ghostship, and keep in the realms of shade, appearing in the flesh and blood of a mere visitor, not a disturber of the peace, claiming our widow as our bride.

"Of one thing we may be certain, a man lives in the city he leaves, but the life he then lives there is not to be changed or touched. In this sense we must reverse our language and say, *Here have we a continuing* city. Paul lived in Tarsus after he went to Damascus, and at Damascus after he went on his mission of truth to other cities, — Ephesus, Philippi, Corinth, and Rome; in all of which he left a life of power when he departed from their limits. If we think we have done anything in the way of Christian effort, we need not sorrow as though the *work* passed with the *man*. No! the work remains just as truly as the houses which have been built by mechanics whose trowels strike the brick no more in the streets. And so our friend's work remains when he goes away. No man can kill it. It is not a flame to be put out with water from the river, or by even the new fire-annihilator. It is like the wind, — 'thou canst not tell tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.' Its effects will prove its existence. It lives as prayer lives to God when it has died on the ear. Who can tell how prayer works the mighty end for which it is offered, and to which it is directed by the overruling care of God? So the path of the continued life of one who goes out from a city is not to be traced as we once traced his form in the thoroughfare, or in the home. It is like all spirit, — no one can tell its place of lodgment. Some have said the soul was in the stomach, some in the heart, some in the brain, and so on; but it is all idle guess-work; and so of what a man has done for God and his truth, — it cannot be seen; it may be traced to this person or class, humble or exalted, but it is somewhere a vitality, a power, a regenerating force. This may satisfy the man who feels he must die in one sense to a city; and it may also satisfy those who feel sorrow at heart because that death must take place. God lives, and everything that has lived for him lives on like the growth of the grain that crowns the hill-side with green and gold in luxuriant increase, though the seed of that fruitfulness is no more."

Many testimonies of the value of his ministry were expressed in the tender farewells when my husband left Providence. One of his society wrote thus of his influence in that city:

"It is well known to all those acquainted with our brother, that he has ever been faithful to his high calling, since he has stood as a watchman upon the walls of Zion. He has ever been true to his profession, never deserting it for mesmerism, phrenology, electro-biology, or any other ology; but, like a true servant of his Divine Master, he has pressed forward through all the lights and shadows of his pilgrimage, towards the mark of the prize of his high calling.

"While he has been with us a great work has been accomplished; our temple has been beautified, our society strengthened and built up; for soon after he came it was all torn and scattered by that political convulsion, which shook alike both moral and religious organizations, the story of which may be found in the darkest pages of Rhode Island's history.

"Nor have his labors been confined to the circle of his own society; but in every quarter of the state, and even beyond its borders, his voice has been heard proclaiming the glad tidings of the everlasting gospel, or vindicating some of the great moral reforms of the age, wherein he has been both heard and felt.

"In his departure we feel that a good citizen, a good Christian, and an able defender of our faith, is going out from among us; one who is an honor to our denomination, 'a workman which needeth not to be ashamed.' And in his stead, we ask for no worthier pastor, either in talent or moral worth."

And now end my records of his ministry in Providence; though in the light of memory so many unrecorded scenes stand out, that the incompleteness of my work was yielding me regret; but a tribute, from the pen of one who knew him well, Rev. J. Boyden, has come to aid where I have failed, and will finish the story of these ten eventful years. When his friend left New England, Mr.

Boyden expressed his appreciation of him in the following words: "Br. Bacon has left us. It was like taking the main-spring out of a watch. For devotion to the cause of truth, and readiness to lend a helping hand wherever assistance is needed, Br. Bacon has no superior and few equals. God bless him!"

HENRY BACON IN RHODE ISLAND.

When Br. Bacon came to Providence to reside, I was an invalid. I was unable to attend the installation services, nor had I a very strong desire to do so, as I was personally but slightly acquainted with him, and, from report, was led to suppose that, if I should recover, we should never be congenial spirits, and our intercourse would only be of the ordinary kind. The recollection of this impression reminds me that we ought always to be cautious how we shut the door against "strangers," for we may thus drive "angels away." Experience early demonstrated that I was wrongly impressed, and that, in forming friendships, it is wise to consult peculiarities, and make our estimates of men by personal intercourse.

My lamented brother, by an act that evinced the genuineness of his friendly regard, removed all misgivings as to what would be the nature of our intercourse, by writing me a letter of sympathy. Being careless about my correspondence, I have failed to preserve the letter. Now that he has gone, I should prize it more highly than ever. However, it is only the ink and paper that are lost; the spirit was welcomed in my soul, and abides there still. From that hour I felt that Henry Bacon would be one of my most cherished companions and confidential friends. And so it was; for fourteen years of intimacy such as is rarely exceeded in frankness have abundantly confirmed his claim to my unqualified esteem; and

I am thankful for the privilege of recording my estimate of the man, for he could be appreciated only by being intimately known.

The general opinion of Br. Bacon's devotion to the Master's cause, of his untiring labors in behalf of Universalism in all its breadth of theory and beauty of practice, is, doubtless, in the main, correct. But the press has never come up to the reality. For nine years he labored in this state, with a constancy and self-sacrifice perfectly surprising to those who saw his slender frame, and knew how much he was doing. He was instant in season and out of season. He was always ready to make an appointment, and equally earnest to fulfil it. He regarded not the "clouds," and, therefore, would "reap." He would go to his work, in spite of the severest cold; and, though chilled all through except the *heart*, he would start the warm currents again by the fire of the soul. If he were sick it was all the same; he would preach himself well again; for he felt that spirit was superior to matter, and that the will had no little share of responsibility for the health of the body. He labored "more abundantly" than any of us, both in the study and in the field, and there is many a living witness of the healing power of those waters which he poured into the soul by his heavenly ministrations.

The records of our State Convention show how much was expected of him, and how much he could do. He was never absent from its annual meetings. All looked to him to give life and direction to its proceedings. All realized that he was ready to do his part, and to aid others, at the same time, in doing theirs, and all felt that, after doing much, he was a man of much reserve power. Such an one becomes a leader; not because he *assumes* authority, but from natural force of character. People may complain that he is too forward, notwithstanding they

have instinctively yielded the place to him as to the one most ready, active and capable. The resolutions introduced by him, show his increasing desire that Universalists should be a *religious* people in the true sense of the word, and his labors everywhere bore in the same direction. He originated the Rhode Island Tract Society, in connection with the Convention, wrote probably more than four fifths of all the tracts published by the society, and distributed them in like proportion. When the people were to be called upon for their annual contributions to the enterprise, common consent assigned to him the duty of making the appeal, and the result showed that he understood the instrument he played upon. He loved to address the people on such occasions, because he was fully convinced that it was really "*blessed to give.*" He deemed it a matter of great importance to the prosperity of Universalism, that its friends should be *educated* to give. There are multitudes who feel little interest in it, because they contribute little to its support; and, if they could be brought to feel a degree of responsibility for its success, they would enjoy it a thousand-fold more than they now do. Such was his conviction; and the gifts which his parish laid upon the common altar showed that his word and example were not powerless at home. A generous minister will, in time, have a generous people.

The Sabbath-school cause, in our state, found in him an earnest and successful advocate. He loved the youth, and could read them quite as readily as he could "children of a larger growth." He possessed an inventive mind, was master of expedients, and seemed always happy in choice of means for amusing or instructing them. I have heard him many times, but I never knew him to address the members of the Sabbath-school without securing excellent attention. He was remarkable for seizing

upon common incidents and turning them to good account, thus drawing instruction from a thousand sources which, to less active minds, are barren of interest. He believed that the Sabbath-school ought to be elevated into greater prominence than it now holds; that it should not be crowded into some narrow space, as though it were only incidental to our religious progress, but should be cherished as an indispensable means of Christian growth. His labors in this cause indicate his interest in the spiritual welfare of the young. He pleaded earnestly for their being educated in the doctrines and spirit of Universalism. He believed it was the highest type of Christianity, and embodied the only safe moral principles for practice. He severely, and I think justly, censured those parents who expose their children to the influences of the so-called orthodox theology, upon the fallacious plea of leaving them free to form their own opinions. He clearly saw that it was impossible to educate children in any society without subjecting them to the influence of the prevailing religious sentiments; and, hence, he was pained and mortified at the inconsistency of those Universalists who are indifferent as to what system of faith and practice their children adopt, provided they preserve a decent respectability. I would be glad to say to the thousands who admired his writings and reverenced the man, that Henry Bacon would never have been a patron of the schools and colleges of our opposers, to the neglect of institutions where God is recognized as a Father and Friend. I wish this might be said of all Universalists, and then we could enjoy the merit of consistency. But, alas! not a few of our fraternity send their children to school without the least regard to denominational lines or principles; expose them to the seductive influence of artful and sectarian teachers, and pay their money and lend their support

to institutions which are arrayed against us. It is a suicidal policy, impeaching either our sincerity or our good sense, when we thus sanction error, proclaim our indifference to truth, and arm our enemies with the "sinews of war." The whole life of our brother pleads with us that we break off this sin "by righteousness,' and this iniquity "by turning unto the Lord."

Of Br. Bacon's general ministry in this state, it is sufficient now to say that it was characterized by a faithfulness seldom equalled, and by a tone that everywhere won the respect of mankind, both for himself and the religion he professed. He pursued no temporizing policy, he made no compromises with error, he never attempted to make Universalism acceptable by hiding its prominent features. He so sincerely believed it himself, that he could commend it "to every man's conscience in the sight of God." He felt that time would work out convictions in others as deep as those he cherished, and which gave such unction to all his pleadings for Heaven's truth. Those who sat under his ministry, acknowledge that, though it was not easy to *repeat* his discourses, yet they were impressive, and there was an inspiration from them that abode in the heart long after the *words* of the preacher had been forgotten. It was this trait in his ministry, added to the general conviction of his personal worth, that everywhere secured for him the profoundest respect. He sought to make the mission of Universalism as widely practicable as possible, and, therefore, was diligent in showing how it answered the demands of the times. He combined the elements of conservatism with a healthful spirit of progress. He would not stand still, neither would he tear himself from the people because they could not see the path so quickly as himself. "Learn to labor and to wait" was his oft-repeated maxim.

But there was one branch of his ministry to which no pen can do justice. I refer to his labors among the sick and the afflicted. Voices long since hushed in death, could their echoes reach us, might give a faint idea of the heavenly peace that filled the soul while listening to his sweet counsels and fervent prayers. He seemed like one appointed to conduct the weary to their rest. He has helped many such to feel that the hand of the Saviour would be stretched across the valley of shadows to guide them through "the mists and vapors;" and beautifully do his dying words illustrate his apostolic insight and faithfulness, in that he comforted others "by the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God." "I put out my hand," said he, "and Jesus takes it." O, blessed assurance! God be praised that there is no spot in our journey where we shall be quite alone, and that he has given to us a ministry which bears this "cup of blessing" to the sorrowing and the dying!

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." This divine maxim will, in part, account for that remarkable appropriateness which characterized all Br. Bacon's labors in behalf of the afflicted. Within him was a fountain of pity. Deliberate in his movements, thoughtful of the place and occasion, self-possessed always, he seemed instinctively to know how and what to speak. I never listened to him in private, or in public, without feeling my reverence deepened, and my whole soul inspired as if new life had been given. In his petitions he forgot nothing, and seemed as though all around him was transparent. The truth is, reverence was a predominant feature of his character. It was not something indulged in for show, nor for the mere purpose of effect. It was an indwelling principle. It was a part of his identity, — a portion of the man himself. Memory of times when I have

witnessed the outpouring of his soul in prayer reminds me of what a good old man once said, after hearing one of our most gifted preachers upon the Transfiguration: "That man," said he, as the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, "that man has got the Holy Ghost in him. No man can preach like that who has has n't got the Holy Ghost."

I gratefully acknowledge myself indebted largely to Br. Bacon for the aid his example has afforded me in the solemn and shadowy paths of the Christian ministry. The disciples entreated the Master that he would teach them to pray. He did so; and throughout the Christian world, that comprehensive formula, the Lord's Prayer, is familiar to the humblest believer. Yet none of all the present generation heard the Divine Teacher utter it, and it is only as they become filled with its spirit that they can really repeat it with any appropriate significance. Multitudes pray more in form than in spirit, and sometimes reverence is absolutely shocked by the indifferent, colloquial tone, which men assume when they make their requests unto the Infinite. One might think they were taking counsel with some being a little higher than themselves, of whom they entertain a very good *opinion*, but do not *stand in awe*. Such men, however, do not pray; they only talk, revealing their needs, unknown to themselves. To hear them is spiritual martyrdom. But, with Br. Bacon, prayer was a privilege; and when he joined with others he gave the same devout attention which his own eloquence inspired in kindred souls, while he led them by the waters that flow out from the throne of God. Nothing that had reference to Deity could be matter of indifference to him, and no irreverent allusions escaped his reproof, either by word or manner.

At the communion table I have often stood by his

side, and I am sure that none could join heartily in such service, as conducted by him, without nourishing, almost unconsciously, the tenderest sympathy and holiest resolution. He led the congregation into the presence of the Redeemer, himself standing aside. The people saw the picture, not the painter. And thus it should ever be. But how many there are, like Jehu, showing what *they* can do, rather than, like John, pointing to him who was to come after him, the latchet of whose shoes he was "not worthy to unloose."

On the subject of church fellowship and the supper, Brother Bacon differed, I presume, from many of our fraternity. He believed that, when an individual desires to make a public profession of religion, of faith in and love to Christ, he should be welcomed by the Christian church, through its ministry; that, until he shall dishonor that profession, he is entitled to the fellowship of the church; and that this is precisely the ground on which the church stood as reared by apostolic hands. Its original founder did not say to his immediate followers, "if you have been good men heretofore, you may follow me;" they did not go into the church by a vote of those who got in before them; and when they baptized men and women as Christians, the question was not, "What life have you lived?" but, "Do you *believe in Christ?*" And when they answered as did the Ethiopian, like him they went down into the water, and then went on their way as a part of the acknowledged Christian household. And why should it not be so now? When an individual says, "I desire to enroll my name as one who willingly consecrates himself to the Master, — I desire to live a Christian life, and to that end I ask the sympathy and fellowship of those who have entered the vineyard before me," — who shall say that he

must be kept a certain time in suspense, or that his past character shall be investigated by a committee appointed for that purpose?

Consistently with these views, our brother held that all believers ought to enter into the same relationship, and constitute the "church;" and that the communion was a *commemorative* service, in which all believers were entitled to share. Though he yielded to the customs of the people, in his last pastoral connection, so far as to pronounce the benediction upon the congregation previous to administering the communion, yet he did it under a protest that it was contrary to his own convictions of propriety. He did not believe it was apostolic to send the people away, or to intimate, by any act of his, that what was to be done "in remembrance of Christ," ought not to be done by all who believed in his name. He believed that the gospel was as sacred as the bread and wine, and that they who accepted the one were privileged to partake of the other.

In his personal intercourse he was exceedingly companionable. He dealt very little in the "small change" of social life. He was always in pursuit of knowledge, and welcomed such topics in conversation as would open the way to his chief ambition. Wherever he went he saw everything, and gave a practical turn to observation and experience. But it must not thence be inferred that he was always grave. With a good grace he could pass

"From grave to gay, from lively to serene;"

and his self-control was remarkable. When he desired to dismiss a lively train of thought, and enter upon a serious mood, it was accomplished at once, and he would appear as though nothing trivial had ever gained his attention. His mirthfulness was always under the control of the higher senti-

ments, and hence he never went into the extreme of hilarity. He was an agreeable companion, because there was always a tone of cheerfulness resting on his conviction as to the ultimate triumph of the right. There was no spot in his heart where despair could be written. Hopeful in the darkest hours, because he trusted in principles rather than men, his word was always one of encouragement. The weak and doubting were strengthened by coming into his presence, and all seemed conscious that they could lean upon him when their own strength failed.

He had nothing of the lymphatic in his body, mind, or soul. He was a living encyclopedia of current facts, and a living philosopher to arrange and expound them. He would grasp the contents of a volume as readily as any man I ever knew; dissect them with masterly skill, and spread them in order before you. This faculty made him acquainted with current literature, and able to converse understandingly upon almost any topic that might be introduced. He was as ready to communicate as he was eager to learn, and no one could long be with him without feeling that his aim was to be useful. I speak with assurance upon this subject, because from long intimacy I have known him, as few comparatively have known him, especially at his own fireside as well as mine, in addition to the freest intercourse in our public labors. I may be biassed in his favor, and how can I help it? From the reading of his first letter, when sympathy was as a cordial to the fainting, to the time when in the store of his friend in Providence we exchanged our last earthly farewell, we had met and parted in fraternal love. It is not necessary, in order to honor him, to say that he had no faults; he was human. But I behold a lofty purpose in the main drift of his life; a consecration of his powers to the

service of his Master; a sublime and unyielding virtue, for which I loved him while living, and mourn him when dead. In the light of such excellence all ordinary imperfections fade out of sight. I will honor his memory in this record of unqualified esteem, and in an humble endeavor to follow him in as far as he followed Christ. To this end, dear reader, may the Lord help us all.

J. BOYDEN, JR.

Woonsocket, Oct., 1856.

XI.

MINISTRY IN PHILADELPHIA.

On our removal to Philadelphia, my husband expresses himself thus in his editorial notices:

"'The mind is its own place,' and whatever changes of residence we may make, our interest in the *Repository*, the great truth it advocates and applies, remains the same. After a residence of nine years and seven months in the good city of Providence, we are in Philadelphia, having brought, as we trust, the spirit of Roger Williams to greet the spirit of William Penn, aiming to unite in our moral and religious activities the characteristics of both. We have loved Providence and its people, or we should not have tarried there so long. We have found good friends and sharp-eyed and ready-tongued critics, and for both we are thankful. The good God knows best the discipline that will make us grow and become strong; and we have come to the City of Brotherly Love, not to use our past labors, but to fit ourself to the harness as God has made it fit the work to be done here. We have no dreams of success or of failure. Our method is to work, and leave the future to itself. God will take care of what ought to be successful, and that is enough. We have found warm-hearted and earnest friends in this city; and to the many who are kindly interested in our well-being we would say, we are humbly happy in our position here; we have work enough before us; we are sure of earnest coöperation from the people; we are determined to live for the appropriate duties of the Ministry of Reconciliation, serving Universalism as the true interpretation of the Gospel, and dwelling in charity with the sincere of all communions."

That "God had prepared a sunny time for him,"

I felt when we met the welcome of our new home. Unlike dear New England as it was, its very unlikeness suited and refreshed him just at that period of his life. Quiet and repose were in the very atmosphere of its long, clean, shady streets, and pervaded its beautiful and orderly dwellings. Easy, happy, genial domestic life won his heart, and he felt, he said, "a new consecration to the work of the ministry."

Conservative as was this field of labor, and far behind the one he had left in the progress of liberal views, he accepted it as a new incentive which would enable him to trace out better methods of imparting his glorious truths. He retraced no part of his ministry; he seemed to strike a new key, and to be enraptured and inspired by its melody. "I never knew what it was to preach till I came to Philadelphia," was often his expression; and he felt he had just learned to preach Universalism. His deepest doctrinal sermons were the purest practical and reformatory, and they met an answering chord in the hearts of his people.

He had been told, before he left New England, that the new society in Philadelphia were not distinctively Universalists. "If that were true, they would never have called me," was his answer; and he went to his new society as he left his old, with the Gospel warm and glowing upon his lips. Mr. Skinner truly says:

"He could make no compromise with reference to one of its doctrines or duties, but declared, without distrust or fear, all the truth. Being a Universalist, he preached Universalism; it was a theme which occupied all the energies of his mind and heart; and hardly an article was ever penned by him for the religious press, which had not some bearing upon his glorious faith. I do not mean that moral questions did not interest him; they did, and he toiled for them with a noble and manly zeal. But in his mind they were a part of

Universalism. That required temperance, and, therefore, he was an active temperance man; it required freedom, and he toiled zealously for its promotion; it required humane laws, and he did what he could for the repeal of all barbarous enactments. But when he went into a reform, he went with his faith; he did not separate himself from that, and become indifferent to it, and think that the reform sought was the only essential matter. Never did he pull down the Gospel banner; never did he throw his religion into the shade. This was the tree of life, and the reforms were its branches; this was the fountain, and the reforms were the streams flowing therefrom; and for the sake of an immediate result he would not injure this; for though a temporary gain might be thus effected, it would be only temporary, and would, in the end, be an evil.

"The same honest adherence to his religion was seen in all things. New philosophies were examined, and just as far as they threw light upon the Gospel, they were welcomed, but they could not supersede it, or lessen its value, or dim its lustre; it was the same grand old religion in the last year of his ministry as in the first — the wisdom of God and the power of God; and he could no more have been tempted to shape it to popular favor, to adapt it to prevailing prejudices, to meet his opposing brother half way, and bargain with him in regard to what should be preached, than he could have been tempted to seek the overthrow of the divine government. Always, everywhere, under all circumstances, he was a Universalist.

"He had strong denominational attachments; and there was no bribe that could have bought him, and induced him to assume relations requiring silence on the great central truth of the Gospel. He could not have been tempted to stand where his influence for the truth would have been neutralized. He loved his denomination, because he believed it had the truth, and he was faithful to it as ever a son was to his father, and served it with an unwearying zeal, and an uncompromising honor. Paul would as soon have left the church of God, as he would have left the people who were toiling for the spread of his religion. And yet he was a catholic man; he had no bigotry, no narrow love, and could see a good thing in any other sect as well as in his own."

After his removal to Philadelphia his correspond-

ence became more extensive than ever; but, from its personal and domestic nature, containing, more than formerly, the little details of every-day life, interesting only to dear friends from whom we were far removed, it admits of fewer extracts than heretofore. Still, the spirit of his last years breathes through them, cheerful, hopeful, and contented, and they are the best memorial of those days. To friends in Providence his earliest letters were written. They express the continued interest he felt for his old parish, the encouragements and hopes with which he entered upon the duties of his new, and the tone of his pulpit labors. Under date of Oct. 28th, 1851, he writes:

"We had a delightful ride, this afternoon, to Girard College and Fairmount Water Works, with some of our friends. All my parish here are truly friends. The Sabbaths have all been rainy, but I have enjoyed the meetings, have preached with great freedom, and feel happy in the prospect before me. We have commenced Thursday meetings, and next Sabbath begin a Sabbath-school. One brother gave me to-day fifty dollars to begin with.

"I attended a Children's Home meeting. a few evenings since, where I thought of you, who are so interested in all these movements. This institution is for the children of vicious parents — moral orphans. One hundred and fifty-five have been received in two years; sixty-one have been put out to service in good families, and only four have turned out poorly. Good addresses were made, and I enjoyed the meeting much. It was held in Dr. Barnes' lecture-room. I have reverence for that man, for he has struggled nobly for religious liberty.

"Last night I dreamed of going back to Providence. I go back in *spirit* many times, and dear faces come to me all friendly and peaceful. * * * * * * * *

"I did not succeed in getting my letter into the morning mail, and so I add something about my sermons, as I promised you when we parted.

"My first was on Luke xii. 20, 21. Theme: The Recognition of Spiritual Forces in Individuals, and not mere Per-

sons. I spoke of that Passover Feast, the strangers there, the coming of the Greeks to Philippi, and the joy of Jesus because he saw what a spiritual force these devout, inquiring Grecians would exert for his truth. I showed that all the instances of Christ being greatly moved to rejoicing were when he saw the prospects of his religion brightening. He saw not merely persons, but forces that should accumulate power.

"Lesson first: Learn of Jesus in this respect.

"Second: This will lead us to see him in the spiritual forces he has set in motion and sustained by his religion and spirit.

"Third: Judge men by this: what spiritual force have *they* set in motion?

"Close: The relation of pastor and people was a union of spiritual forces to the same end, Christian living and Redemption. I alluded to the Greek custom; a fire lit on an altar from heaven, on a hill; a torch lighted another, and so on till the city was a blaze.

"My second sermon was from 2 Samuel xiii. 30. Theme. The Tendency to believe the Worst, and against exaggerating the Evil in the World.

"My third, Oct. 19th, was from 2 Peter i. 9. Theme: The Illuminating Power of the Virtues. I spoke of blindness, then of far-sightedness, and showed that this was the difference between the sensual and spiritual. Virtues were illuminating; they lit up the world of spirit and truth, as lights illuminate a window. Each virtue is a light, peculiar, fitted to its place. Each one is needed; the good of virtue is not seen by many, because they have no light to see it with. Be children of light; have it within for ourselves; have it in our characters for others.

> 'How far the candle throws its feeble beams,
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world.'

"My fourth was, The Lesson of the Fall of the Leaf; an autumn sermon.

"Oct. 26th, my subject was, A Moral Interest in the Young. Songs of Solomon ii. 15. You can guess how I treated this. Spring-vines beautiful — endangered by little foxes. Youth — beautiful promise — endangered by little

sins. We must take the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes.

"My subject for the evening was, The Sleepless Night. Esther vi. 1. The Benefit of Sleep, etc. The Use of a Sleepless Night. Story of Haman.

"These notes will give you a little idea of how I am preaching. Heaven help us!"

Nov. 1st:

"If 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' how very enchanting you and yours must be to me, for they were enchanting when I was daily near them! I see you *all* now, and your smiles mingle with the pleasantness of this beautiful morning. Be assured of my continued friendship, and how deeply I am interested in everything that concerns your family. There is a venerable saint here, whose tall form and white hair remind me of your venerated father, that good man who, like Abraham, died in 'a good old age, full of years' and faith. I like the friends here much. They are very kind to us, and I am very well in body and mind. I eat and sleep well, endure long walks, and really think I may one of these years be inclining to something in the way of fleshiness.

"The friends here are *real* Universalists. They love their meetings, and, although *every* Sabbath has been stormy since I came, I have nothing to complain of in respect to attendance. When we get into the church we shall be far better off, for the people do not like to come into the lecture-room. I believe it seems to strangers as though it were a place for only the saints. I think our church will look finely when it is finished, with its crimson-lined pews. Lit with gas, and with a very fine organ, we shall soon be amid pleasantness and music, that will remind me of all the pleasant things of the past ten years.

"Our church stands on a church street. Dr. Albert Barnes' is first, then a Methodist I believe, then a Unitarian, then ours, then a Presbyterian, and then the most elegant Episcopal church in the city. Our residence is near a beautiful square, where the children can go and play, and the squirrels are left so undisturbed that they will feed from your hand and run about the paths without fear."

Nov. 12th:

"I write you on one of the clear, bracing mornings of our November. We are just far enough away from the battle of the city, to find the murmur of the noise and the roll of the carriages pleasant to hear. We continue to grow in love with our home, the people, and our work. As yet we have not had a pleasant day for the Sabbath. Still, we have good audiences, and it will be pleasant to you to know that my strongest sermons, in which I speak the boldest for our glorious faith, are the best liked. The people do not hide their pleasure. They let me know their reception of the power of the truth, and it is good to the preacher. The faces of the people, last Sabbath evening, were radiant with enthusiasm.

"I believe I gave you an account of six sermons — did I not? A week last Sabbath I preached on Christianity being received without acknowledgment. Isaiah xlv. 5. 'I girded thee though thou hast not known me.' It was an argument against the Deist, who talks of ideas, &c., as natural religion, which never were given to the world till Christianity came. It struck against all those who get from the church of Christ their ideas of benevolence and reform, and deny all goodness and power to the church. I closed with a passage, that came upon me like a flash of light, representing the humble girdle-maker at his loom weaving, then sending his girdles to the mart, not knowing who would wear them, but still conscious they would strengthen those who did. So we must be faithful to *our ideas of strength* — send them out into the world, and find joy in the thought that many were strengthened by them who knew not us. Rom. x. 20.

"In the evening I preached on 2 Kings vi. 21, — 'My father, shall I smite them? shall I smite them?' — showing how easy it was to smite, but how difficult it was to heal. I applied it to the Saviour in his *subduing* work, which is not a work of smiting and destruction. Then I took up the general argument for overcoming evil with good; showing, first, what evil there is to overcome; second, good at war with the evil — God with the good; and, third, the encouragements to labor; that overcoming evil with good was the great principle of the divine government; the spirit and power of the Gospel, the best philosophy, and the teaching of experience.

"On Thursday, Nov. 5th, I spoke from Psalm xxvii. 13 God's goodness is to be seen in the land of the living — this side of the grave. This faith will prompt us to look out for the goodness that passes before us; and, seeing this goodness, the heart will be kept from fainting, and be strengthened in its confidence that goodness reigns in eternity.

"We resolved, after meeting, to form a Sabbath-school Association, to maintain the school, hold teachers' meetings, &c.

"On last Sabbath I preached from Jer. v. 25. Punishment is present — in this world. The text says so. The good withheld from the wrong-doer is a chief punishment of sin. I made one proposition, which I think is new and important; it is this, that we see the evil of sin only as we get at its punishment. I illustrated this by reference to intemperance — a sin not seen till its punishment, in the evils it inflicts, is brought out. I showed that our partialist neighbors do not see the evil of sin till they look at its punishment; and I referred to the 73d Psalm also. In the evening I preached on Prov. xi. 30. 'He that winneth souls is wise.' First, *winning* is a pleasant word. Second, all Christians engaged in this work. Third, man swayed by its motives, and that religion which has the most attractive motives will, when appreciated, sway man. Fourth, claimed this superiority of Universalism. Fifth, objector will say that 'Orthodoxy preaches the love of God as well as Universalism, and has additional motives — the fear of hell.' Ah, there 's the rub! This appealing to fear in this way, by reference to a hell of torment, modifies all that is said of God's love, as the cells and tortures of the Inquisition made vain the pretensions of the priests to benevolence and sanctity.

"You see by my preaching that I am the same here as at Providence — a full word for the Gospel."

The 19th of Nov. was the day set apart for the dedication of the new church, and his installation as the pastor. On the afternoon he preached the dedication sermon from Phil. iii. 3. The sermon discussed three topics: The Spiritual Worship of God, Happiness in Christ, and the Supremacy of the Soul. On the last topic he thus closed his address:

"Let the soul be supreme. Let the chief good be spiritual interests. Let anything be yielded rather than religious convictions and the avowal and maintenance of them. 'We believe, and *therefore* speak,' said Paul; and if there is any speaking in which we should indulge, for which the hearing ear should be solicited, it is the speech of religious faith; it is the speech that vindicates God, that asserts his fatherly providence, the eternity of his providential care over each soul he has created, and that consumes by the breath of the mouth of true zeal all the mists that would veil the great end which assures us

> 'That man's regenerate soul from crime
> Shall yet be drawn.'

"This great prophecy enables us to keep our hold on every man as having something worth redeeming, that may be brought like silver from the mine, separated from all dross, and moulded into forms of beauty and of use. It is life's chief consolation. It is identified with all progress and improvement. It classes all evil, as belonging to the advancement of man towards an eternal good, and not with ultimate things. It makes us lose in the sweet music of immortal harmonies the discordant voices that speak of the eternity of sin, as the music of a holiday sounds sweetly where the noise of the tumult comes not. It gives to us our dead once more in forms of angelic loveliness, and we take the roses we imagined had faded in the grave, and find them bathed with the waters of life that have made their beauty imperishable, and their fragrance the odors of Paradise. Yes, truth, Gospel truth, that permits us to worship God in the spirit, — in his own spirit of love, — and to rejoice unintermittingly in Christ Jesus, with whom we are indissolubly linked, ought to win us from all confidence in the flesh. When the Master and Redeemer's last night had come, and the murmur of the malicious crew broke on the silence of the Garden of Prayer, the voice, late so tremulous and broken, said, '*Now* is the Son of man glorified!' And it was so; more than ever before, the supremacy of the soul was seen; and when he said, 'It is finished!' what he said of the earthly portion of his work, we may say of the perfection of his goodness. It was finished. He put no confidence in the flesh, but travelled

with angels even when girded about with armed men, and malicious priests, leaving us an example that we should follow in his steps.

"And is it possible for us to follow in those steps — steps that lie all along the paths of high endeavour and successful virtue? It is a grand tribute to our nature that such a call is made upon us. And for what are Sabbaths and the ministry of the Word, and all the appliances of religious culture given, but to aid us in this work? Let us open our hearts to the great truths that will stimulate to Christian action, as we have opened our doors to-day in Christian hospitality and with Gospel rejoicing.

"Yes, our doors are open. It is no dream. This *is* none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven! Gate of heaven! lo! through thy shining portals I see a vast procession of spirits. They come from homes of earth, where care and toil, sickness and death, dear affections and undying sympathies, make demands for the quickening of religious faith and hope, and their faces shine with the presence of God, and with rejoicing in Christ Jesus, as they throng around the altar. Their spirits are renewed; their hearts are strengthened, and life's ministries are all accepted, because they are made to speak to them of a faithful God, who by light and shade perfects the soul for his acceptance and crowning.

"O, Father! let thy blessing here make that vision a reality; and by the baptism of instruction, by hallowing prayer, by soothing, calming, and invigorating praise, let souls, in young and aged forms, and where manhood and womanhood are in full strength, grow into the likeness of thy dear Son, and feel the witness of that Spirit which seals the redemption sure and present.

"To this great end we renew the offering of this church. Almighty God! Father! the earth and its fulness are thine, and we take of thine own to give unto thee. Here be the place of holy thought, of fervent prayer, of Christian desire. Here be the home where spirits shall meet to receive the Father's blessing, and to bear away the power of redeeming truth. To God, and to God in Christ; to Christ, and to Christ in Christianity; to a comprehensive religion that recognizes the final holiness and happiness of all souls, and that spreads the light and attraction of the grace which shines

in that truth over every duty, every precept, every doctrine, every admonition and warning of the Bible, history, experience, conscience, providence, — this church is dedicated.

"'Put off the shoes from your feet,' my brethren, for this is holy ground; lay aside the passions that have made you mingle with the dust of daily commerce with the world, and be 'shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace,' for the place *is* hallowed. Here we will wave our banner for the conflict of truth with error; here we will extend the olive-branch of Christian sympathy with the good of every name; here we will worship in our own way, seek God as his truth directs us, rejoice in the Messiah, and have all confidence in the law of the spirit of life, which is in Christ Jesus. Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, we press toward the mark, for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus. For all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's!

"By this ever moving, endless chain, we will be drawn to heaven and returned to earth, to see God's will *done there* that we may better *do it here*. To this great end this church is dedicated."

The following dedicatory hymn he also wrote for the occasion:

"Framer of worlds! and God of mind,
That sees thee in thy works of power,
The chain of earthly care unwind,
And thine be every thought this hour.

"The stars their choral sing to Thee;
And incense from her thousand hills
The earth sends up, while yet the sea
With its wild song the valley thrills.

"But holier worship rises where
The soul thy wondrous love hath known;
Own thou in heaven this place of prayer,
And here thy works of grace be shown.

"Hallowed, O Father, be this place!
Thy mercy-seat its altar be;
And here proclaimed in power thy grace,
The wandering heart to win to Thee.

"Here childhood learn the pilgrim song
That manhood and old age shall sing;
And Sabbaths, as they pass along,
New victories of redemption bring."

In the evening he was installed. Rev. E. H. Chapin preached the sermon; Rev. C. H. Fay made the installing prayer; Rev. J. Boyden gave the charge; Mr. Chapin the fellowship, and Rev. Asher Moore the address to the society.

The installation hymn was his own:

"The ministry of truth is Thine,
O God, forevermore!
And voices, human and divine,
Repeat the story o'er
Of Thy great love in Jesus shown,
The circling rainbow of Thy throne.

"Great Spirit of exceeding might!
Be thou the strength of him,
An humble bearer of the light
With saints and cherubim,
Who, trembling, here looks up to Thee,
Spirit of grace and victory!

"Guard him, O, Father! in the walk
Where duty's pathways lead,
And let his soul with wisdom talk,
And all her way-marks read;
That to his people he may bring
The waters of salvation's spring.

"Stir up his soul to fiery zeal
Where idols throng the way;
But softer than the zephyrs steal
Amid the blooms of May,
O, let his accents come to those
Who mourn their sins, or feel life's woes.

"O, bless this people from Thy hand
Full of baptismal grace,
Make them for truth a valiant band,
Fleet in the Christian race!
And coming years tell what was done
For holiest ends, through Christ thy Son!"

In his account of these services he says:

"The church was densely crowded on this occasion, and the general expression of the people was, that it was the most impressive and touching service of the kind they had ever attended. The sermon was a most eloquent defence of the necessity and impressiveness of the pulpit as an agent of highest culture; the duties of the pulpit, its aims and resources, were presented with great clearness and power. The charge, &c., was a concise exhibition of the significance of this peculiar service, the duties, responsibilities and engagement of the minister, blended with an affecting expression of personal friendship and esteem. The right hand of fellowship was a strong utterance of warm affection — of personal regard, which began many years ago, and which had remained unstained and unmarred, and which, the speaker said, he felt would be immortal when hands were clasped beyond the cold river of death. The address to the church or society was a most excellent production, remarkably well balanced, and afforded entire satisfaction by its matter and spirit. The prayer of installation gave a tone and power to all the after services, and made a deep impression on the great congregation, which was seen in the remarkable strictness of attention and impressive silence preserved till the very end of a three hours' service. The day was the happiest in the religious life of many interested in the issues of the occasion."

To him there was deep meaning in all these services, and the secret of the impressiveness of his own manner on such occasions, he has explained in a few words:

"I am *sincere* in all these things. My deepest nature is stirred by the symbolry of the sympathies. When Br. Chapin was installed in Charlestown, years ago, persons did me the honor to say that my right hand of fellowship was the most interesting part of the service. T—— said it was 'a great thing.' I could understand nothing of this. I felt small in the performance; but the secret was *sincerity*. I really felt what I expressed. The Almighty has made a great man in Br. Chapin. I could make my neck a stepstone to help him to any new effort and glory."

Again he writes to several Providence friends, under date of Nov. 28th, from which letters I make a few extracts:

"'Our lines are cast in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage.' We are fairly in our church now, having had a dedication and installation, two meetings the next day, two Sabbath services and a Thanksgiving, all in eight days.

"Our friends here are very sanguine of success, and I hope we shall secure it. I work hard enough. I preach new sermons, and feel more in the spirit of preaching than ever.

"Your letter was a real California deposit, and came in good time to enrich us. It was full of interest, and was read with delight. * * * * A little circumstance happened here lately that reminded me of you. A brother here had heard me speak of your father, and the caution given him, that, if he entered a Universalist church, he would get something into his head he would never get out; and so, on meeting an old gentleman in the church one Sabbath before dedication, he told him of the meeting in the lecture-room below; but, said he, if you go in you will get something into your head which you will never get out. 'No matter,' was the reply; 'there is a good deal of the same kind already there.' How often we should find sympathy of faith where we dream not of it, could we only get at the real feelings of others! Let this encourage us to speak."

* * * * "I always love a city street. My walks are very long here, in making calls, but I do not mind the extent, because of the sights I am led to see, — the elegant mansions, beautiful parks, and fine ornaments. Chestnut-street, about noon, is really a brilliant show to me; a magically lighted and moving panorama; a series of 'dissolving views,' that are 'ever charming, ever new.' You see ladies here with wealth upon them that would support an humble family handsomely a whole year, and really it is a marvel to me how modesty can venture out clothed in such gorgeous apparel, — such a glitter, such a profusion of colors! To see the sweep of brocade along the street, — the floating of feathers, the glistening of jewels, and the streaming ribbons, is, indeed, a picture that may attract the admiration even of those who think the rainbow not yet outdone, or the sunset glory unequalled."

Dec. 29th:

* * * * * "I regret to hear the remark concerning ——. Liberal Christians too often show they have no *faith* in their religion; they are perpetually paying deference to Orthodoxy. An article in the *Christian Examiner*, on Charlotte Elizabeth's writings, has this passage: 'Still the belief in Satanic agency has so universally prevailed in all ages, there is so much that favors it in the Bible, and it is so impossible to disprove it, that it is best to leave it as it is, and let it do all the good it can.'

"This stands right between two passages, in which the writer shows that the expressions in the Bible, relied on to support this doctrine, are not sufficient, and, also, that there are better restraints than this belief imposes. What faith is that which can talk thus? This no-faith in the devil, and yet deciding to let the belief in him be as it is, is a fair specimen of moral instability, — bidding demons to depart in the name of a being who is preached by another. If Orthodoxy has more power over conscience than liberal Christianity, then let us give up the latter. What is conscience but the voice of our moral nature? 'Commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God,' said Paul of himself and his co-laborers. Did Paul preach as an Orthodox or Liberal? As we believe so let us act.

"We have had very severe weather here, but Christmas was delightful. We had services in the morning, and I took up the common talk, now-a-days, of the extension of government, — despotism or republicanism; and turned it to discuss the text, — 'Of the increase of His government and *peace* there shall be no end.' I enjoyed the day much. Christmas is a great day here, — the greatest festival of the year. It is remarkable to see how general is its observance. I like it. It reminds me of the old English Christmas, —

> 'The prince, with roses in his shoes,
> That night might village partner choose.
> That joyous festival could cheer
> The poor man's heart for half a year.'

"Accept our Christmas greetings. May life grow more and more a holy and blessed thing, and heaven overarch you as a mother's love! How I wish I could see you all! But

I folded my arms in resolution not to be homesick when I came here, and so must not go into lamentations. I did feel a yearning to *see* dear friends at Christmas. Heaven keep you all."

On New-Year day, 1852, he writes:

"Another year has passed, and its joys and sorrows are now memories, and the reflecting soul is made to feel the qualities of different kinds of happiness, as the months of another year are recalled, and the record of life in them is read. The past is not that inexorable thing it is represented. It is not shut in by a brazen gate which hides all its blessings from us; but there is a sense in which it may be said we more truly live in the past years of our life, than we lived in them when they were the present. We put the incidents which belonged to them to new uses; we take higher views of the providences which then attended us; we see meanings we did not dream could be wrought out of our experiences then; and as the traveller, who has arisen to a greater height in his journeyings, looks back to see what was hidden when he passed along the ways he has trodden, so, from loftier heights of experience, the soul may see a beauty never before beheld. Would that we might all be wise to thus use the past, that the future may see us living lives that chime

'With the marches of the brave,
And prayers of might from martyrs' caves.'"

On this New-Year day he gives his friend, Mr. Mayo, an account of his stewardship since his removal:

"It is a shame to me that I have not written you before, but I have been weighed down with correspondence, have written more in the sermon line than ever, and I have been quite sick with the influenza. The weather has had the blues, and the winds the rheumatism, this long while, but this morning the sun is out in full glory; mists and fogs are gone, and life is a great thing. A thousand good wishes are sent from our home to yours on the wings of this beautiful morning.

"You will wish to know how I feel here in this great city. I answer, I am satisfied. We are doing as well as we could hope, and I have nothing of which to complain. I have now preached thirty-two sermons since I removed, and I have done my best, and there only is my rest. My school is quite encouraging; my Thursday lectures are well attended, and we have good meetings on the Sabbath. On Thursday evenings I am delivering a series of sermons — 'Hours around the Cross.' I have delivered three: The Symbolry of the Cross, The Cross Prefigured, Christ bearing the Cross; and, to-night, I treat of Christ on the Cross refusing the Stupefying Draught. I intend to take up the incidents of the Crucifixion, and let the spirit teach Universalism. On Sabbath evenings I am delivering a series of lectures, purely affirmative, on Universalism, different from anything I have attempted before."

At the close of this series he writes to the same again:

"I have closed my six lectures, and know that some converts have been made. They are the best strength I ever gave to lectures. I have written them all."

These sermons were received by his people as "their ideal of Universalism," and one, "Universalism a Doctrine, History, System, and Spirit," was published by them for private circulation. Later in the season he preached several lectures on Juvenile Criminality, — first, on the Domestic Relation of the subject, followed by Social and State Duties. He writes:

"I never met a people more interested in these matters; and I hope I may be able to educate them in the application of the Gospel, — the workings of the spirit of Jesus."

His continued interest in the cause of temperance he expressed to a friend in his old parish.

"Perhaps you may like to know that I have not neglected the interest of temperance here; I have delivered one lecture and two sermons. One of the sermons was in my own pulpit, on the Necessity and Humanity of a Prohibitory Law against the sale of intoxicating drinks. That sermon occupied an hour and a half! Too long by half. The last sermon was in a hall, and I am urged to repeat it. It was on the Moral Principle of the Temperance Movement."

Our first winter in Philadelphia was a colder season than had been experienced there for years, and the debility that had almost prostrated my husband the previous winter threatened to visit him several times again; but his general health was better, and the genial spring coming earlier than at the East, and being unattended with biting easterly winds, was full of promise of better health.

To a young friend suffering from illness he writes at this time, expressing a sympathy that experience had early given him toward all who suffered:

"I am sorry to hear that your health has been failing. I preached yesterday on Jesus as the Teacher of Cheerfulness,—'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' I wish you could have heard it, as I was free in utterance, and said many things that come back to me for my own comfort. How graciously He taught dependence on God, the giver of all good, who heals many diseases by no other remedy than cheerful trust and hope! I hope the spring, that harbinger of bright and sweet things, will bring you new strength. For this I pray, and will pray. The Lord be pitiful in the hearing. When 'life seems ebbing away' remember the return of the tides and hope on. We have had a severe winter, and I have had many times of illness; but on the whole have enjoyed the season much. I am greatly encouraged to labor, and already love my people much. My Sabbath-school flourishes, and I have some of the sweetest little creatures there that ever set a poet's heart crazy with visions of grace and loveliness."

A letter addressed at this time to the family of a

departed saint, who had been our opposite neighbor in Providence, I cannot forbear inserting; for better to him than any beauty of landscape scenery before his study window, had been the venerable figure of Deacon Jencks. He was a member of a Unitarian church, but their religious sympathy was complete.

"I am afflicted by the news from Providence that your venerable husband and father has departed this life. I loved that good man. He was always very kind to me, and said many things that were saintly benedictions and words of strength. I have thought of him since my removal — O, how many times! I used so to see him sitting at the window at twilight as I looked from my study, to watch his cheerful intercourse with the family or visitors within and neighbors and children in the street, that he became one of the most constant images in my mind. I loved to think of the friendly greeting I should receive from him when I should visit Providence. I mourn with you. I trust you find the consolations of the religion he honored very precious and richly abounding. I should greatly rejoice to be with you and express my sympathy in person; but, as that cannot be, accept this as the sincere expression of a heart that will ever cherish with reverence the memory of the departed servant of God.

"How strange it seems to me that two, at the extremes of youth and age, dwelling opposite my old home, should so soon go away, while I was thinking how pleasantly they would greet me in a little while! Ah! that meeting must be reserved for a better world! We shall meet in 'Friendship-street' in the celestial city, that needeth not the light of the sun, nor the hallowing radiance of the moon, for God is the light thereof.

"Mrs. B. and the children unite with me in tearful remembrance of the departed saint. I am glad my boys have known him, and I am sure they will never forget him."

Under date of April 18th, after Easter Sunday, he expresses to a sister his love for keeping anniversaries; and seldom were they passed unnoticed in his home or church:

"I had been thinking about father's and mother's age, but

could not precisely determine, when your letter told me of the fifty years of married life. I should like to attend the celebration. Richard Willis lately published what he called 'All Good Things;' a story of a fifty years' marriage, a song and a dance. I shall send home a copy in time for the anniversary day. I think a great deal of keeping anniversaries in the home and in the church. Last Sunday I preached on Easter; and I think that we might have the anniversaries without the theological errors of the Papal or Episcopal Church. I mean to observe them as guides to a series of subjects for a year."

He loved the holidays in the church calendar, and often observed them by appropriate services; and the old church poets, Herbert and Keble, had been among his favorite reading for years. They appealed to his love of symbolry, and were aids to his devotion. Many choice passages in those treasured volumes now bear the marks of his approval.

With regard to liturgical services in public worship, he had never felt the want, for he was "instant in prayer."

On this subject he says:

"I am willing that every church should have the agencies that promise the most good; but one thing is certain, and that is, the eras most remarkable for the absence of vital godliness have been also remarkable for the adoption of new forms and helps in religious services. What is wanted is freshness — the spontaneity of the soul gushing up from living fountains; and if liturgies can give this, let liturgies be used. As for me, if I were cold without them, I should be icy with them. I like forms that are flexible, like the Lord's Supper, that has as many administrations as there are persons that preside at the table; and so with prayer, reading of the Scriptures, and other services,—they are forms, and as life may be in the soul in the pulpit, so will life be expressed in the manner of observance."

I have said that seldom were anniversaries passed unnoticed. Eras in his own life were remembered

as the years came round, and thought clothed them with new interest.

I find at this time a reference to his first sermon:

"Eighteen years ago this morning I entered, for the first time in my life, the pulpit. Then the whole current of my being was changed, and I was placed where the earliest hope of my childhood had pointed. Filled with awe that swayed me as a boat upon the sea, I broke the silence with the hymn:

'Upward I lift mine eye;
From God is all my aid,
The God who built the sky
And earth's foundation laid.
He is the tower to which I fly,
In every hour his praise is nigh.'

From that time to this I have felt that necessity was laid upon me to preach the Gospel, and never for a moment have I desired to relinquish my profession; and never for a moment have I doubted that I was preaching the Gospel, 'the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.' The proofs of Universalism have increased to me every year.

"To me, Universalism is like Niagara to a lady who spoke of having seen that wonder yearly for twenty-five years, and every time she gazed upon it she saw something new. Its flow varies, though it is the same Niagara. It has a million phases in spring and summer, in autumn and winter — like Universalism in youth and in manhood, in the decline of years and in old age. My greatest sorrow is that I have not done more by living, preaching and writing, for the glory of God in the spread of Universalism, as the best interpretation of the records of the Gospel."

His birth-day thoughts were often recorded. At the close of one he says:

"The day has closed. Shall I see another birth-day? Yes! it may not be on earth, but it will be where life is not measured by years, where the golden chain of affection shall not exhibit gem after gem taken out, but where, glittering among untarnished jewelry, it shall shine in perfection. I would not presumptuously anticipate, but there does sometimes leap up in my soul an almost overwhelming desire to know what shall then be my birth-day thoughts."

Under date of June 6th, he writes again to a friend in Providence:

"I hope the new minister, whom I esteem very highly, and have known many years, will be eminently successful. He has my best wishes and my warmest sympathy.

"You ask how I like Philadelphia and the people? I answer with an emphatic *well*. The city is delightful. The air is pure, the streets fine, and there is just bustle and stir enough to suit me. I regard a passing down Chestnut-street, when it is in full glory with 'the beauty and fashion,' one of the finest sights in the world. It quickens my thoughts, animates my spirits, and makes my preaching more practical. My people are extremely accessible, social and free. They come more than half-way to meet their minister; they try in a kind and generous way to please him, and I feel entirely at home with them.

"We saw the people under a new aspect at our Sabbath-school excursion last week. We had a perfect day; the place where we went was free and sightly, and the arrangements were fine. The men played nobly with the boys, and everything connected with the day was as we could desire. I hope this is prophetic.

"A warm friend of the school was about to visit his friends in England, and, as he was such a dear lover of children, we arranged for an address to him. I wrote a poetic one, and H—— delivered it. These pleasant services, though small in themselves, do a great deal toward warming the hearts of the people and minister.

"Summer is indeed here. The trees are loaded with glittering foliage, the flowers are abundant, and on every side you see a love of roses and their sisterhood of the garden. A garden is made here at once. Plants in bloom are taken from the hot-houses and put down into the yard without disturbing the earth about the roots, and lo! at once 'the wilderness blossoms as the rose' and with the rose. I might as well close with the roses, for certainly I wish them abundant in your path in life."

Writing of a friend, who contemplated removing from the East to Philadelphia, he says:

"He must n't be like many Yankees who come here, expecting to find all the good things they have left, and some additions; but expecting a difference in change and customs, and resolving to look on the favorable side in an enlarged candor, he will find Philadelphians a fine people; not hard to win, yet won, they hold fast, and the needle never loses the magnetism that drew it."

During this month of June he exchanged pulpit services with Rev. Asher Moore, of Newark, N. J., and Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York.

On Sabbath morning, while in Newark, he writes to me:

"This *is* the Sabbath. To enter a busy and thronged place like this, on Saturday evening, when the gloom only renders the appearance of the crowd more dense, and the rapidity of the passage of the carriage prevents your seeing any spaces in the crowds, is to feel that any real Sabbath is a great way off. But here it is. All the tumult, that roared and murmured like the sea, is still, and silence broods over the late thronged avenues. Such a change is felt more than it is described. We are continually enjoying the blessings of Christian institutions without analyzing the elements of our happiness or attempting to discover whence the blessings come. We are like the man in the Gospels, who 'wist not who it was that had healed him,' after having felt the potential word of Jesus. That same Jesus is Lord of the Sabbath, and was the first to declare that the Sabbath was made for man, and has its claims because of its fitness to the needs of our moral being. How much the Sabbath is we find intimated by the frequent use of such phrases as 'Sabbath calm,' 'Sabbath stillness,' 'Sabbath repose.' How much it was meant to be is intimated by the comparisons it furnished the apostle when he desired to set forth the perfection of the 'rest' of the Christian soul — that rest which 'is *not* the quitting the busy career,' but is 'the fitting of self to its sphere.' A soul fitted to its sphere is a star in the harmonies of the moral heavens. So the Sabbath *is* here."

June 27th:

"I was rejoiced to find that at Br. Chapin's church congregational singing was still practised. I well remember the

effect produced one wild night in early winter, when wind, rain, hail and snow, mingled to give terror to the darkness, and I gave out the hymn containing these two lines:

> 'And though the storm is wild without,
> There yet is joy and peace within.'

The expression of the singing was most admirable. The sound of some half-dozen rich bass voices at my left, swelling the first line, still lingers with me, and so does the soft and winning cadence that followed, like the murmur of the dying wave after the billow has broken upon the shore."

He visited New England friends in the summer, and attended the General Convention at New York in September, where he again preached the sermon preparatory to the communion. In October, he journeyed to Wheeling, Va., to take part in the dedication of a church, a prominent member of which was a well-beloved friend with whom he had boarded in Cambridge the first year of his ministry. His visit to this old friend, and his journey over the mountains and along the picturesque rivers of Pennsylvania, were full of interest. His letters home were often written with a pencil while riding in the cars; and, sometimes, when his words could not satisfy him in describing the beauty through which he passed, he sketched, "in his rough way," the scenes that he could not bear we should lose. But a few of these off-hand pencil-notes are preserved.

"One of the first sights of the morning was that of a little girl, in an orange-colored jacket, with no bonnet, driving several cows with a little stick. They were going before her down through an opening between the hills, and a finer *picture* of free and easy independence I never beheld.

"The first thing that attracted me after Br. C—— left was a conversation between two gentlemen at my right, who seemed to be debating the essentials of a society's growth, telling the doings of some ministers who set a great number to work for them to get up a revival. They really talked as though the

Spirit of God was like bank stock, to be affected by the excitement into which persons were thrown by tricksters. It was irritating to hear them, so low was the standard from which they reasoned.

"What a mountainous region this is! If, one side of the road, you miss the graceful and majestic rise of the hills, you are sure to greet them on the other. Sometimes the vapors will sail along the mountain slopes so as to show just above them the tops of the trees, which thus appear like the spires and domes of a city in the distance. May not St. John have seen such a picture when he describes the New Jerusalem coming down, adorned as a bride, out of heaven? I think so. The mists rising from the Ægean Sea would be like this. The sun has just appeared in full glory, and the mists are as suddenly affected as an army by a new onset. How provoking it is, just as a splendid scene is before you, to find the railroad running down between two huge elevations of sand, and shutting you in from all the beauty! — a fit emblem of the effects of our earthly morals shutting us in from views of moral glory. It is we that sink; not heaven that floats away.

"We are continually crossing and recrossing a stream that gives great life to the landscape, and now and then we come in view of the monotonous canal running parallel with the river. But, O, the beauty of the trees on the banks of the river, like the trees on the banks of the river of life, in Revelations."

Mifflin, eight o'clock:

"The first light of the morning gave me glimpses of the beautiful Juniata running along at the feet of the mountains. The heavy masses of mist lay upon the landscape, but as the day came on it crept up the hill-sides, and rose over the mountain slopes, to be gathered into Alpine piles, that lifted their tops far into the skies. It was fine to see these vapors gather themselves up from the valleys and gorges, like old Romans folding their mantles around them and ascending the tribune of power. The mountain sides appeared at times like a burning city, as the vapors floated and wreathed around them like smoke at a great conflagration, while the crimson trees shot their flames through like burning dwellings. The uplands

and lowlands, the river-side and the gorges, all flashing with the gorgeous hues of autumn, are very beautiful; and every moment enriches them as the light increases. I am sure I never saw such hues in the autumn foliage before; and I cannot conceive how the Quaker can get along with the argument for his plain clothes, when he sees how God dresses the old year, that the glory of its abdication may eclipse its coronation.

"It astonishes me to see how few travellers seem to have any eye for the loveliness of nature. I am enriched by the wealth of nature as truly as the miner by his mines of coal. I wish you could see the picture before me. I will give you my rough drawing."

When returning from his journey his thoughts run thus:

"I am coming! yes, I 'm coming!
Let kind thoughts my welcome be;
Thoughts of golden days of loving,
When my heart was won by thee.

"Thoughts of earth and thoughts of heaven
Rainbow all my path to-day;
Through the arch of prayer I 'm moving;
Meet me in that heavenward way."

His course of pulpit labors, the succeeding winter, is contained in the following to Mr. Mayo:

"I sent to T—— the books left here for you. Blackstone looks ponderous, but I suppose it is law-full for a minister's library; yet I hope you will not think of going into the law further than the books carry you. The study of laws — not law — is a grand inlet to human nature and character, to see what gave them birth, what modified them, how they operated, and what they wrought. Montesquieu's 'Spirit of Laws' I have had many years, and have been greatly interested to see the developments of character in the make and fashion of laws. Webster's great delight, as he said in his lecture before the Historical Society of New York, was to trace the origin of an English law, follow it up through all the history of its workings, and see thereby the real character, customs, and usages, of the people of the times the law covered.

"I am busy as usual. My Sabbath evenings are given to a series of lectures on the great events of Bible history. On Wednesday evening I take the leading thoughts of a chapter, running regularly through the Epistle to the Corinthians — 'Evenings in Corinth with St. Paul' — and my Sabbath mornings are given to a variety.

"I am not in a good condition bodily, though as well as the ordinary fate of such creatures like me.

"The season abounds with lectures, but, thus far, I have heard none. Really, I like so well to get an evening at home, that it will take much to incline me, of my own promptings, to go out to any entertainments."

This course of evening lectures he again mentions to another:

"A great degree of attention has been drawn to a series of Sunday evening lectures on the great events of Bible history. The Creation, the Fall of Man, the Crime and Punishment of Cain, Noah and the Deluge, I have already delivered. The people here like whatever takes hold of the Bible. That is, more than the heavens, the astronomy of God; and the more I live, the more is the Bible the greatest of great things; — its Alps, for adventurous soaring, and its garden and rose-trees for meditation and joy."

These were the most thorough and labored series of sermons he ever delivered. When he first commenced them he intended writing only a few; but the subject grew upon him, he had awakened a deep interest in his people, and he continued them to the number of twenty. A large and attentive audience were in constant attendance, and I am certain they made the deepest and most lasting impression of any of his pulpit efforts. He was requested many times to publish them in a volume; but, from some cause, he delayed, and they now lie beside other piles of his unpublished writings.

His social and public life had never yielded him more satisfaction than now. A sweet interchange of thought and sentiment existed between him and

his people, and they remembered each other in their best and happiest moments. He felt that he had reached their hearts; and if, at any time, his work was not understood, he had the happiness of knowing it was never misunderstood. Such a union is complete.

How much it was to him to be pleasantly associated in the thoughts of his people is slightly expressed in the following passage from a letter to me:

"Mrs. —— has just returned from a journey to 'Doubling Gap' and 'Bedford Springs.' Her accounts of the mountainous regions through which she passed are very interesting. She said she kept thinking of me, for I would, she knew, enjoy the scenery so much, and could describe it so well. I like such remembrances. I love to be united with the thoughts of my people under such circumstances. It shows that they have sympathized with my mind, and carry with them what they have received. Can it be that if, God willing, I live here many years, the people will know as little of me as has heretofore been my fate? I cannot think so. It is joy not to think so. O for patience, patience that hopes while it waits, that leans on God and lives near to Him!"

To one, who felt too keenly the loss of his ministry in his old parish, he writes:

"I know not what to say that will be the balm and the cordial for your heart. It was a sorrow to me to find your mind so ill at ease, and I can only repeat, what you have heard me say many times, 'God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in time of trouble.' He is the infinite fountain, and Christ is the door. This you know; and what you need is to accept whatever ministries life may afford, to enable you to appreciate the relations which Jesus sustains towards us as the revelation of the Father's love and grace. That you feel the loss of the companionship you once had when we were neighbors, was to be expected; but I think you will find one relief, if you remove from your mind the

idea that if certain evils had not taken place we should have continued there. Let those things go, and remember that a higher Providence has something to do with the removal of our friends. They are taken from city to city to accomplish some work which God has designed; and I beg of you to look on my removal in this light. I think it right to so regard it. I know I have done, and I think I am doing, a good work here; and it is a great thing when we can think of our friends as employed in the Lord's work with success. We should be willing to spare them from our side. We should delight to think they are useful, and the more we dwell gratefully upon this idea, the more shall we find that they are ministering unto us. It was thus that St. Paul cheered those who had felt his absence; and, as you speak of hearing of St. Paul's work being done here by my ministry, let me urge you to find in that thought a motive impelling to a willingness to relinquish the society of a friend. And then may I not say you will not contrast ministries, but accept each in its place. * * * * * *

"Whatever is pleasant, in those with whom we are providentially associated, should be cherished and appreciated. We should seek to know their virtues and to honor them, and it is singular, sometimes, how a friend is exalted in our estimation when we strive to be just to their good qualities, and to appreciate the amiable points in their character.

"But all these reasonings amount to little, in comparison with the great truth that our soul's rest is to be found in using what we have, rather than in regrets that we have not more. David once said, 'O that I had wings like a dove!' Instead of asking for wings, it would be better to thank God that we have no more wings than we have — no more pinions to make us restless by their stirrings. Jesus invites us to find rest, not by wings being found, but by taking his yoke and his burden — by realizing what we have to endure and to bear, and to endure and bear as he did. 'Come, learn of me,' is his invitation; and, my friend, the nearer you go to Him, the more you will learn of him, and you will find rest.

> 'Rise and embrace and win the midnight angel;
> Like Jacob thou shalt wrestle and prevail.'"

In a letter to another, under date of Jan. 14th,

1853, I find a reference to the employment of poor women. His soul rebelled against all forms of oppression, and he felt the wrongs of laboring, dependent woman, almost as keenly as he felt the wrongs of the slave. A meeting for her amelioration was attended with as much interest as the favorite lecture, and his hand was always open to aid associations for her relief.

"Last evening I was in a circle where you were remembered, because we met one of the managers of the *Employment* Society. There are several societies here, but the one of which she is member is the oldest. They have a dwelling-house, where poor women go to sew, carrying their children, sure of a good shelter and good food for the day. They have a nursery for the children, a good matron, and a manager for each week. They have as many as sixty women at work, and the accounts of the institution are very beautiful to hear. The women receive, besides what they get in the way of comfort and charity, a sum of money each day for their labors, and are sure of becoming acquainted with ladies who will befriend them in all times of need. The lady manager told me of a case she had met with, where a young woman was making shirts at one dollar a dozen — shirts with bosoms and wristbands stitched! and collars too! Her employer ought to have shackles for his wristbands."

In the summer of 1853 he again visited New England, and was present at the laying of the corner-stone of Tufts College, which was within a few miles of his father's residence. He was much ill at that time, and he thus writes to a friend in Philadelphia:

"The morning after I arrived here I crawled down to the laying of the corner-stone of the college, because I had promised to make the prayer; and since then I have been quiet at father's. The exercises on the college hill were deeply interesting. The height of the hill is very bold, and there is

something inspiring in its noble loftiness, which well accords with our faith."

Mr. Whittemore says of him at that time:

"Sagacious friends began to fear his strength was yielding to mental excitement — too ardent — too long continued. He showed it in his appearance, in his step, in his pulpit efforts. When the corner-stone of the college was laid, he stood upon it, and offered one of the most appropriate, fervent supplications that ever ascended to Heaven from mortal lips."

In September he made his first and only visit West, as far as Columbus, to attend once more the meeting of the General Convention. From his letters home a few extracts will express his enjoyment of the Convention services, his impressions of the great West, and how he was received there:

"The Convention closed yesterday, having had a good session. I preached in the afternoon, and afterwards administered the communion, inviting Br. O. A. Skinner to aid me, which he did very effectually. It was a heavenly season, and I must say that the visit here is the happiest occasion I have enjoyed at any convention for a long time. The people of Ohio and the West had fine representatives, and the cordiality and fervor were like times of old, when our great meetings were festivals. Many persons sought an introduction to me, and I begin to think T—— is right, for he has told me many times that he knew no one had more friends than I at the West. Wherever I am known by my writings I am received with great affection. Don't you wish I always wrote what I would say?

"Yesterday I preached at Marietta, and passed a very happy day. The people at the West suit me. They are bold, frank, earnest and strong. There is much cordiality among them. The church where I preach is delightfully situated. The country around it is fine, and the further you go the more attractive the scene appears. How free I feel the more I get away from the fields of my earliest labor, and from the associations that remind me of my weakness! I believe in this western country I could preach with power;

but I am confident that there is no possibility for persons of my constitution and habits to keep well here."

A further testimony that his voice had reached the homes and hearts of his western brethren, came gratefully to him in his last days from the pen of a dear friend who had removed there, and whose mind was toned much like his own. He writes:

"It is trying to be shut up, for people of our insatiable temperaments, but you have the consolation of feeling that the world must experience the loss of your activity as much as yourself. Your labors, the last few years, have been so arduous, so sincere, so full of the love of God and man, that no one who has come within their range has gone unheeded. It has been a great happiness to me, as your friend, to hear your name repeated in all parts of the West, where I have been the past year, with the peculiar affection of a home word. Your reward is sufficient in the increase of liberal views of theology effected by your pen; but greater in the awakening of the spirit of love — a service which glows through your words. I have particularly liked, in this respect, all you have written in Philadelphia.

"May your life and health be spared many years to send forth your weekly and monthly blessings."

How much such words enrich the receiver when his hands are folded, and he almost doubts the prosperity of his years of toil! Why will not friend talk oftener thus with friend?

In writing me a further account of the Convention at Columbus, my husband says, "I preached a new sermon yesterday. Br. —— thought I read the whole of it, when I had only a little sketch, made in ten minutes. I enclose it, that you may imagine how I preached. I felt well, and preached with perfect freedom."

Rev. G. H. Emerson says of him, in a tribute to which I have before referred:

"His mind was spontaneous. He seemed gifted with an

especial inspiration. He could rise at a moment's call, speak without a moment's preparation, and speak well. I always thought he spoke better without preparation than with. He was not a man of reflection so much as of spontaneity. He never had to *delve* for thought; it came of itself. His best words were the overflow of full inspiration. His fluency of speech was almost unequalled. He never halted for a word. Language came from his lips in a stream. His pen gave evidence of his faculty. No one could read a page of his writings without being assured that his words came at his call. For promptness of thought and readiness of speech I cannot name his superior."

I have taken no pains to account his occasional sermons, for I never regarded them more worthy of note than his common Sabbath efforts. Every Sabbath brought a new inspiration to him; and he often said his best words when we were anticipating the least from him.

In returning from this western journey, he met, he says to a friend, "with a series of mishaps; and coming over the mountains, the coldest night of the season, gave me a cold that racks me with a bad cough. So goes life; taking all my power to say a civil thing to a friend, and making that a task which so often is a pleasure."

One night he found a boat so crowded that he was obliged to land, and the only shelter he could find for the night was an Irish tavern. A gush from his deep heart came with his next letter home, and it belongs to his memoir:

"I felt strange indeed; but I bravely went to my room, and prepared to find sleep if possible — sleep so much needed. Did I not then, in that three-bedded room, think of home and its comforts? I did. And, when I had blown out the candle, I knelt in the darkness, and asked God to make me more sensible of your manifold kindnesses, the blessings of my home, and more careful to show you that love which is so inadequately expressed to you. I shall never show but a

small part of what I am. How I envy those who are well, who do not feel knives in every change of weather, and who do not shrink like a child from exposure!"

It was so peculiarly his office to comfort the bereaved, that I have chosen many letters of this character from the great number he left among his friends. I think I have not misjudged their value, coming as they do from one who had faith in his prayers, and to whom heaven was a reality. Words of Christian consolation must be needed in a world where death is so common that

> "Never morning wore
> To evening, but some heart did break."

They are needed to the Christian as well as the unbeliever; for too many mourn over a dead Christ, forgetting in their sorrow the joy and glory of the resurrection. This conviction encourages me to add a few more of his consolatory words:

"I *did* read your letter with a true father confessor's sympathy, and something more. The father confessor shuts himself in from the power to know what the deepest forces of human love are; and he cannot thrill, as some others can, to the story of a bleeding heart. I mourn with you the loss of the beautiful, and can only ask of you to go to God, as Job was eager to go, when he asked for the light we have so plentifully given us; and said that, could he find God, he knew God would not plead with him with his great power, but would put strength into him.—Job xxiii. 6. Sometimes the admonition is, 'Be still, and know that I am GOD;' but oftener there is the invitation of a father, calling a soul to his love, his wisdom, the high culture of adoring faith, and the blessedness of an undeviating hope. You are now left to thank God for a beautiful and resplendent memory; for the thoughts that gather around a great soul, that began here its rising, and keeps on in the way of truth and glory unseen; and only one thought is saddening, the visibility and palpable communication is gone. But to balance this is the fact, he is now where

he is worthier to be loved. Such a death as you picture, *must* help our faith in immortality. Our first thought is, 'How could God take away so precious and enriching a treasure?' But this is followed by the thought, 'Since it is taken, it cannot be that it is extinguished.' What would be our thoughts of God, were we to believe that while a meek and beautifully filial soul puts its palms together in prayer, and sinks into the abyss of the grave, trusting in the light beyond, God blows it into nothingness! No, no! I sometimes think it may be the soul is outside of the body, and has a domain of its own, as joint heir of Christ of the universe, and only uses the body as the 'harp of a thousand strings.' I am sure the musician does not blend with the instrument; and I wait to hear him play on another organ in the paradise of God.

"Have you seen Tennyson's 'In Memoriam'? Write me if you have not, and read it if you have. It is the lyric of a heart that mourns like yours. E—— A—— has written a key to the one hundred and thirty poems, and, as she and I read it, it is the story of Christian discipline, that shows how the soul may use its griefs, so that we

> 'See in part
> That all, as in some piece of art,
> To toil coöperant to the end;'

and how we may look to

> 'That friend of mine who lives in God,
> That God, which ever lives and loves,—
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off, divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.'

If you have this book it will do you good to read it; and, for the sake of those who do not penetrate its subtle meaning, I think of preparing an article as a key."

To a dearly beloved Providence neighbor and parishioner he writes on the death of a son:

"God lives, and our dead live to him. There is another side to disaster than that which we see. The rainbow may shine never so beautifully, and yet, if our position to behold it

is not right, we cannot see it. Believe in the beauty of that crown of light and love; and now, that God has asked so rich a gift at your hands, look to him for the filling up of the aching void which is left.

"I feel that my words are poor and weak, but all I can do is to point you to God, 'the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort.' When my first-born died, my dear brother, you let me lean upon your shoulder, and said, 'Be comforted.' Let the echo of your words come to you; repeat them to your dear wife, and let your children hear them. To *all* I send a Christian's good wishes. For all at my home table I have prayed this morning; and now let us think how precious is that faith which it is our privilege to receive and defend. O, God and Father of our Lord and Saviour! let the gratitude of our hearts, for the richness and fulness of our faith, so warm our spiritual affections that the veil which hides the immortal world may be rent in twain. Let its light show us what love is there; and may we see the spirits, which death has unclothed of their mortal habiliments, clothed with incorruption and glory!"

To a friend, on the death of her mother, he writes:

"I heartily sympathize with you in the great sorrow which has come to you in the removal of your mother, and my heart is thankful, in the fervor of true friendship, that you have the comfort of our enlarged and happy faith. I often think of what would be my sensation should *my* mother leave our homes on earth, and no more be one of life's animated and speaking pictures; but I can never make it a matter of reality; it seems like something that cannot be. God only knows whether she will pass before me; but should that be the allotment of Providence, I think my first thought would be thankfulness for my faith. It was so when my beautiful Mary died; and with every renewal of that grief, as memory brings it back, that thought is prominent; for, my sister, as we look on the providence of God, no cause for sorrow lies in what we fear may be in the future."

Sending home a congratulatory letter on the return of a relative from a long sea voyage, he says of his little daughter:

"Ellen is doubly happy, I know. Dear child that God has so bountifully spared! It was this month, seventeen years ago, that gave me the only one of her sex that I ever numbered among my children, and for the dear love of Mary a child-girl's face is always sweet to me."

With this tenderness he often watched from his study window the little daughter of an opposite neighbor, as she played with her brothers upon the door-step, or sat with her mother at the window. She became, like his old friend in Providence, a living picture. One evening he looked for her little form, but the house was closed, and a black crape hung upon the door, tied with a white ribbon,— significant, in Philadelphia, of the death of a child. His little picture was removed. Immediately his heart was with the bereaved, though he knew them not, and he penned the following lines, and sent them expressive of his sympathy:

"Over the way a lily grew,
And, as the sunlight drinks the dew,
My eye went out each pleasant day
To watch its grace — there over the way.

"No lily bloomed within my home,
And when in view her smile would come,
I watched with eager gaze her play,
And envied hearts — there over the way.

"Her spirit seemed a summer breeze
That sings amid the vines and trees;
For every motion owned the sway
Of a sweet spirit — over the way.

"I looked one eve — the stars were bright,
And shook down rarest silver light,
And there, as clouds in heaven will lay,
A crape was streaming — over the way.

"'T was by a tiny ribbon bound,
So white it seemed in Eden found,
And sadly to my heart 't would say,
The lily's gone — there over the way!

"'T was true! and then I mused of one
Who from our side, like her, was gone,
And longed to whisper, Do obey
Eternal Hope! — there over the way."

One of the greatest trials of his early ministry had been parochial calls. His early habits could not easily yield to the free and light intercourse of a transient visit, and he had often felt it a weariness to the flesh, — almost a waste of his invaluable time. But later in life this duty assumed a new and different meaning. He felt it brought him into closer intimacy with those for whom it was his joy to labor, and the words that he dropped in social life often reached as deep soil as those that were uttered in the pulpit. He did not intrude religious subjects at such times, but he very easily and naturally fell into them, and when once started he seldom failed to give them a salutary turn.

A record of one of his parish calls is significant of many others, and of the aptness with which he drew to his aid the common objects around him, — a remarkable trait in his social intercourse.

One day, on being ushered suddenly into a parlor, he found four persons in eager conversation. An old gentleman, of his society, with his Bible open before him, had evidently been holding an argument in behalf of his peculiar views:

"The compliments of 'the call' being over, the old gentleman referred to the subject of conversation at the time I entered the room, and said, with the Bible still wide open on his knees, 'Is n't it strange I can't make these folks read this book as I do?' laying his right hand with emphasis on the ample page of the holy volume.

"'I do not think it so strange, sir,' I replied. 'We 've just got at our house a new stove, and I can't make anybody agree with me about kindling the fire in it; but we get a good fire somehow, and keep very comfortable. If we differ about so simple a matter, I don't see why it should be strange that we should differ about the meaning of the Bible, while we all get comfort from it somehow, and keep the heart from a chill. Do you agree about *this* stove?'

"The old gentleman was sobered by this reply; the lady by

his side smiled, and raised her handkerchief; and his wife was mightily pleased. I spread my hands out towards the glowing grate, and found that it was involuntarily a symbolical act, signifying that we should open our hearts to the warmth of the Divine Word, however we might differ about the way of kindling its materials into a glow by our methods of interpretation.

"The mistress of the mansion was the first to break the silence.

"'I like that remark, sir,' said she. 'It 's good — it 's right. I like it.'

"After a free conversation on the origin of their disputation, I said, 'Now let me be frank, as you have kindly been to me.' 'Speak freely, sir,' was the courteous response.

"'If I may be allowed to judge,' I said, 'all your troubles here arise from one cause, and that is, you talk about your *differences*, and not about your *agreements*. If you would change this order for a while, and talk only about what you agree upon in religion, you would soon be able to manage your differences far better.'

"The old gentleman lifted his eyebrows, and the old lady received it as a new thought, saying, 'I believe you are right, sir.'

"'I think, sir,' said one of the other ladies present, 'that the greatest evil among religious people arises from their discussions being limited to what *separates* them, rather than mingling therewith a willingness to see in what they *unite*. All are too eager to see only their own way of salvation.'

"'True, madam,' I replied. 'It 's just so in medicine. I have known physicians who, it seemed to me, would rather have a person die of a disease than be cured in any other way than that in which they practised. Our Saviour found this spirit among his disciples.'

"'To what incident do you refer?' she asked.

"'To that,' I answered, 'where two of the seventy disciples returned to Jesus, and told him they saw one casting out devils in his name, and they forbade him, because he followed not them. They had rather the demons should continue to possess the diseased person, than that they should be cast out by any one who did not *follow* them.'

"'Our Saviour did not approve that exclusive spirit,' remarked the lady.

"'No, he did not,' I responded. 'He said, "forbid him not, for no man can do a miracle in my name, and speak lightly of me."'

"There was a slight pause, and I added, 'I have often had cause to see that all sects were willing that all mankind should be saved, if all mankind would be saved in the way these sects propose. I am willing to praise God when a demon is cast out, no matter who was the instrument that did the work. It's a comfort to me, when visiting the sick, to see that people are cured by all the various systems, and this teaches me that charity which sees the good which is wrought by all sects and churches.'

"Several passages of Scripture were now introduced for explanation, and by taking them into consideration, by recalling the context, they seemed new things to the old lady and her visitor. The old gentleman enjoyed this very much, and there was evidently in the mind of his wife, a deep interest in these expositions, as she remarked:

"'There, I can understand that! That's the preaching I like. It opens and gives interest to the Bible. I should like to hear more of it.'

"One of her visitors added:

"'I am glad, sir, to hear your remark on the exalting of Christ by right views of the Saviour. I should be pleased to learn more from you on that point.'

"I took occasion to speak of my views concerning the sonship of Jesus — the promises concerning his coming, spoken in Eden, to Abraham, and running through all the ages till he came, and how he was born a Prince and a Saviour to execute that purpose of the Father which originated before the foundation of the world. I spoke of his life and death; his resurrection and mediation, and that unto him was given preëminence in all things, and that to him, at last, every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Spiritual homage to moral excellence shall at last unite the race in holiness and love.

"Pleasure was expressed in hearing this exposition, and I could not but remark, that the genial feelings which we all then enjoyed, was an evidence that the same great object was in view, despite our differences."

His mind was never so preöccupied that he could not converse upon his own religious views. He never wearied of the subject. He says of it at one time:

"If there is anything worthy of being talked about, of becoming 'household words,' that thing is the certain redemption of our whole race. God help us to be faithful to this heavenly conversation! Let the great truth be in our heart, and let us teach it diligently to our children, and talk of it when we sit in our house, when we walk by the way, when we lie down at night, and when we rise up. It is not a vain thing, for it is our life. Seventeen years in its ministry have been years that have taught me more its comprehensiveness, as embracing the principle for all life, the spirit of all duty, the basis of all rational hope. Like the sun, it touches nothing but to give light and beauty."

His summer vacation in 1854 was passed again among New England friends, but a Sabbath never found him idle. Writing from Providence to one of his parish, he says:

"Sunday was exceedingly warm, but I preached here all day, and finished off with a temperance address at six o'clock, in a grove, where the breeze was delightful. There were between two and three thousand people present, notice having been given in the papers on Saturday. I met many old friends of all sects, and no medicine or Cape Mays could do me so much good as to speak there on such a subject to so vast a collection of men, women and children. I commenced tired, and wound off strong as a lion, after speaking over an hour.

"We have received numerous calls here at the residence of my brother-in-law, and these meetings have been inexpressibly pleasant. I never knew till now how much attachment was cherished for me here, and I am very happy in the memories of this visit."

In September of this year the General Convention met at Philadelphia. It was the last Convention he was permitted to attend; and as such I give a

few extracts from a long account of it which he wrote for a sister who could not be present:

"You say you have depended on me for an account of the Convention festivities, kept away as you were by unforeseen circumstances. I will try to give you some idea of the occasion so far as I mingled in its scenes; for the season, as all admit, was one of uncommon sociability and interest. Of the Council I have little to write, for little was done, and you and I will only find in the doings of this year an increase of our love for pure Congregationalism. The day of church authority is past. It is too late to vote ourselves power with any hope of using it; and just in proportion as we attempt to rear up partition walls, to have gates at which wardens and sentinels are to stand to challenge all who seek to enter, the more we shall become the church militant, and less the church triumphant.

"You would have been greatly pleased with the meeting of the Universalist Historical Society. I believe this society has not had a meeting for five years, but the meeting this year gave evidence what a great interest might be imparted to such an occasion. You will be pleased to hear that a committee was appointed to consider the expediency and methods of an annual meeting of this society, at which time addresses may be made, essays read contributing to the materials for the history of Universalism. There is one grand stimulant to these efforts to get at the history of our great Idea, as it has mingled with the speculations and studies of devout minds, and that is, we find it avowed by the best order of minds; we find it the aspiration of the noblest order of thought; we find it the chief pinion of the purest prayers, and the sweetest chord in the psalms of the lark-like souls 'singing at heaven's gates.' What a beautiful study it would be to trace the presence of our faith among the mystics of all ages, and show how, just in proportion as men have risen to the conception of the absolute paternity of God, they have received and nourished the faith of the ultimate return of all souls to the Father! Nothing makes a better impression, favorable to Universalism, on a large class of minds, than its history, and I unite with you in your intense longing for new editions of both the Ancient and Modern Histories of

Universalism, and especially for the appearance of some able work on Universalism in Germany, of which so much has been said, and so little written. You will, let me here say, be much interested in the contributions now making to our historical cabinet by Br. T. J. Sawyer in the '*Ambassador*.' His sketches there given are very interesting.

"The Occasional Sermon was delivered in the Musical Fund Hall, by Br. T. B. Thayer. With thorough preparation, and in fine health and strength, the preacher took his stand, and, with a delivery that was earnest, chaste and effective, he gave a strong and good sermon. You will have read it before this in the '*Reporter*' sent to you.

"In the evening I attended the tremendous gathering in the Church of the Messiah to hear Br. E. H. Chapin preach. Hundreds were compelled to leave the church without finding the least entrance, and wherever space was accessible to any person, there was an occupant. I heard a minister say to Br. Chapin, 'This is a *great* audience.' 'Yes,' was the hushed reply, 'and the *responsibility* is great.' *That's* the idea. From such a thought as that, rising above and ruling all others, springs the most powerful eloquence and the divinest unction in preaching. His text was taken from the transfiguration, and the chief thought expanded by the sermon was, that visions of glory are given to impart courage to work, as the apostles were permitted to see Jesus glorified and to hear the 'voice from the excellent glory,' that they might go down from the mount to cheerfully labor in the fields of Gospel effort. We must not leave our work for visions, but accept visions whenever given to help our work. He spoke of those conditions and relations of life which in moments of rapturous enjoyment it seems desirable to have ever continuing; but he nobly vindicated the ways of God to men, and made us thrill with the thought of how different the world would be now, had Jesus staid in the Mount of Transfiguration and let the work go, which he came to do.

"On the second day we had a pleasant episode at the residence of my good friend, John Mason, Esq. Arrangements had been kindly made by his family for a dinner party in my behalf. I had the privilege of inviting twenty, and here we met for a clerical dinner party; and a royal party it was.

Br. Chapin suggested that the scene be daguerreotyped, which Br. Whittemore proposed to amend by the suggestion 'to come *again* for that purpose.' The memory of the occasion is very pleasant.

"At a late hour of this afternoon, the Communion Service was held at the Church of the Messiah. Many speak of this as the most satisfactory of any like occasion, and the large congregation which filled the church gave every token of deep interest in the services. The purpose of the service was stated by myself, and, after singing a hymn, Br. Bartlett led in prayer most fervently and appropriately. Then I further stated our views in regard to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, its uses and proper observances. Br. J. S. Dennis then gave a most impressive address on Symbols, showing the wonderful power of association in giving meaning and influence to things. He was followed by Br. W. S. Balch, who never spoke better, or with more appropriateness. His main point was a comparison between three classes of travellers in Palestine and similar classes among Christians in regard to the Lord's Supper. One class of travellers in the Holy Land believe everything — are over-credulous; another equally scorn everything, and treat all legends and stories as fables and nothing worth; while yet another class use an intelligent discrimination, and find the veritable traces of the footsteps of Jesus, and are thrilled and melted by the associations of places. He maintained the spiritual utility of the communion; showed how it accorded with our deepest wants; and dwelt particularly on the fact of the Lord's Supper being the Saviour's last meal with his apostles. He gave a touching account of 'the last meal,' which, in Germany, is sacred to affection with those who partake of it when about to separate, and referred to occasions of this character at which he had been present.

"After singing the hymn, 'My dear Redeemer and my Lord,' Br. Chapin gave an address of great power. He alluded to the lines,

> 'But in THY LIFE the law appears
> Drawn out in *living characters*,'

and spoke of the need and fulness of the revelation of God in the character of Christ. He expressed his satisfaction that

the invitation had been to the *Lord's* Table, the *Lord's* Supper, and not to any sectarian ceremonial; and, for his part, he said, he knew of only two classes who should keep away from this hallowed rite — those who regarded Jesus but as a myth, and those who looked on the Supper but as a dead form. With great intensity of feeling and mighty grasp of thought, he gave concise and complete answers to those who might look on Jesus as a myth, or on this ordinance as a dead form. And then he plead for a living faith in Christ — an active discipleship — a broad and kindly charity. Against bigotry he pointed a powerful word: 'I am willing,' he said, 'to be called a heretic; I am willing that any one should bring his sharp artillery of logic to bear against my doctrinal belief; but when a man presumes to go further, and to question my love for Christ, my desire to serve him, and declares, because of my non-agreement with him in creed, that I have no part in Christ, when I feel his warm blood trickling on my naked heart — then I tell him, you go too far! then I deny his right of assault in the name of the broad charity of the Gospel.' He closed with tender words, that went to all our hearts, in behalf of what this ordinance had been found to be by the faithful of all ages and all creeds, and how at the Lord's Table we are brought into communion with the mighty hosts of those who

> 'Counted Christ their great reward,
> And strove in Him to die.'

After prayer and the administration of the bread, Br. J. Boyden, jr., made a very impressive address, and after prayer, fervent and uplifting, administered the cup. A sweet calm and a sacred depth of feeling were over and in all when the closing hymn was given out, read by Br. Chapin, so that its lines fell on the ear as music:

> 'The Saviour! what a noble flame
> Was kindled in his breast,
> When, hasting to Jerusalem,
> He marched before the rest!'

How truly did we all feel the force of the closing verse:

> 'And while his holy sorrows here
> Engage our wondering eyes,

We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.'

Many will remember this impressive season, and the group who stood around the table of our Lord, at the closing hour of the great festival. We could not "mark whose lamp was dim" among them, nor was it ours to know who first should "hasten to the skies;" but we felt they were all sandalled for the journey.

From this period I find but a few among my husband's letters from which I am able to make extracts. They are hastily written, and the tone of them all expresses the weight of increasing illness. I begin to feel how soon my pen will have finished its work, and once more he seems to be passing away. For several autumns he had been afflicted with catarrh, that would leave him when the winter was fully established; but at this time it only left to be followed by an exhausting cough. Still he performed his accustomed duties with a perseverance that can only be understood by those who, like him, have struggled through life with an intellect all a-glow, constantly laboring to progress amid the checks and discouragements of physical debility. "I resisted," he writes to a friend, "all tokens of failing strength till I had to yield."

At no time since his residence in Philadelphia had he commenced his labors for the winter with more energy, and at no time had they been promised better success. In his Sabbath and Thursday meetings an increasing interest was manifested, and as long as he was able to move from his bed he kept it alive. One of his Sabbaths is a type of many others during that winter, and, I might add, a type of many during his life-time. He had given out a certain subject for Sabbath morning, and, while preparing for church, a faintness seized him, from which he did

not recover until the last moment previous to the commencement of church. Inability during the week had prevented him from writing his sermon, as he had intended, and his sudden sickness almost drove the subject from his mind. The morning was stormy, and he felt somewhat bewildered as he entered his well-filled church, but, when once in his beloved pulpit, all sickness was forgotten; his subject came back, and never did words flow from his lips with such effective power. But this could not last always. He says:

"I had warnings enough, but 'hoped against hope' to rally, as strength had been given me many times before to do. One morning following a very happy teachers' meeting, I awoke with cheerful spirits and projects of labor for the day, but found, for the first time for more than twenty years, that I could not leave my bed. Then came the one duty of submission, and, through God's grace, I had a sweet peace of mind, and waited his will."

This sickness kept him from his pulpit four Sabbaths. On the Saturday evening preceding the first Sabbath of his illness, he received the intelligence of the death of Rev. John Moore, which affected him deeply. "O," said he, "if I have envied any in my life, it has been those of that brother's noble physical development. I have looked upon men like him, and thought that if I only had their strength of constitution how much better I could do my work; and yet I have lived to see many such pass away. Is it not wonderful?" He passed most of the evening in writing a poetic tribute to the memory of that brother beloved, which he afterwards published in his *Repository*.

At the end of four weeks of sickness, on March 2d, 1855, he writes to a friend in Providence:

"I have been a very sick man, but I am now steadily though

slowly recovering. I have had a strange complication of ills upon me, racking me with pain, and an awful cough. One trouble after another left me, till now I am free from pain, and cough only a little in the morning. I hope in two weeks or so to be out again. My people have been most anxious, tender, and sympathetic, and to find how much their hearts are set upon me, has softened much of the ills of sickness."

Under date of March 19th, he writes to a sister that his pulpit duties are resumed again:

"We were in hopes that Br. Chapin would be here for yesterday; but he could not come, and I resolved to preach. My friends were against it, but I felt strong enough, and could not bear to have the church shut up. I did preach yesterday morning, but gave up the evening service, as the weather was uncertain, and I saw the people were over-anxious about me. I got through the service well. It did not hurt me at all. I preached from the text, 'The LORD will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.'

"Mr. M—— took me to and from church in a close carriage, and I felt wonderfully better from having made the effort. My only trouble now is the remnant of a cough. If I laugh that seems to excite it the most, so that it is fortunate I am such a sober man.

"Our spring is not so forward as usual here. When the weather is suitable for me to walk out, I think I shall be well."

As the spring advanced, a longing seized him to visit his parents. Many events had occurred that drew his thoughts constantly to them at that time, but the most trying to him was the illness of his mother. Under date of May 21st, he writes his father:

"I have been trying to see my way clear to go to Boston next week, but I am fearful of running too great a risk. There never was a time when I wanted to see home so much as now, but I shrink from making any exposure which might be hurt-

ful to me. I have not given up the idea entirely, but I see but little prospect of its fulfilment. Much will depend on the weather of this week.

"I am glad to hear that mother is so much better. I hope she will find pleasant spring days to go out in and get strength. I never cease to think of you both, and to pray the good Father to bless and strengthen you abundantly."

Under date of May 28th, he writes his father again:

"I am really homesick; but I fear that to venture into the regions of Boston east winds would retard my improvement, and I must give up the long-desired pleasure of being with you this week. My health is improving, but I feel every bracing change of air, and need to be very careful not to get wearied.

"My people kindly voted to advise me to preach only in the morning; so I am not exposed to the evening air, and when a warm day comes I feel very well. I trust you will think of me as most ardently desiring to visit home; but I am doing what I know you would advise me to do were you here."

Under date of June 19th, he writes to a relative whose sympathies were too keen for her peace of mind:

* * * * * "I think we should do all we can to ameliorate the condition of our suffering friends, and we should, as I trust I heartily do, sympathize in their sorrows; but, my dear ———, we should guard our own sensibilities from being torn and shattered, and not too intensely take part in the trouble we cannot avert. From a child I have had a melancholy tendency of mind, but I have trained and disciplined it so that I have far more relish in life, and do not permit anxieties to oppress as they once did. So let us do, that come what will we can find resources in our own souls, and be cheerful in God. I have had a long trial lately, and have found much peace in my religious trust; and what I say springs from a heart that never fails to remember you every day.

"Since I wrote you last we have had our annual excursion, the day after my birth-day, June 13th. On the Sunday previous I was asked what I should do if it rained on the appointed day; and I told them it would not rain, that I felt sure it would be a fair day; and, sure enough, it *was* the best day we have had for many weeks. No day has been so pleasant since, and we had a very happy time, and I got along exceedingly well.

"My cough only troubles me now when I get over-wearied, and I am far better in my general strength. I was advised by a physician to take Port wine when I was troubled with debility; but it did not seem to help me. On Saturday I was very weary, and took about a table-spoonful, and it made me very sick. The truth is, I have said so many hard things against wine that I do not wonder it will not agree with me."

The excursion, to which he alludes in this letter, was the last he was permitted to attend with his Sabbath-school. Among his papers I find a hymn, which was evidently written at the close of that happy day:

"The day is past! The holy eve
Spreads its sweet quiet round me now;
The festive throng with joy I leave,
And here, alone, to Thee I bow.

"Father of all! thy love to me
Is sweeter than the breath of flowers,
And all the thoughts which rise to Thee
Give gladness to these passing hours.

"I lay my hand upon my brow,
To hush the fevered pulse of pain;
To still the beat I know not how,
Nor can the cruel stroke sustain.

"Yet, O, my God, I murmur not,
For pain first led my heart to Thee;
The human love that cheers my lot
Grows tenderer from sympathy."

Every letter written at this time expresses gratitude for the kindness and tenderness of his society.

'Unspeakable," he says, "is their tenderness to me."

A little incident, that occurred in his rides through the city streets during these days of weakness, is characteristic of his habit of gleaning lessons for daily instruction along the common thoroughfares of life. "Every city," he says, "has its representative characters, met in the streets and public conveyances, and who, like Wordsworth's 'Northumberland Beggar,' is not counted useless. One of these is Johnny." He then describes a poor favorite idiot boy, who bears that name, and tells of the effect of his presence in the crowded omnibus, softening even the speech of the rough driver as he drops him a bright red rose with his change:

"Down through the aperture where the fare is handed to the driver, came the brilliant rose, with a 'Here, Johnny!' His eye had the ecstasy of a child's when he caught sight of the flower. How his brows were exalted as he looked to see, as it were, if a shower of roses was not about to descend! and how the ever-moving tongue darted to and fro, like a fish, in the river of the mouth! He took the rose and smelled of it, and the aroma seemed to impart ineffable joy. A sweet smile spread a new light over his face, and his eyeballs seemed ready to start from their sockets from the intensity of the gaze. He laid the rose at his side; he rubbed his hands; he looked around on the passengers as a child will look to see if everybody is not pleased with some little gift she has received. He took the rose up again and inhaled its fragrance, and then laid it down. A streak of sunshine fell on the cushion where he laid the flower, and there the rose burned like fire.

"'O,' thought I, 'my poor brother man, thou hast somewhere that nature which, when God shall smile in the light of the eternal day, will shine more beautiful than that perfect rose, but not, like that frail flower, to fade away!' How dear was undisturbed reason to me as I looked on Johnny! I went back to days of recent sickness, when, in utter weakness, I had no interest in anything, and though I trust a devout grat-

itude lived all along the recovery of strength and mental activity, yet Johnny was the unconscious preacher who made me feel the greatness of the divine gift in restored mental activity. But Johnny thought he must get out; and pulling the strap he speedily darted for the door, but swung himself in again to recover the forgotten rose, and then left us, looking his last at the driver, and nodding his head to him, pleased to the utmost, as he held tenderly between his thumb and finger the gift-rose.

"This, I know, is a trivial matter; it helps to solve no great business problem, but it does aid to keep before us the ever fresh joy which flowers impart, and the beauty of kindness to the unfortunate and the weak. I am sure I felt happier for what I had seen, and yesterday, when Johnny was again my companion in the omnibus, his writhing face and lolling tongue did not affect me so unpleasantly as a while ago; for I was like Hood, when he 'smelled the rose above the mould' — a pleasant association was connected with repulsiveness.

> 'Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
> The good which the benignant law of Heaven
> Has hung around him; and, while life is his
> Still let him prompt
> To tender offices and pensive thoughts.'"

In July, his intense longing to visit once more his dear New England home was satisfied. On the morning after his arrival he wrote an expression of his feelings, on receiving again the "breathings of the sea," in which he says:

> "I thank thee for this morn! I am not old —
> The springs of life so cold, and dull, leap on
> As waters touched by genial warmth, and won
> By songs of birds above them in the trees,
> The brave resolves, the brilliant hopes of youth,
> Return.
> I 'm less of body, more of soul to-day."

And to a friend he writes:

"I write you from my father's, where I arrived yesterday morning, receiving a greeting that revives the heart, and makes a man feel young again."

For the first time in his life he rested from his pulpit labors during his summer vacation, which at this time was extended to two months. It was hard for him to say no, when invited by his brethren to preach, and at one time he writes, "I intend to go to an Orthodox church next, because *there* I am sure I shall not be asked to preach."

His entire rest seemed to recruit him somewhat, and he was able to be present in August at the dedication of Tufts College. He wrote a long account of the services to a Philadelphia friend, in which he says:

"It fell to my lot to open the services by inaugural and dedicatory prayer. The crowd was immense, and I called to the multitude that I was urged to begin. Silence dropped like the night upon the throng, and perfect quiet reigned.

"A deeply religious and high-toned spirit pervaded the exercises, and I am sure I never saw Dr. —— half so much excited as at this time. His eyes shot the fire of youthful enthusiasm, and his face glowed with emotion. It was a happy day for us all. The interest was great. There is a grand determination to do for the cause, and it would have delighted you to have been here to see how utterly free the brethren are from all clannish feelings, working with free hearts for the common good. I have had new life imparted by being in the midst of so large, so enthusiastic, so united a throng."

Mr. Whittemore says:

"It was the last time he was to be there, but he knew it not. In sight of dear Boston, his birth-place, — of East Cambridge, the place of his youthful ministry, — of the house in which he pledged his heart to his chosen one, and in which he was married, — in sight of his father's house, with his father, brothers, sisters, ministering brethren, lay-brethren and sisters from Haverhill, Marblehead, Providence, and many other places, he offered the prayer of consecration, — his last public act in New England."

Says Mr. Mayo:

"His professional life was such a prayer for the building up of a good culture, the growth of a Christian literature, and an intelligent Christianity."

One beautiful summer day he rode out to Mount Auburn with some dear friends, and stood beside the new family tomb, into which the remains of our little Mary had lately been removed. To his friend, Mr. Tompkins, who had been associated with him so many years in the *Repository*, he said: "Father's tomb is near yours, and we shall be side by side in death, as we have been through life."

On the evening after he returned from this visit he wrote a little poem, which was a heart-throb such as few but mothers know:

"Here lies thy dust, my beautiful first-born!
Thy course was ended in the flush of morn;
As sings some brook beneath the blooms of June,
So flowed thy life away — as sweet the tune!

"I bend in grief, and own the passing years
Have sealed no spring in love's deep fount of tears;
These arms still yearn to fold thee to my breast,
These eyes still search for thee, and find no rest.

"As waits the earth for morn, so day by day
I think of thee, the sunshine of my way;
I long to shoot God's arrow 'mid the dark,
And trace thy pathway by the electric spark.

"As oft I see some happy father greet
His fair young daughter in a city street,
I think how every nerve new life would know
If thou, once more, could meet thy father so.

"God of my being, and her purer soul!
These are thy stars that now above me roll,
In this calm summer night — they light to Thee, —
I 'll wait the coming of my star to me."

At the expiration of his two months of rest he preached one Sabbath in Worcester on exchange

with Rev. J. G. Adams, and another in Providence, not returning to Philadelphia until the middle of September.

At Worcester he administered the communion, which was an occasion of peculiar interest to him, as it was received as a part of the regular Sabbath service. For several years he had labored with his pen, and in his pulpit, for what he deemed a better understanding of that memorial rite. He felt that it should be as open and free as prayer, or any part of public worship. He would place no barriers of set rules or regulations between his brother man and the table of our common Lord and Master; and he felt a better day was dawning for the church when he broke the bread of communion on that Sabbath in the presence of the united congregation.

An extract from a sermon on church fellowship expresses clearly his views upon this subject:

"A free, and frank, and ready tendering of church fellowship to the serious and sincere who desire it, can alone present a true and broad platform of unity among all Christians of liberal minds and expanded sympathies; it is the best expression of trust and love; and it makes the great distinction between the table of the Lord, and the table of the church; it has a marriage garment ready for those who come in from the highways and byways at the call of the master of the feast. And what is more longed for than more unity among Christians? But never can we make the communion the memorial service which Jesus intended it should be, till we remember that such a service professes not peculiar worthiness of character, but love to the being whose life and death are remembered. To large classes of liberal minds there is something preposterous in a few individuals taking possession of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper and fencing it round with rules and restraints. When the church is commenced, every name which the pastor sees fit to place on the record beneath the simple compact is placed there; and when the church, so called, is formed and recognized by attending once to the administration of the Lord's Supper, then the mode of admis-

sion must be changed, and only by submitting to a long probation and to be voted for, can any addition be made to the members. This may well remind us of the epigram of Charles Wesley, when his brother John made a bishop to send over to this country, wherein Charles admits that John Wesley laid hands on the chosen person, but pertinently asks, 'But who laid hands on him?' John Wesley *took* power, and *gave* it to another, as though it had been *given* to him. The Lord's Supper is not for us to take into our keeping, to give only as we are satisfied with the character of him who asks for it; but it is to be opened to all who would enjoy it by the same way that the original members of the church obtained it, who thought only of finding the good they knew must be where Christ had pointed the way. I asked a brother, who I knew was a member of a church of our faith where my position was sustained, if any evils were known to spring from the freedom of that church? His answer was, 'One or two persons of not very good character, it was thought, partook at the communion, but we felt it was their shame, not ours.' But this idea of unworthy characters partaking, and the censure that more contracted Christians will put upon our course, what does it amount to? Supposing the Master's test was applied to all, might not some who are deemed very religious be found less acceptable to him than the poor Magdalene convicted of sin, and who that hour comes to her Lord at the table of his grace? When Father Mathew was here, I was conversing with him when a woman came to him to receive the pledge. She wore the evidence of intemperate living, and he administered the pledge; it was a solemn service, and as the woman went out, evidently having done a worthy act from the prompt decision of the hour, Father Mathew remarked to me, with a strange fire of prophecy in his eye, 'She 'll sin no more.' And what is the communion but a coming near Christ to find the aid there given to be 'temperate in all things'? and what a fellowship is thereby felt with those who engage in the same service, when the soul is sure of the genuineness of sympathy on the ground of oneness in Christ!

"And when will the aspirations of hundreds of ministers be answered, — aspirations for the time when the entire service of the afternoon or evening will be given to the communion?

Only by preaching boldly to the congregations can anything be done; for the power to effect the reform lies only with the societies."

In Providence he preached for the last time in his old parish, and many felt it was his farewell. An extract from a letter to me from one who parted with him that day, will, I know, express the feelings of many:

"You know how I loved Mr. Bacon. When the truth, the reality that he is gone, comes to me suddenly, overwhelming, like the rushing of many waters, my spirit bows itself in grief beneath this stern decree; but instantly a holy and pure impression settles upon me that my dear friend is not dead, but living a fuller, freer, happier life. Never shall I forget his last words to me. He took my hand and said, 'I shall not see you again. God bless you!' And he is gone, but not separated from us. His beautiful life, his teachings, his prayers, his loving spirit, are still with us. I feel that the holier we, his friends, live, the purer and more elevated are our thoughts, the nearer we can live to him, and more perfectly can we enjoy his spiritual presence.

"I feel, at times, that my whole being stands open before *him*, as before the eye of God; but I do not fear him — I do not shrink from him; for I know he will breathe into my soul pure and holy desires — will so elevate my thoughts that I can discern more clearly spiritual things, and have a nicer and clearer perception of right and wrong. Dear, dear pastor! I will be guided by thy spirit! Let me feel thy presence!"

XII.

HIS LAST DAYS.

He returned to Philadelphia apparently somewhat improved in health and strength, and he wrote many letters of encouragement home to his parents. In one to his mother, under date of Oct. 31st, he says:

"This is All-Saints' day, and I know of no better saint for me to address than my dear mother. I am heartily glad you are at Brooklyn. I know you will find much happiness there, and I hope you will get more strength. The season is quite mild here, and my health is quite good, for me. If I could only get rid of this morning cough, I should get strong."

To a young correspondent of the *Repository*, previously mentioned as one in whom he had felt almost a fatherly interest, he writes a few words, under date of Nov. 5th:

"I have been trying, ever since my sickness last spring, to get strength again. I spent over two months around Boston and eastern places, and my health is a little improved; but writing is not good for me, and what I feel would be a delight to do, I refrain from doing, leaving my correspondents to make the best excuses they can for me. I have suffered much. I was reduced to extreme weakness; but I had a sweet peace which brought the mind above the power of ill; and, in submission, I leaned on God. Even night after night of great pain and sleeplessness did not seem wearisome; and there is nothing morbid or melancholy for me to look back upon. I trust that the good God may be to you, always, a like support and comfort."

As the season advanced, it became evident to us all that he was gradually failing. He suffered extremely from a complication of ills, but he still pressed on. "My friends," he wrote to his father, "had arranged a fund for me, if I would only consent to go South and pass the winter; but my home is my place when I am sick."

His mind still glowed with activity, and he laid many plans for the winter. On the evening of Thanksgiving day a friend called on him, and related portions of a sermon he had heard in the morning, in which the poor African race were spoken of contemptuously, as not worth the trouble they had created. His feelings were deeply touched, and, on reading the sermon, which afterwards appeared in print, he took up the subject, and wrote and preached from the text, "Honor all men." It was, I think, the last sermon he ever wrote, and it was published in the *Christian Freeman*. As his last words, on a subject near to his heart, I cannot forbear making a few extracts:

"For myself I can say, I love my faith in the illimitable redemption in Christ, because it clothes with immortal interest every human soul; and, when I hear the language of contempt expressed toward any of my race, of any clime or color, the wrong I feel is a wrong done to a fellow-partaker in the glorious restoration, and the arrow reaches and quivers in my own heart. Hence it affected me to tears when I read, in the Thanksgiving Sermon of a popular preacher in our city, the most unmeasured contempt for the slaves of the South. The preacher speaks of 'a few Southern bondmen'—'a few, comparatively a few, black men, scattered thinly and sparsely over the continent,' when the number is three millions!—each of these a soul of inestimable worth, and as truly embraced in the reconciliation in Christ, as the preacher who spurns them because they are not the majority!—and, as though contempt must have its last expression, the preacher speaks of 'an abstract and imaginary right of a poor fragment of a race, to whom, if its exercise were possible, it would be disastrous

and destructive' — and, finally, the whole is put into one figure of speech, 'the poor pebble of negro slavery!'

"O Christ of Calvary! can it be? Can a minister of thine, looking from the solemn altitude of the pulpit, behold three millions of souls reduced to property, and find it in his heart to call the whole a '*poor pebble*'? Yes, with the same spirit that called Paul at Athens 'a babbler,' when he uttered truths as glorious as the Godhead! If negro slavery in this nation be a 'poor pebble,' from it have sprung some portions radiant with mind most wonderful, speaking to us of the awful wrong of that power of cohesion which holds equally improvable minds in bondage. 'A poor pebble,' is it, that has jarred and retarded the mighty car of American progress from the beginning? — and when the cry shall come to speak and vote for freedom, shall we only turn to give a heave to the car, that it may leap 'the poor pebble?' No! 'honor all men!' Look calmly at the 'few Southern bondmen,' 'the poor, withered race of Africans with us,' 'a poor fragment of a race,' and, in the name of Christ, do not deny their humanity! Constantly do I read, in Southern papers, notices of the virtues of this class, and I have never seen more laudatory obituaries of the departed, than I have met with concerning slaves by their masters; and nowhere, in all the annals of heroism and endurance, have I found more claims for regard and honor, than in the simple, unadorned stories of those who fled from Southern bondage.

"I *cannot* deny greatness when I see its moral signet; and it is because of the hidden mind, the obscured intellect, the evil influence of slavery on white and colored, and the stupendous impediments which this matter puts in the way of the righteousness of this nation, that I want to behold some means of deliverance. It's not 'an unimportant disease in the body of a giant,' but an eating cancer, seeking the vitals; and there are none who more truly cry 'Peace! peace! when there is no peace,' than those who talk of 'a few Southern bondmen' with a tone of contempt, and who style American slavery, with its hold on three millions, 'a poor pebble.' He is the best friend of his country who magnifies, rather than depreciates, the destructive power of any moral evil; and he violates the spirit of Christ, and the spirit of humanity, who, from a free state, sends abroad a voice that *sneers* at the

greatness of the question of 'negro slavery;' and that, too, from the pulpit, and who chooses for his day 'Thanksgiving!'

"My brethren! let us be true to our faith, and 'honor all men,' accepting, as a matter for the gravest discussion, whatever involves any application of this great principle. The tone of defiance, of indiscriminate denunciation, is as opposed to the Christian spirit as flippant and narrow criticism. There is too much of the one-sidedness which Channing confessed concerning his 'Letter on Texas,' saying, when he saw how it operated abroad against our country, that he was 'so desirous to inspire salutary fear and compunction, that he threw into the picture the darker shades *only*.' — *Memoirs*, vol. iii., p. 273. We never 'honor all men,' but by remembering the reality of whatever is good. Into our picture of any condition of things we should put the bright as well as the dark colors; and it must help us, in all rational labor for liberty, to pay all honor due to the capacity and humanity of the slave, and the moral nature of the master. Let us accept everything that proposes to aid us in our duty, remembering that contempt never inspired a good deed. To our faith, in the breadth and features of its principles, we *must* be true, if we would have the divine life; and if, at any time, we shrink, let it be lest we tie down the wing of our regard for our race, and, hastening to the cross, there tarry, till the power is given to 'honor all men,' by that love that died for all."

He clung to his pulpit with a perseverance that surprised us all. The spot grew dearer as he felt his steps falteringly approach it; and, so much did his happiness consist in fulfilling his accustomed Sabbath duties, that we ceased from any importunities on the subject. By carefully nursing his strength through the week, he was enabled to ride to church until the 20th of January. On that Sabbath he preached from the text, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." The day was cold and damp, and, on returning home, he received a chill that aggravated all his complaints, and he was never able to

enter his pulpit again. Through one of his children, who now became his faithful little scribe, he wrote many letters home. In one, under date of Feb. 10th, 1856, he writes:

"I have now given up to do nothing, and am much comforted by the affection which my people cherish toward me. I never dreamed it was so strong. They make my sickness no expense to me, and tell me to keep still six months, or more, if I need it or wish it.

"Br. J. S. Dennis will be here next Sabbath, and he will supply my pulpit four or five weeks. Mr. William H. Richardson, a noble brother, who once resided in Malden, near you, is superintendent of my Sabbath-school. I never was more at rest, or so well circumstanced to get well before; and if, in this city of costly living, I have saved but little money, I find I have awakened in the hearts of my people a wealth of affection, that is worth much to a minister who loves his profession, and thinks no sacrifice too great that will conduce to his usefulness.

"The children are all well, and, with humble repose on the goodness of our heavenly Father, we are in peace and happiness. I pray for your well-being every day, and it has been one of my greatest comforts to hear so often as I have that you are well this winter."

Under date of Feb. 18th, he writes:

"I feel very happy to have Br. Dennis here. He preached here on Sunday to great acceptance. I know A—— will excuse E—— A—— for not writing, for her labors are so numerous that it grieves me to see how much she has to do; but we all keep up a good heart, and our home is cheerful and happy. My people are very attentive, and you could not ask for me to be embosomed with better friends."

Those only who have known the alternate hopes and fears experienced while watching beside the consumptive, can understand the expression, "It is a flattering disease." It came to my husband in its

most deceitful form, often beguiling him with promises of health and usefulness, and he could not believe that a fatal sickness was upon him. For a long time I had felt that passing away was marked upon every line of his pale face, and every movement of his once active step; but there were times when even I would yield to the sweet delusion that he might recover.

He had possessed, when in comparative health, the deepest religious nature, and had dwelt in more constant communion with the Father than any person I had ever known; and when he resigned himself to his sickness, he felt the sure repose that such a life secures. His disease was exceedingly variable, and a day of complete relief from pain was often suddenly followed by a night of excessive suffering. In disappointment I would sometimes exclaim, "O, this is too bad!" but instantly I was answered, "No, nothing is too bad that my Father sees fit to send;" and a grateful prayer was ready upon his lips for the least mitigation of pain. With such an example I received a discipline to accept whatever cup should be offered me; and I may truly say that at no time of my wedded life had I passed serener hours than in his sick-room. Others than myself felt the sweet influence of his last days. Friends who came to sit with him will long remember the cheerful conversation, sometimes prolonged into deep twilight, and his children will never forget those last evenings, when he was too feeble to admit company, or even to hear a book read, and they would sit quietly around him, while the eldest, to beguile his pain and weakness, would recount all the incidents of the day. "They must do well," said he once, after his eyes had rested fondly on the young group; "they are the children of many prayers."

After he had given up his pulpit labors, his mind, which would never rest, dwelt much on publishing

a volume of sermons. A conversation, one day, with one who was a dear and devoted companion in his sickness — our brother Dennis — awoke the desire anew; and one morning, after a night of unusual rest, he called his little amanuensis to his bedside, and dictated a perfect prospectus of a volume, such as he had long desired, and also a proposition to a publisher. A few hours after, while I was selecting copy for the *Repository* from among his sermons, he requested me to lay aside several, the titles of which I had mentioned, as suitable for his new book; and I doubt not he would have chosen every sermon for it, had I not taken them from his sight, and changed the conversation. I could not tempt his mind to further thought, though I longed to know his choice. But among his papers I found a list that he had arranged, and I hope to give his friends, at some future time, his last work.

Pain did not make life less sweet, nor take one charm from the duties that he loved. Through years he had labored to keep the mind superior to suffering, and he felt he could do so still. He tried hard to get well; but, when one after another of his holds on life failed, he yielded himself to the arms of his Saviour, as naturally as a tired child seeks rest on the bosom of its mother. Exceeding peace took possession of his soul. Everything was right, and every friend who came to his bedside was welcomed with a kiss of love. The arrival of a sister and a brother-in-law almost overpowered him with joy. In a letter home, under date of March 16th, his sister writes:

"He received me with an emotion that almost frightened me for its effects, and, with his arms tightly clasped around my neck, he offered a fervent prayer of thanks for my coming. As soon as he could speak, he said:

"'O, A——, the other day, I thought I was dying, and I folded my hands and said, Henry Bacon, your work is done!

I felt the truth of every word I have said to others. A——, I have been a faithful preacher. I believe every word I have uttered. O, I have a beautiful faith!'

"He was rejoiced to see Dr. ——; but the excitement caused extreme exhaustion. The next day he was very happy, and wanted E—— A—— and myself to talk all day about home. We took our sewing and sat beside him, and talked of all the pleasant things we could think of. When we paused he would say, 'If you don't talk, I shall.'

"I do wish I could say something to give you comfort about him; but I fear we must only look for that to the good God of all consolation. Both of his physicians say he is past human aid. I try hard to say 'Thy will be done;' still I must hope while there is life.

"He had an ill turn this morning, and his physician was sent for. He asked if his countenance indicated distress. E—— A—— told him no. He said, 'That is because my mind is at peace. I am in my Maker's hands, and resigned to his will.'

"God strengthen you all, especially father and mother."

On the last Sabbath he was permitted to be with us, he continued all day in a calm and heavenly frame of mind. A sweet smile rested on his face. "No one," said Br. Dennis, "ever saw Henry smile, who cannot see him to-day." He said but little, his emotions were so great; but on the entrance of one who was twofold welcome, as a recent convert and a tender friend, he gave some expression to the joy that filled his soul.

"I am so glad to see you!" said he, after the first warm greeting. "I wanted to tell you how happy I am; *so* happy, so *inexpressibly* happy! I had no experience like this in my sickness a year ago." "No," said his friend, "you did not need it then." "No," he replied, "or God would have given it to me. It is all *right*. It is *all* right. God does it. Is there any song or faith equal to that in all the world?" "No," said his friend, "there is none."

"None," he replied; "it is all right. Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Then, drawing his friend to him, and placing his arms affectionately around his neck, he continued: "O, my dear brother, you will never know how precious the Saviour is until you are situated as I am! You will never know the depth of a Universalist's faith till then. I have been afraid of dying all my life; but this fear is all gone. The bitterness of death is taken away. I am willing to go this hour, if it please God to take me. Thanks be unto God who giveth me the victory!" He was much overcome, and could speak but with difficulty; and, fearing he would get too much exhausted, I said to him, "Do not say too much, now." "O," said he, "you must let me talk! All the rest of you understand my faith; but this dear brother has not been with us long; he needs my testimony." He remained quiet for a moment; but, on seeing his friend move from him, he said, "Don't go, will you?" On receiving the assurance that it was a privilege to be with him, he placed his hands affectionately upon his cheeks, and said, with quivering lip and eyes filled with tears, "Everybody treats me just so; everybody is kind to me. God knows I do not deserve so much." He then repeated:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

After a pause he continued, "I never preached an insincere word in all my life; and I 'm so glad of it — so glad of it! My Saviour smiles on me, and says, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' God Almighty knows I do not deserve *that;* but I have always *tried* to be faithful to principle."

Another friend came in, and he looked up with a

smile, saying, "You see me, brother, ready to go or stay;" and he conversed much the same with him as with the other friend.

The next morning, while I was moving around his bed, I perceived that his eyes followed me with a troubled expression. I said, "Is it not all well with you this morning?" "All but one thing," he replied; "I cannot tell just how you feel about me." I had prepared myself for this direct question, and was enabled to say, "Whatever God sees fit to send will be right with me." "O, bless you! bless you for those words!" said he. "I never was happier in my life. You need say nothing more." No farewells were ever spoken; we needed none. In a letter home, his sister writes:

"Soon after he laid his hand on his heart, and said, 'All is peace here, for my hand is in the hand of my Saviour.' He is calm and patient. He says but little now of home, and I think it is because it agitates him so much; he has had such a longing to see you. He often says, 'Tell me something of father and mother; it will quiet my nerves.'

"It seems to me his people are the kindest in the world. They spare nothing that can contribute to his relief or pleasure. He could not be more tenderly cared for."

From this time he said but little, and it became evident to us all that he was almost home. On Tuesday evening, March 18th, we felt it was his last night with us. Friends who loved him as a brother could not leave us, and I looked around the room on the same faces that had greeted us on the first evening of our arrival in Philadelphia. He knew them all, but he seemed not to be with us. Often during the night he fancied his mother was around his bed. His last hours were soothed "by the memory of the hand-charm." When morning dawned we smoothed his pillow, and with a smile he thanked us and said, "O, that is beautiful!" It was our last office. He

dropped into a quiet sleep to awake to a fairer morn than ours.

Friends dressed him for his burial, in the same suit of black that he had worn on the last day he entered his pulpit, and I thought of his oft-quoted words of Mrs. Mayo:

> "No longer the shroud and the pall wear gloom,
> They 're travelling robes to a fairer home."

They laid him in a beautiful coffin, and, on Friday, conveyed him to his own beloved church for funeral services. The pulpit and the furniture around it were draped in black; and, borne up the aisle by eight of his church, acting as bearers, his coffin was placed in front of the altar, where his willing feet had so often stood to break the bread of communion, or in the impressive rite of the consecration of children.

One who had been dear to him in social life sung alone, with a tremulous voice, an anthem that he had loved:

> "Angels, ever bright and fair
> Take, O take him to thy care!"

The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. Sawyer, and Rev. Mr. Moore delivered an impressive sermon. Rev. Eben Frances and Rev. G. Collins also assisted in the services. A sweet and solemn dirge, and an impressive anthem, "I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," were mingled with the services, and many felt it was good to be there. Said Mr. Moore, in his sermon:

"It seems but as yesterday since this temple of Christian devotion was solemnly consecrated to the living God and Father of all spirits. On that same day the *first pastor* took his place here, and, before Heaven and the assembled worshippers, earnestly dedicated all the energies of his nature to the

arduous duties of his high and holy calling. A long career of usefulness seemed to open before him, and he entered upon his work with a strong heart and a confiding spirit. His union with the people of his charge was blessed of Heaven, and preserved unbroken to the hour of his departure. And he has left here, in the scene of his last earthly toils, a name and a memory that shall fill a holy place in the hearts of this people as long as they shall come here to worship the God of their fathers.

"How changed is the scene now! That light and slender frame is not seen bearing into this pulpit the vigorous intellect, the well-stored mind, and the ardent Christian soul. That eye, which looked upon this congregation with a pastor's solicitude and a friend's benediction, is now sealed in the darkness of death! That voice, which spake strong and eloquent words out of the convictions of a manly heart that knew no guile, speaks not again! And those holy hands, that were lifted up without wrath and doubting, in such fervent supplications to Heaven as he alone could pour forth from the depths of his soul, now lie nerveless and dead beside the cold body of our dearly beloved and deeply lamented friend! His work is done, and he rests in quietness and peace from all his labors. But his works do follow after him, and will remain to bless the world long after this poor, worn-out body shall have mouldered away into its kindred dust! His life was not in vain. And though cut off from the land of the living in the meridian of his years, the amount of actual labor which he performed is seldom equalled, even by such as have the advantage of 'length of days.'

"I cannot undertake, in this hasty address, to sketch the life and labors of our departed friend. This work will be done by an abler hand. But I may simply say, that about one half of his days upon the earth were devoted to the Christian ministry, with an ardor and a success seldom equalled. As he was but forty-three years of age at the time of his death, he begun the great business of life at an early age. And after having pursued his work with marked efficiency in several of the cities of New England, he removed to this city in the autumn of 1851, and became the first pastor of this church. Here was opened before him a wide field of effort, in which he manfully toiled, and here, I think,

he formed the strongest attachments by which he was ever bound to any people. His was a generous nature, and with him friendship was not a *name*, but a power. He loved his people; and they also regarded him with a deep affection that will never fade away from their remembrance. Sad, indeed, to this people, is the solemn event that has broken their companionship, and left them here like sheep without a shepherd.

"The departed was one of the most remarkable men that it has ever been my lot to know. He was an intense thinker and a laborious student; an honest man and a devout Christian; a firm friend and a most eloquent preacher. And if it be true that life consists in a succession of thoughts, his was a *long life*. By day and by night, at home and abroad, in private and in public, he ever exhibited the most wonderful activity of mind and thought. And all his reading and thinking were but the means of preparation for the duties of his sacred calling as a Christian teacher. His ardent zeal for the cause of Christ and the good of his people bore him to this place when his bodily strength was quite inadequate to the labors of the day. And when no longer able to quit the place of his abode, his conversation with friends, and his letters to brethren abroad, evinced the deep and affectionate interest which he never ceased to cherish towards the loved people of his choice."

Just as the sun was sinking in the west, and shedding his mellow beams through the stained glass of the beautiful church, his sermon closed with these words:

"'Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the even-tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green;
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet like *that* sun, *seems largest at its setting!*'

"Peace to thy memory, my departed friend! Blessings upon thy stricken wife and lonely children, thou faithful man! Hope to thy kindred and comfort to thy people, thou

true servant of Christ! And may the fervent prayer of us all be, '*Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!*'"

In his account of the services, Mr. Moore says:

"The church was filled with weeping friends, who testified in the strongest manner their great respect and affection for the departed pastor and friend. Never was a minister of the Gospel more beloved by the people of his charge. They did for him everything that was in their power while he lived, and poured forth their tears as one family when he closed his eyes in death. Br. Bacon did a blessed work in this city, and I mourn in sadness that his bright career is so soon ended. He died the death of a Christian, and has left behind him a memory that will never perish."

The following day his remains were conveyed to his native city, accompanied by his family and four members of his society; and, on March 24th, funeral services were again held in School-street church, Boston. Numerous relatives and friends in the city, many friends from former parishes, ministering friends and students from Tufts College, were present. The sermon was preached by Dr. H. Ballou, who, for many years, had been the beloved pastor of his father's family. His sermon was from the beautifully appropriate text, "He being dead yet speaketh." He was assisted in the services by Rev. J. Boyden, O. A. Skinner, and A. A. Miner.

Mr. Whittemore, in his account of the services, says:

"The preacher gave a history of Abel, showed why his sacrifice was accepted, and then maintained that wherever Abel had been heard of and remembered, he continued to speak by his acts; this was true up to Paul's day, and is still true to this time.

"In this discourse we wish to apply, said the Doctor, this subject in a general way. He went on to speak of the dead,

how we mourn when they are taken from us; there is a vacancy, they are absent from us; there is a void, and we *cannot* but be sensible of it.

"But this is the mournful side of the picture; there is a brighter side. He referred to the resurrection from the dead. That, indeed, is the great source of joy. In some degree we share in it now. They are present to us in our memories, and, as memory lingers upon them, they seem to be present here with us.

"We shall soon meet them again. We have only to wait a little while, and all our heart's desire shall be ours.

"There is another sense in which the dead speak to us; namely, by their examples and the influences they put in operation. The dead from their past lives have a great influence over us. The dead actually divide with us now the management of the world. Strike out all the influence the dead are now exerting, and what a blank would there be!

"He then went on to speak of the great and good after they are dead. He referred to the pilgrim fathers; they are at work and have been at work for two hundred years past, fashioning New England. Why are we a peculiar people? Because we spring from them, and have been influenced by them.

"He spoke also of the apostles, and showed how they, although dead, influence the world. The fathers in our ministry were not forgotten. At last he came to speak of the good man whose body lay before him. He spoke of his activity and industry; these gave out results which shall be felt for a long, very long time to come. In one sense he is removed, but in a higher and far better sense he will remain with us.

"He passed in brief review the life of the deceased; the activity he manifested in his ministry, and the results thereof. He spoke of Mr. Bacon's life, of his religious education, his desire to devote his life to the defence of the truth as he believed it. He was self-educated, entered the work of the ministry, settled at East Cambridge. Here the Doctor traced him from place to place in which he lived. One of the most remarkable traits in his life was his incessant activity. He labored with all his might. He was instant in season and out of season. His activity was vividly described. Henry Bacon was a minister of Christ *in all his soul.* He delighted in

it. Wherever the ministration of the Gospel could be carried, there was he at work. Wherever good could be done, there was he at work. The Doctor spoke of his personal qualities. He had a heart full of sympathy, was exceedingly sensitive, but always intending right. He was true to Universalism. He loved the good in everything, and sought it out and brought it forward.

"His gradual decline was referred to; his approach to death, his view of the king of terrors, the last words, his happiness in the prospect of dissolution, his happiness in review of his ministry, all were referred to. The Doctor concluded with very touching allusions to the widow, the father, and brothers and sisters. He could himself scarcely refrain from tears.

"He addressed the brethren in the ministry, to be faithful unto death. A strong man has been taken from us. He exhorted them to a wise improvement of the solemn event.

"The concluding prayer was offered by Rev. A. A. Miner.

"The closing hymn was then sung:

'Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

'Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O, earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust! — a glorious form —
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.'

"The benediction was pronounced by Dr. Ballou.

"An opportunity was then given for all present to look upon that face once more, when the vast assembly passed slowly by the coffin and saw the body for the last time."

Again, he says:

"One of the most impressive spectacles we ever saw was Henry Bacon in his coffin. It was plainly but richly mounted, and covered externally with black cloth, closely fitted as if glued to the black walnut. As it laid in front of the School-street pulpit, the whole top was off and stood at the feet, the plate glistening toward the audience. Within was the sleeper, clad in his pulpit dress; not a surplice, for he never wore one,

but a plain black suit. The internal lining and stuffing took away the appearance of a body lying on a board, and gave it the appearance of being asleep. The head was very natural, the hair combed to the right side, the forehead clear; the face emaciated, but in other respects but little changed. The arms lay easily upon the front, slightly crossed. Bouquets of sweet flowers lay upon the breast. Even to the feet, the corpse was dressed as if in perfect health; but the breast was still, the eyes were closed, the lips moved not. The spirit was not there; it had gone to the God who bestowed it. The vast crowd present passed silently and thoughtfully by, each one taking the farewell look, all sorrowful, and many shedding tears. But why did they mourn? Was not his work done? Was it not well done? He had passed through death. The survivors were the prisoners, but he was free!"

His remains were followed by a long procession to Mount Auburn, and we saw him placed in his father's tomb, beside his little Mary, there to be joined in a few weeks by his mother.

"He giveth his beloved sleep;"

but, says our elder brother, "I go that I may awake him out of his sleep." Our departed have heard his voice. They, not we, are in the land of the living.

But a few words can I say in parting from those who have followed me to the last resting-place of him who has been called the *Christian Comforter*. Feebly have I learned of him, if I am willing to let tears alone be our parting expression.

There is so little to regret in the memories we have recalled, so many aspirations of his youth were reached, so devotedly had he lived the life for which he was best fitted, so happy were his last days and so peaceful their close, that we cannot hesitate to say, it is well; his work here was finished. Let me give you my best testimony of what he has done for me. *All* that he has done I know not, and

what my life would have been without him I can dimly imagine; but in the peace, the beauty, the harmony that is now around me, I am conscious of the "footsteps of his life in mine." No cloud can arise in my future that will not be tinged with the light that he learned me to discern, and no trial can come to me unaccompanied by the faith that it is for some wise and salutary purpose. He has made the past beautiful and holy, but he has so led me to the faith in "that strong bond that is to be," that hope is dearer than memory.

XIII.

TESTIMONIALS AND TRIBUTES.

It has been my endeavor, in the foregoing pages, to blend the character of my husband with the story of his life; and I do not feel that anything is left for me to add by way of conclusion. I therefore leave the estimate of his personal and professional worth to the testimonials of his friends. And, first, I copy a series of resolutions that were communicated to his family, with words of tender sympathy, from the Church of the Messiah, in Philadelphia. They are as follows:

"*Whereas*, It has pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to remove from our midst, by the dispensation of death, our beloved pastor, the Rev. Henry Bacon, whose loss we most sincerely mourn and deeply deplore; and, whereas, we would offer some fitting testimonial of our high appreciation of his character and worth; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the church and congregation of the Church of the Messiah, of the city of Philadelphia, in the death of their minister and pastor, the late Rev. Henry Bacon, have sustained a loss which cannot be repaired.

"*Resolved*, That, by his death, the church has lost a devoted, beloved, and eminently Christian minister; a faithful and earnest pastor; a noble, eloquent, and firm defender and expositor of the doctrine of universal salvation.

"*Resolved*, That, in his death, the denomination have sustained an irreparable loss; — one who was an ornament to the order; who, by his purity of character, strict integrity, and eminent Christian virtues, united with an uncompromising devotion to truth and duty, together with brilliant talents and

varied accomplishments, had placed himself high in the regard and admiration of all who knew him.

"*Resolved*, That this community have experienced the loss of a truly Christian man, who, 'being dead, yet speaketh,' by the purity of a life consecrated to the furtherance and fulfilment of great public duties; an ardent lover of his race, who, while strength remained, was ever deeply interested and actively engaged in behalf of the distinctive moral movements of the age.

"*Resolved*, That this society and congregation most deeply sympathize with the widow and family of our late pastor, in the dark hour of their bereavement, and unitedly pray that they may be sustained by that glorious faith which illumined his life, and smoothed his passage to the grave."

Testimonials were also presented by the Sabbath-school Association; and, from an address delivered before the school, on the occasion of his death, by the superintendent, Mr. W. H. Richardson, jr., I make a few extracts:

"It is only a short year and a half since my intimate acquaintance with Mr. Bacon was commenced. I had known him, in my New England home, as one of the most brilliant lights in the denomination; as an earnest, sincere, devoted minister of Christ. My *personal* acquaintance was very slight; yet I felt that I knew him. There was something in his personality that, from my boyhood, had exerted a mysterious influence over me. The first time I heard him preach was in my native village, when but a lad. I was deeply impressed with his earnestness. A profound conviction of the solemnity and importance of the great mission he had chosen seemed to rest upon him; and every movement, the tones of his voice, the impressiveness of his appeals, and, above all, the rapt eloquence of his prayers, touched and subdued me. Ever after, whenever his name was mentioned, there would come up before my imagination that slender form, that tranquil face, and quiet ease of manner, which seemed to be the result of an inward strength of moral power which no opposition could successfully oppose, and which felt in itself convictions so deep and strong that it could walk straight on, and, though he might be

jostled in his path, and thwarted by those who could not understand him, yet would rise superior to all opposition, and vindicate the justness of his course. * * * * *

"That little boy, Henry, had that within him which was far above all mere privilege. He possessed not only a love for knowledge, but a determination to obtain it. Early and late, he improved his time. At school, he was always prepared with a perfect lesson; at home, he was always engaged in his studies. He read good books, remembered their contents, and preserved them carefully in the chambers of his brain; so that, as he increased in years, he brought along with him the results of his past efforts. Youth, to him, was the season of *preparation*. He felt that it was only by determined effort that he could hope to store his mind with those scientific truths, moral lessons, and never-failing sources of enjoyment, which are chiselled out only by the patient and unwearied student. He went on, ever scaling new heights, — ever adding a new horizon to his prospects, — continually ascending. He graduated, he said, 'at the school of *Common Privilege*, under the *presidency of Hard Work*.' So diligently did he labor, and so thoroughly was he fitted for his chosen mission, that, when he reached his twentieth year, he had commenced the work of the Gospel ministry. What an example is here placed before us all for imitation! He, being dead, doth indeed speak to all of us, by a life whose dawn was the bright promise of a golden meridian. Here can we trace back to its source the accumulation of all that wealth of mind which we have been permitted so richly to enjoy. There is something ennobling and sublime in witnessing the early efforts of genius, — an element which all possess who are actuated by a lofty purpose, and a will that no obstacle can conquer.

"An eloquent writer has adopted a very pretty figure, which finely illustrates such a life as that of him we mourn:

"'In the Alpine gorges I have seen a little rivulet, whose unwearied perseverance has cut hundreds of feet down through the solid rock to finish the cleft, marking the landscape for a hundred miles, by which the everlasting hills, with their bald heads gazing at each other, were parted to let the traveller through. So, verily, the only way for the life of a moral creature is to dig its own channel.'

"Let us now contemplate the secret, the motive power in

this good man's life, which has enabled him to exert such an influence for the right, the good, and the true. Mr. Bacon was an able man, — a man of learning, of ability, — a ready writer, an eloquent speaker. Yet these attainments, great as they are, were not the sources of his real power. Mr. Bacon was a man of large and varied acquirements. He was not only an able minister and divine, — not only a thorough theological student and scholar, — but he had travelled into other regions of science and literature. There were very few subjects with which he did not feel an acquaintance. He could write upon *Commerce*, *Law*, *Medicine*, *History* — sacred and profane. Upon each and all of these he could discourse and write with ease, elegance, and power. He possessed, also, a fine poetical talent. One of the last poetical gems he ever penned was called forth by the reception of a beautiful marble statuette of our Saviour, his head bound with thorns, as he went up Calvary to the crucifixion. Permit me to read it:

'O, bound and thorn-crowned Saviour! moving on
With thy great thoughts to Calvary's fatal height!
The starlight calm of thy dear face has won
My heart to muse of all thy wondrous might.
Yes, thou wert mighty in that awful hour,
When weakness seemed thy robe, and thou wert love!

'Thine was the might of Love — that chiefest power
Which rules more perfect than the chair or throne.
As now I gaze, beneath that thorn-crowned brow
A beauty lives that clothes each thorn with blooms;
All roseate bright becomes the mocking now,
And thy freed hand disperses all the glooms.
O, what is greatness of mere form and place,
To that which lives eternal in thy face?'

"As before remarked, there were very few departments of literature or science that he had not explored. His productive brain was ever at work; he wrote unremittingly, and every subject which he touched he adorned. Yet we shall look in vain to find the source of his real greatness hidden in the recesses of his brain. Not there but in his manly heart. He was an *honest man*. He was a *true Christian*, an *upright*, *God-fearing man*. He was always true to his convictions of duty. He never swerved from that which he believed to be right. You always knew where to find him. Self-interest was never

allowed to sway or turn him. He remarked upon his dying bed that he never preached an insincere word in his life. 'I don't think he ever did,' said his venerable father, as the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, when his dear son's words were repeated to him. 'T is here we must look, if we would correctly understand and appreciate the character of our departed minister. How noble does such a life appear as we gaze upon its excellences! * * * * *

"We have seen what forces were at work in Mr. Bacon's life that made him what he was. We see him in the morning of his life devoting all his powers to the acquirement of knowledge. He felt that he was in the world for some good purpose, and he resolutely determined that, with God's blessing, he would make the world better for his having lived in it. Here, then, was the secret of his power; here the secret of his success. Noble resolves, inspired and made alive by untiring and ever-progressive industry, high moral principle, unbending integrity, and a courageous heart, gave him all he desired. * * * * *

"Most of you have watched from some hill-top the declining sun, and have thought, as it slowly sank behind the western hills, and darkness soon succeeded, that the sun had gone *out* when it went from your sight. No, it is not so. It has gone to light other nations and other lands — to carry day where night and darkness had been. So children are apt to look upon death as the *end* of existence and life. But it is not so. All that your beloved pastor was in this life still exists. His body will decay, but his soul, his immortal mind, has gone where sickness can never more reach it, and where pain and anguish are never known; but where all is bright, beautiful and serene.

"He has departed, but he is not silent. His words will linger with you, I trust, forever. You will often see him bending over you, that pale face urging you to continue on in this school he loved so well. Let us listen to that voice; let us heed its heavenly instructions, and be blessed by its communion. Then, when we are engaged in the noblest employments, when we feel a proud consciousness of having faithfully discharged our duty, we can in faith look up and say,

'I see thee still!
Thou art not in the grave confined —

Death cannot claim the immortal mind;
Thou to a fairer land art gone;
There, let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still!'"

His long-tried friend in the ministry, Rev. J. G. Adams, sends the following tribute:

"Christian faith and works were most significant in the life of our beloved and departed brother.

"The theology he had embraced was to him the faith of faiths, 'the rock of ages;' and he stood upon it with immovable confidence. He read indications of it in everything. Nature was exuberant in its evidences. God's name to him was excellent in all the earth; his works were manifold, his goodness was unsearchable in and through them all. Flower, rain-drop, streamlet, cloud, star, sunshine, all were texts for him. So were the incidents of life, joyous or afflictive. All told him of God; all helped him to illustrate the Divine Paternity. He read his theology in the Scriptures. They, too, were full of God and his truth. Simplest texts had great and sure meanings to him; and he would have others see these meanings, as he talked or wrote them. No spirit ever had a truer, more discriminating reverence for the Bible. He found his best philosophy there. His knowledge of it was not of the letter only, but of 'the spirit that giveth life.'

"Universalism was his highest conception, his ideal of Christianity. It embodied all the good and beautiful of every other creed and sect. It answered the highest demands of the spiritualism of the Bible, the highest demands of human nature, all noblest Christian aspiration and prayer. Ever ready to acknowledge the good and acceptable in other systems, he never lost sight of this embodiment of 'the greatest good of the greatest number.' Although no small sectarian, he had no fellowship for that easy liberality which finds no system of divinity taught by Jesus and the Scriptures. The system in which he confided, little as he believed all men yet knew of it, was a harmonious and perfect one.

"The practical teachings and bearings of the doctrine he believed, were, to him, of unspeakable importance. He never

thought, wrote, or preached mere dry textual theology. His Universalism did not consist in proving that any form of partialism is absurd, inhuman, or ungodly, or that all men would eventually obtain happiness; but in a knowledge of God's love, and the response of the human heart to it; in obedience to the divine commands; in truth's service now and evermore; in a world's salvation from sin, and its supreme love of holiness. Faithwise, such was our beloved brother and friend.

"In his Christian work he was untiring. He came into the ministry through much mental exertion, if not tribulation. He felt the greatness of the step he had taken, and his anxiousness of soul was that he might be a successful minister of the New Testament. His ministrations proving acceptable, he threw aside all worldly weights that he might run with patience the race set before him. No love of gain, ease, or fashion, held him back. Though careful and prudent, 'the love of money' never choked his spirituality, nor blighted his soul. He trusted in God, and worked with all his might. He consecrated himself to his labors, and in them how abundant was he! The poet Quarles describes him:

> 'Thy life 's a warfare, thou a soldier art,
> Satan's thy foeman, and a faithful heart
> Thy two-edged weapon, patience thy shield,
> Heaven is thy chieftain, and the world thy field.'

"That busy pen, how it moved in swiftness as it was fired with new and constantly increasing inspiration! His beloved *Repository*, — that child of his peculiar hope and joy; the books and tracts he has written, which many eyes have scanned; and the numerous sheets filled and laid by, because there was not time enough in his life for him to use them; what evidences are these of his pen's magical workings! His preaching gave equal testimony of his consecration to his work. It seemed as though he could never tire of the pulpit service. He was always ready to speak for God's truth. His words were earnest, full, and strong; his illustrations inexhaustible; and there was an unction in all he said which gained the sympathy of every hearer susceptible of religious emotion. His sincerity stood plainly forth in all his speech. He made his pulpit a free one, because the truth had done so

much to make him free. Up to the last of his working he loved the pulpit. He stood up in it until exhausted nature would allow him to remain there no longer. He yielded to her imperative demands with the Gospel message fresh and warm upon his lips. And when he withdrew with reluctance from that sacred place, it was to finish his work in the retirement of his home; to give his dying testimony to a life so full of the beauty and strength of divine truth.

"He will be remembered; for his works will continue to speak to many who had enjoyed his personal ministrations, and to many more who knew him only through the glowing testimonies reaching them through his pen. The home, the social circle, the church, the Sabbath-school, the conference, association, convention, will all feel the withdrawal of his personal presence, while they will be blest with what of blessing remains to them in the influences of his past connections with them. I shall ever honor him, and bless his memory; the memory of a friend and brother beloved, with whom I have shared so much and so richly of the intercourse of the spirit; an intercourse free from the least unpleasant clouding or interruption; the memory of a fearless, laborious, consecrated apostle of Christian truth. 'I cannot make him dead.' Thanks to the Father that he lives evermore!"

An article from the *Rose of Sharon*, for 1857, entitled "Henry Bacon," by Rev. A. D. Mayo, I give almost entire. I do not feel willing to mar its beauty by extracts; but a portion of it is biographical; and fearing, also, that space would forbid its insertion, I have previously made a few selections from it:

"The most moving voices that speak from this Annual are always those whose words no longer adorn its pages, but whose memory has become its inheritance. As we take up this volume of our 'Rose,' what sacred associations linger about it! Still does the plant open its buds to the light and sun, and blossom with its old vigor and beauty; yet hands that have twined its infant stalks are cold, and eyes that looked with love upon its first blushing life now look upon immortal flowers in fields of Paradise. Julia, Charlotte, Sarah, Henry, are

now a part of its life; and its fragrance of to-day is theirs no less than ours. So do all things in this world, as they gain maturity, surround themselves with a grace not of their birthplace; put on relations to eternity, and blend the loveliness of earth with the mysterious anticipations of fairer climes and grander occupations. So has our humble flower already become a 'Rose of Sharon,' watered by angel hands, gleaming with a light from beyond the skies.

* * * * *

"It is good for us all to pause amid the noisy strife of our present toil, and contemplate the end of the good man. We are yet in the heat of the conflict: swift-rushing thoughts course along the highways of our mind; plans of usefulness, fair as cities with golden gates, descend before our eyes like the New Jerusalem coming down from above; steady contention against the sin and folly of the world compels us to be warriors whether we will or no. But here is a man whose end has come. His earthly work is finished, and he is promoted to a larger field. His going away does not throw contempt on our remaining, neither does his vaster sphere dwarf the importance of ours; rather do both elevate this world and all that good men do therein to a nearer companionship with better lands, and the employments of higher intelligences. We can toil all the more industriously, 'fight the great fight' all the more bravely, believe in the results of our service the more certainly, now one that yesterday wrought with us is seen to-day beckoning from his nobler post in a new heaven. And the thoughts of his glorious departure and his present labors impart a calmness and persistence to our endeavors which no prospects bounded by earthly limitations could bestow. * * * * *

"The most marked feature of his spiritual life was the fulness of his religious affections and the depth of his religious experience. He had a *genius for religion*. His soul accepted and assimilated the love of God and man as the fields accept the summer showers, and blossom into flowers and grass and grain. His religion was no poor skeleton of dogmatic theology, wielded like a whip in the grasp of a narrow selfishness and a perverse will over the backs of partisan opponents; no traditions of the fathers divorced from the winning piety and broad humanity that alone made their creed venerable; no unlearned

and ignorant zeal wherewith new converts so often run in the face and eyes of knowledge; but a deep, full principle of life, early awakened, nourished by the associations and experiences of youth, confirmed by the labors of manhood, ever throwing off new and lovely manifestations, and gathering a grander volume and a deeper tone with every added year of his life. His intellect was susceptible, acute, and versatile, rather than massive or logical; his imagination fertile in detecting the analogies between the spiritual and the material; his fancy, a constant light dancing over his powers, setting old truths in new and startling forms, and sending cross lights athwart his most devout meditations, and often relieving his intensest moods with an irresistible drollery like the humor of a child. But all these faculties were subordinate to his intense and generous affections. His prayers bore up the whole of his mind to the altar; his love, like a broad tide, swept down all things in its irresistible course. Whatever may have been his services to theology, or to literature, or his success in social affairs, the secret of his power was in this central religious life, which streamed through, elevated, and sanctified his character, and made all his peculiarities of mind or manner somehow characteristic.

"His religious energy explains the invariable effects of his preaching. His sermons were generally extemporaneous productions, often uttered as they came into his mind. As works of art, or labored treatises on theology or morality, they are not to be criticized, but as the sincere outpouring of a great, good heart, on fire with the love of God and man, and elevated by the faith in the final harmony of the universe. His whole service in the church was but a continuation of his talk about the fireside and in the study, and his larger talk with the world through his pen. As the fire burned at the centre, the flame of mingled devotion, rhetoric, logic, invective and appeal, rose or fell. When in good health, and inspired by a receptive assembly, it rose pure and clear like a prayer, varying with every hour of the Sabbath day; when worn and harassed by outside cares and toils, it wandered off into fanciful analogies and broken argumentations, yet always at some point falling upon the track of a deep and strong religious sentiment. His voice and manner in the pulpit were those of a man anxious to get out what crowded his heart and brain

almost to oppression, and were the conductors of his vital power to the people. Thus, although he has probably left comparatively few written sermons, and a volume of these would fail to explain his great power, he was one of the most effective preachers of his day. His religious fervor and deep experience of glorious realities unsealed the doors of the heart, awakened the latent susceptibilities of his hearers, and led them along, they knew not how. He was not a 'theological' or a 'reformatory' preacher, though theology and reform were a large staple of his material; but he was eminently a 'spiritual preacher;' one whose religious life underlies, forms, colors, and permeates, all his opinions and forms of utterance.

"In his theological system he loved to be called 'an Universalist;' but it was in no narrow partisan sense that this deep-souled, generous man wrought in any sect. He was first a Christian — a deeply religious man — and his theology was a growth out of that religious life; and, although his position exposed him to constant controversy, his spirit always claimed affinity with the good of every name. If he had prejudices of sects, they were of his head, and never rooted in his heart. From such men alone does any religious party derive its right to exist; for we must never forget that only the man whose soul is large enough to comprehend all varieties of human excellence, and sympathize with all, can resist the inevitable tendencies of sectarian controversy and theological difference to narrow and harden the mind, and rob the character of its finest elements of human sympathy and manly grace.

"As a pastor, he was unwearied in his efforts for the good of his people. His zeal and benevolence never wearied, though often his body succumbed to the drafts made upon its energies. Supported by his faithful wife, he was ever a friend to the poor, a consoler to the bereaved, an arm of strength around the sick and suffering, a lover of little children, a blessing to his people. His name is a household word in many a home now personally bereaved by his departure.

"But Brother Bacon was most widely known by his labors as an editor and contributor to religious journals. His own scanty culture in youth was redeemed by an unceasing industry during his professional life. He read with appreciative admiration the best literature of the day, and his knowledge

of standard writers of English belles-lettres was extensive and sympathetic. His theological studies were desultory, and chiefly confined to his own language; but he knew the best religious writers of his mother tongue, and assimilated what he read. His zeal for the cause of clerical education was unremitting, and the regret at his own want of early opportunities only sharpened his efforts to awaken a spirit for literary and professional culture in his denomination. As contributor to the *Rose*, the *Quarterly*, the various newspapers of the order, and especially as editor of the *Repository*, he has done more than any other man to awaken a spirit of culture among the young people in the sect, and has laid the foundations of the growth of polite literature. The best female writers, who have always been the best literary writers of the denomination, were either encouraged to their first efforts by, or associated in various ways with him.

"But the productions of his pen were only another illustration of his religious life. Whether critical, poetic, theological, or what not, they were but the medium of his pious fervor, and his genial and sanctified benevolence. He preached through all he wrote; and thus his literary productions have a value far beyond their artistic merits. They are fragmentary utterances of a godly man striving every day towards new measures of power and love; and their best effects is the impulse they have given to a wide and thorough culture, and a spiritual Christianity. It was a beautiful and significant fact, that his last public act in New England was a prayer uttered standing on the corner-stone of the new denominational college on Walnut Hill. His professional life was such a prayer for the building up of a good culture, the growth of a Christian literature, and an intelligent Christianity.

"As a day laborer in the great liberal movements of American life he did his work well. He saw the length and breadth of that movement more clearly as he advanced in years; saw how it is deepening, strengthening, transcending party lines, and breaking out in varied forms of theological, social, political, and literary manifestations. Had he lived he would have grown more rapidly with every new year of life. His position in Philadelphia was an admirable post of observation, and he was not an idle watchman upon the tower. From our inter-

course with him there, we went away full of the conviction that his career of usefulness was only begun, that New England had been to him, as to so many besides, a grand college where principles and experiences had been stored which were to ripen, expand, and enlarge his character and life in a wider field of influence. But he was not to pause here; and a larger field, overlooked by a loftier tower, now fills his eager vision, and challenges his industrious hands.

"We cannot speak of our friend here as a man. Only this we may say, that he was better than all he did. Nothing mean, narrow, selfish, or sensual, could abide in his heart. Those who knew him best loved him as few men are loved. Neither are we here to shed tears over his departure. The man that could say on his death-bed, '*I never preached an insincere word in all my life*,' and who, if that can be said by man, might have added, 'I have lived sincerely till this day,' demands not lamentation so much as thanksgiving to God for his residence with us, and lofty cheer, and faithful toil, in emulation of his character. May ours be the truth of his life; ours the abiding trust of his faith; ours the serenity of his transition from the fields of service on earth to the larger career of believers in heaven."

Rev. A. G. Laurie communicates the following to the *Trumpet*, entitled "Br. Bacon's Dirge":

"Br. Whittemore: I have observed, in the *Trumpet* and other papers, a good many tributes to Br. Henry Bacon's memory in prose and rhyme; some of them very good indeed. And, as I have glanced over them, again and again I have thought to myself, why do not some of our editors republish Henry Bacon's own dirge on the death of Father Smith, in the April number of the *Repository* for 1850? It is, in my humble opinion, the finest death-chant for a Christian that I at present remember in the English language. The general tone of such odes is one of sadness; the pervading thought that of mortality, of death, of the chill body and the dull grave. The feeling is that of lamentation for loss, and has reference to us, the survivors, rather than to him to whom it is dedicated, who has already lifted the curtain inscrutable to mortal eye, and looked upon the armies of the angels, and

the face of the Redeemer. This, on the contrary, — we ought not to call it a dirge, for it is a strain of solemn triumph, and sounds like an accompaniment to the heavenly march which greets and cheers each human spirit as it paces the ascent from the valley of the shadow to the presence of the Father of lights, — this song of death and victory is thrilling throughout with immortality. Death is contemplated not as the act and process of 'unclothing,' as Paul would have said, but 'of clothing upon, that mortality may be swallowed up of life.' This is as it should be in a Christian Universalist poem on such a topic. Let unbelievers groan, and Christians who think God grudges heaven to his creatures, sigh forth threnes of lamentation over the dead, who are perhaps the damned; but the music of a high faith and solemn confidence, however tender the regrets, and how loaded soever with sorrow some of the tones which sob along the lines, ought always, I think, to be the religious characteristic of *our* poetry on such topics. Can a finer example anywhere be found than in the verses cited below? Why, the very chant of the lines sounds like the symphonic cadence of a spirit's march. How glorious the last two stanzas! What a sudden gush of sublimity in the exclamation,

> 'What a solemn tone
> The chimes of the evening have!'

as if the passing soul of the saint hung pausing upon them, filling them with its human feeling, and speaking through them with a holy speech; or, as if, forgetting for a while, their wonted office of calling mortal men to prayer, themselves were toning their voices to peal an immortal into heaven. The day, and the time of day controlling the allusions of the ode, excepted, the spirit of liberation, of dismissal to a loftier life, and of exultant welcome of the change, is the spirit of the death-scene of Henry Bacon, himself; as if, in accordance with the old theory of a double sense in the prophetical writings, he had been inspired in this ode, under these nonessentials, to prelude his own passage from momentary death to endless glory. I remember writing him when Alice Cary published in the *Trumpet* her dirge on the sinking of the Arctic, — equally fine, though different, — and mentioning how that recalled his, and how his had stirred my heart to its depths.

Republish it, I pray you, Br. Whittemore, as a fitting chant for the departure of Br. Bacon.

'DIRGE.

'With a victor's tread,
Through the Valley of Dread,
A saint of God goes on!
See his glory now,
That light on his brow,
That tells of the conquest won.

'Let no sound be heard,
Not a lip be stirred,
For the sunset hour is nigh!
Will he pass away
With the light of day?
The saint and the Sabbath die?

'The West is bright,
With the sunset light,
The eye of the saint is brave!
They are gone — both gone! —
What a solemn tone,
The chimes of the evening have!

'But lo! in the sky
What lights greet the eye!
O, what doth this beauty mean?
Lo! the saint of God
The valley hath trod,
The glory of heaven hath seen!' "

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF REV. HENRY BACON.

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

Home, with its many voices, bade thee come,
And thou art here! — not, as in days of yore,
To give glad greetings; but with pale lips, dumb,
Hands resting from their labors evermore,
Forehead of marble whiteness, pall and bier,
And welcome uttered in a burning tear!

O, not for this we hailed the coming spring,
Whose promise thrilled thy heart with solemn joy!
We hoped, with bird and flower, her hand might bring
The strength to nerve thee in thy blest employ.
Vain hope! the hum of bee, and song of bird,
Will float above thy couch of rest unheard!

We mourn that thou, with all thy glorious powers
In their full noon of lustre, with no shade
To mar their brightness, and with coming hours
Teeming with treasures, shouldst thy feet have stayed
So early in their progress; but to hear
God's voice was to obey, and heaven drew near.

A shepherd in Christ's fold, a watchman true
Upon the holy heights, servant of God,
A tireless reaper in the fields, where grew
Tares with the grain, once by the Saviour trod, —
All this thou wert, and now to earth is given
All that could die, — thy soul hath rest in heaven!

We know that thou art blest beyond our prayers;
We would not with vain anguish call thee back;
But O, henceforth, amid our toils and cares,
When wandering wildered through life's mazy track,
How shall we miss thy smile, thy guiding hand,
Thy soul-felt utterance, in our broken band!

A TRIBUTE.

BY REV. H. C. LEONARD.

In these fine hours of blooming May,
I wander in the fragrant wood,
In high and loving brotherhood
With flowers that smile in spring's mild ray.

I pluck the wind-flower from the mound,
O'ergrown with mosses green and red —
The violet from sloping bed —
The adder's tongue from moister ground.

God's works I see in this fair realm, —
The bursting buds that grace the beech;
On towering limbs I cannot reach
The drooping tassels of the elm;

The slender maple's scarlet plumes;
The thorn-tree's branch of snowy bloom;
The fir's cone shape, and shade of gloom;
The pine's dark top morn first illumes.

And now I feel my being's worth
Within these bounds of shade and light.
These opening leaves and blossoms bright
Are symbols of my second birth.

And while I see the star-grass blow,
  Or scan the gold-thread's snow-white flake,
  Or view the bent shoot of the brake,
Or watch the dandelion's glow,

A ghost walks with me at my side,
  A form my soul can but behold,
  A shape of fair and noble mould,
That moves like light, with noiseless glide.

O Friend! since thou from bonds art free,
  And dost behold my veiléd sense,
  And know'st the love I offer hence,
With fervent thought I speak to thee!

Thou wert the teacher of my youth;
  Thy voice called me to high pursuits,
  To cull the flowers and pluck the fruits
Which grow upon the trees of truth.

Thy wisdom taught me how to read
  Fair Nature's page, the lore of grace;
  And how, with firm and cheerful pace,
To walk above man's partial creed.

I follow thee in faith's bright road,
  A toiler with a noble band;
  Be thine my will, in heart and hand,
And thine my strength beneath life's load.

And when I reach death's vale at last,
  And clouds and darkness hide my view,
  May airs of heaven come stealing through,
To lead me where thy feet have passed!

WATERVILLE, ME., *May*, 1856.

SONNET.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

Brother! thy soul was in thy work, and life
Was unto thee an earnest, holy thing.
No day, no hour of thine, but Time's swift wing
Bore with it unto heaven, its record, rife
With great performing, and with noble strife
For truth and right; and when, full, not of years,
But deeds, that life drew to its close, no tears
Of ours could dim its radiance; for the light,
Shining through heaven's oped portals, made so bright
Those drops of sorrow, that all doubts, all fears,
Were chased away, and like a halo shone
Thy years of labor, and thy deeds of love, —
Fit prelude for that nobler work above,
To which thy Father now hath called thee home!

Somerville, Mass., *Nov.* 1*st.*

APPENDIX.

THE following article, from Mr. Bacon's pen, is deemed as belonging to this volume, containing, as it does, his fullest expression on a subject peculiar to his ministry.

DEATH AND ITS AGENCIES.

DOES this life affect the future? As are our views of death and its agencies, so will our answer be to this question. The theme is worthy of a most serious discussion. Turn as we will, death is the shadow of life. It is one of the unalterable ordinances of Heaven which involves our entire race, and no wit or skill can evade the condition to which it will reduce us. The body we inhabit may be crushed or shattered in a moment; destroyed by acute disease, or wasted by sickness; or, if exempt from these, it must inevitably be dissolved by the decay of old age. There is no elixir whose subtile and preserving qualities can impart immortality to the frame-work of the soul's earthly dwelling; and, were it to be had, he would not be wise who should covet it. The pressure is upon us, and down the declivity we must go. On sound the waves of being, and on they must roll, placidly or tumultuously, as stream, lake, or river, till they reach the fall of death, and are hidden from mortal sight. What effect has that fall? Some scorn to give a patient reply, and sneer at the very thought of any change reaching them there; but others find cause for reverential gratitude to God for the visioned glories that faith presents, faintly typified by those mythological fables which dazzled the imagination with the transformations of beauty. To some, death is a mere physical event, entirely

unimportant, and hardly to be coupled with the shedding of the milk-teeth in the infant; but to others,

> "Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
> Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres,
> Through chinks, styled organs, life peeps out at light;
> Death bursts the involving cloud, and all is day;
> All eye, all ear, the disembodied power."

It is written of the Saviour that he "hath *abolished* death;" but in what sense are we to understand this record? Death still hath power, and the shroud, the coffin, and the tomb, are awfully prominent in the imagination of the many. Death is abolished only, as the record intimates, by the bringing of "life and immortality to light," by the clear revelation of a future existence, and that the prerogative of that life is immortality. To him who has received that revelation in its full glory, death does not exist in any of those forms which the imaginings of men have given to it, while ignorance, fear, and superstition, dealt with the mysteries of human life. It is changed from being "the king of terrors," to a humane and wise ordination. It is seen to be a destroyer only that it may be a redeemer; and illustrations of the extent of this meaning can be taken from those instances where, in the animal world, the vital principle takes to itself a new form of life, and becomes a being of the air, instead of a grovelling worm.

The views which we hear advocated concerning death and its agencies, in various circles, may be classed under five heads, and it may be well to arrange our discussion by these divisions: 1. This is our all of life; our career, as individuals, ends with the grave. 2. Death dissolves entirely our relations to the present life, and we are re-created for the enjoyment of a sinless existence. 3. The event of death is a mere transition from one state to another, comparable to a voyage or a journey from one portion of the globe to another. 4. According to the bent of the mind, or the moral character of the individual at death, will be a propelling force by which he shall perpetually progress in holiness and happiness, or sinfulness and misery; and, 5. Death is a mighty epoch in man's existence, freeing him from a perishable and ignoble body, and introducing him to new intellectual and moral

relations, designed of God for the perfection of all his offspring. As the last is the only view which accords with the sublime prophecy of death being "swallowed up in victory," and can alone harmonize with the rapturous exultation of the inspired apostle over the glory which rises amid the ruins of the grave, we adopt that view as our own, and most sincerely would advocate its reasonableness and scriptural authority.

And, first, of that dark view of the limit of human life that measures out to us but a very brief existence. The grave is the end of our being. Love, as she bleeds over the cold ashes, weeps over the all of that being who was once so full of thought and feeling, who could utter his ideas in words and works, and give new energy to a vast range of mind, new philanthropy to a million of hearts, and inspire the loftiest courage and endurance by appeals to the yearning for immortality. All that have lived, and who no longer act in visible relation to the world around us, have now no being. Thought stopped forever with the beating of the heart, and affection became as pulseless as the chilled streams in the veins and arteries of the motionless body. All, from Adam to the last child that drew the soft fringe over the glassy eye, have ceased to exist, and as they are we shall soon be. All the reasonings and seeming intuitions that have intimated a future life are but fancies that pleased only as the glittering dew-drop seemed a diamond; and neither on the earth, nor in any portion of the great universe, did ever a single soul reäppear in individual life, in proper personality, after the change which, in common speech, is called death. The *species* survives, but the *individuals* perish. Horrible to anticipate, even though with

> "The first dark day of nothingness,"

we couple

> "The last of danger and distress."

But there is one fact which stands out in eloquent prominence to refute this view of death, and that is, there is no destruction of the individual, be it animal, plant, or tree, where the perpetual growth of the same would be good, or a blessing. What is the loss of the individual in the species,

in the whole of the round of nature with the exception of man, compared with the loss of man's personality in the race? The grain of corn is sown, and it produces many grains; the individual grain is lost in the multitude, it no longer has a separate existence, and we bless God for "seed to the sower and bread to the eater" derived therefrom. But where is there a glimpse of like wisdom, or the slightest analogy, in such a death of the individual man? The death of mind has no such fruitfulness; its fruitfulness can only be brought forth by a preservation of its strict identity; and, under the control of Him who grants but a brief time to the plant or tree to arrive at perfection, the everlasting growth of mind, the endless increase of thought in the individual soul, can contribute to the enlargement of man's sphere of action, and the manifestation of his Creator's glory. The progress of the sciences, the achievements of the arts, and all the discoveries and inventions of adventurous and ingenious man, have not yet placed any limit to the individual mind, but the more the intellect achieves, the more we expect from its advances. In none of the changes or transformations in nature is there anything to intimate in the least such an utter perishing of force and fruitfulness as is involved in the monstrous idea of death having an agency to end our individual being.

We can hardly feel inclined to make any distinction between the idea of the destruction of our being at death, and the idea of a re-creation, a loss of all memory of this life, a transmigration without any remembrance of the where or what. The poets have indulged a melancholy idea of our present life, that

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting."

We call it a melancholy idea, because it haunts the soul that indulges it with the mysteries of its former being, without the slightest aid to form one thought of the character of that forgotten life. It is true that

> "Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> * * * * do we come
> From *God*, who is our home;"

but to come from God, and to have had an existence prior to our birth into this world, are separate matters. We were born to look forward, and not backward; not to ruins behind us, but to the fabric to be built from the materials bountifully furnished of Heaven. But less than the poet's idea is the dream of those who speak of the future state as totally separated from the present — man having no memory there of what he was here — all minds fused together, and from the mass individuals created, all equal and alike, as so many globules of quicksilver when a mass of it is poured out upon a floor. This idea gives too little consequence to this life, makes it without meaning, and denies the potency of those consolations which appeal to the individual heart in reference to its individual loves. It says to the bereaved, "He knows nothing of you, and soon you will know nothing of him; wait patiently a little while, and all will be over!" What is this but virtual annihilation? It finds no countenance in the resurrection of Him whose first revelation of himself was by the utterance of a name, *Mary!*—and were it countenanced at all by the Saviour, how easily and effectually might he have answered the Sadducees' question, by stating that the woman and her seven husbands would not possess the slightest memory of each other, or of this life, in the immortal state. This view is opposed by the plainest references to the future life in the Scriptures, as where it is said, "Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection." — Heb. xi. 35. Faith looked forward to a resurrection of the identical beings, or personalities, in the "better resurrection," as truly as, when women received their dead raised to life again, they received the identical beings over whose cold sleep they had wept, like the Shunamite, whose language of confident trust is now the speech of Christian assurance, "It is well!" "Thy *brother* shall rise again," said Jesus to Martha, and by that well chosen word, his compassionate spirit touched the most sensitive chord of the heart, whose vibration was the electric thrill of rapturous joy. How touchingly did he keep in view individual relationship and love, when he gave his first command after his resurrection, to tell his resurrection to the disciples *and Peter!* — that Peter, who needed most of all a particular

remembrance, and who reciprocated the affection by dashing into the sea to embrace his Lord, while the others waited the tardier passage of a boat to the opposite shore. The view now under discussion denies human immortality, for a re-creation is not, and cannot be made to be, synonymous with that continuity of existence which is necessarily implied in the idea of immortality.

We come, then, to the view of death which presents the idea of a mere transition from one state of existence to another, comparable to a voyage or a journey. The scriptural image of *sleep* is chosen, not in order to bring out to view the recuperative influence of repose, that twines muscle and nerve together in renewed strength and vigor, but to set forth the slightness of the change which is to be looked for at death; the sleep of a night from which we "rise to business, to pleasure, or ambition," the same in all respects as we were when we yielded ourselves to the repose of the night. Even the disciples of old had a better idea of sleep, when they answered Jesus after he had spoken of Lazarus of Bethany, "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well." A night's sleep hath restored the maniac to perfect soundness · has bidden the fever to abate its fury, and brought back hope and joy, and proved itself full oft "nature's soft nurse." What eloquent names have been given to sleep, worthy of being kept in view by those who, in order to select an image that means little, mistakingly chose *sleep*, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," — "sore labor's bath, balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast," — "the poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release."

But who thinks of talking of death as we talk of sleep, when polemics are set aside? — death, that dissolves all the organs which the soul now employs, and places the spirit in many new relations to the universe and God. This is treating the matter too lightly; for if there is anything plain in the Scriptures, it is the fact of the prominence given to the agency of death, through the fear of which men were, and are, "all their lifetime subject to bondage." Its name is used to sum up all evil,— "the wages of sin is death;" and the graphic description of the spiritual state of darkened Israel when the Saviour came, was a sitting "in the region and shadow of death." The image turns us to the reality, and

only by the severest violence to the Scriptures can it be asserted that death has an agency only to remove us from one state to another, in no other sense than as we fall asleep and awake to the same scenes, appetites, passions, sympathies, and affections.

But those who thus treat of death, and dogmatically ask us what effect is exerted upon the moral character by a journey to a distant part of the country, or a voyage to Europe, are unmindful of the influences of outward circumstances, and of their moulding effects upon character, the attention paid to this in our judgment of human actions, and in the education or discipline of children. The wit of man has not yet solved the problem respecting the reciprocal influence of circumstances on man, and of man on circumstances. The glory of mind is proclaimed. The victorious energies revealed in the heroic are applauded; and Poetry, lifting herself to "the highest heaven of invention," bursts forth in ecstasy:

> "Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven!
> The living fountain in itself contains
> Of beauteous and sublime. There, hand in hand
> Sit paramount the graces; there enthroned
> Celestial beings, with divinest airs,
> Invite the soul to never-fading joys."

Others differ from these enthusiasts. They look calmly on the outward as well as the inward; they note not only the purity of the waters of the mountain-stream, but also the channels through which they must inevitably flow, and see how here and there the fulness of the stream keeps itself pure, but at other points of view the soil impregnates the waters with its own hues. They see mind encompassed with circumstances that necessarily give such forms to its manifestations, as seemingly to furnish proof enough that while, on the one hand, it is worthy of God as its father, yet, on the other, its parentage must be attributed to some purely evil power. To know a people, we must not only acquaint ourselves with history, but also with geography. The hardy mountaineers are not as the inhabitants of the valley, nor are the quiet pastoral people like the dwellers by the sea. It is not the transition from place to place that affects the character, but the irresistible influence of circumstances. Why do we plead for attention to horticulture, the ornamental arts,

taste, the love of the beautiful, neatness, order, in a community, on the ground of their effect in winning, insensibly to themselves, the indifferent over to the exercise of more care and regard to healthy appearances? We thus plead, because we know the power of the appeals made to the mind through the senses. There are involuntary sympathies, that reach home to our moral being in social life, which make us the creatures of habit and society, — that make man, in one portion of our country, a different being from what he would be in another, and far different in other countries than in any part of our own. Whence the love of country, which is such a general trait in the character of man? Why are we particularly cautioned against following a multitude to do evil, but because there are powerful influences in being with a mass of persons? And why pray daily not to be led into temptation, but from a recognition of the pressure of circumstances that draw us into evil, ere we are aware of the force of the current around us? Why is the great lesson of charity always taught us, by the fact of the difficulty of separating sin from frailty, and deciding whether censure or pity should be bestowed on the fallen? As we were lately passing through a filthy portion of a city, and saw some hideous forms of humanity, we could not but let a thought have utterance: "There is a great deal of wickedness that comes from bad air." And we thought of "the mad poet," whose idea of heaven embraced, as one of the greatest attractions, "plenty of pure air." How have circumstances of a mere outward character been made to act on the insane, taming the wildest to docility, and bringing peace to the despairing? It was not the mere transportation to those circumstances that affected them, though such a journey or voyage has done wonders; but the sanitary effects were produced by the subtile influence of circumstances, that "strike the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound." Channing has said, "The idea that by dying, or changing worlds, a man may be made better or virtuous, shows an ignorance of the nature of moral goodness or virtue." And why? Because, as he answers, "This belongs to free beings; it supposes moral liberty. A man cannot be made virtuous, as an instrument may be put in tune, by a foreign hand, by an outward force. Virtue is that to which the man himself contributes. It is the fruit of exer-

tion. It supposes conquest of temptation." Then, there must be *temptation* hereafter, in order for any one to obtain virtue, to advance in moral excellence. But that this "changing worlds" amounted to more, in his own estimation, than is implied in the above quotation, is evident from his argument against those who made man "half brute and half devil." He allowed that the brute or animal appetite is, indeed, strong in human beings; but he also asked, "Is it not rather an accident, the result of the mind's union with matter? Is not its spring in the body, and may it not be expected to perish with the body?" Let a due estimate be made of the force exerted by this brute or animal appetite, "animal propensities;" then consider the destruction of this spring, in the death of the body, and certainly a change will be discerned, by changing worlds, very *favorable* to virtue, to the fixed and active *choice* of that which is good. How is it now with reference to the reformed? those who are required to be "jealous of that evil nature, the power of which must be resisted, but from the besetting presence of which we shall not be conclusively delivered until death shall rid us of a frame-work, the moral virus of which may be kept in check while we live, but cannot be eradicated by any process, short of dissolution." — [Chalmers.] Do we not see heroic effort baffled, and a towering moral ambition brought low, by the sudden and tremendous activity of the animal appetite, the rushing, as it were, of a wild fire through the veins, maddening the whole being for a while? Hear the stirring eloquence of the reformed inebriate. Hear him tell how there come times when he feels strong as a giant to resist the workings of all temptation, and how, again, there are conditions of moral and physical being, when the slightest odor of inebriating or stimulating spirits exerts an almost irresistible influence. He feels like a wearied traveller suspended over a precipice, from which his slight grasp must soon be inevitably loosened. No journey or voyage can eradicate this "moral virus" from his system; but the resurrection can. Allow man his moral freedom, his power of choice, and define virtue as "the fruit of his own exertion;" and yet the argument is plain that death hath mighty agencies to favor virtue and open new paths of progress to the soul. How different must the inebriate be who bears the memory of his sin into the future

state, and leaves here the "moral virus" that has worked more successfully in him than in some others! What moral purpose can be effected by that memory, but to heighten his gratitude to God for the change of worlds that has freed him from that brute appetite, and to serve as a contrast to those excellences of character to which he is called? Memory is the guardian of identity; but it should be remembered that if, in "changing worlds," superior means of discerning the wisdom of God, in permitting evil, are not given, none can be happy. Babbage has shown this, very conclusively, in one chapter, in his "Ninth Bridgewater Treatise," wherein he treats of the painful memory of departed folly, and that those whom the world least accuses, accuse themselves the most. "Make but the offender better, and he is already severely punished. Memory recalls the existence of the past to a mind now imbued with finer feelings, with sterner notions of justice than when it enacted the deeds thus punished by their recollection."

Memory brings up, also, traits of character in others which were unappreciated, opportunities of being useful which were slighted, and a thousand aids to redouble the force of accusing conscience. "It seems, then, that, either with improved faculties or with increased knowledge, we could scarcely look back with any satisfaction on our past lives; that to the major part of our race oblivion would be the greatest boon. But if, in a future state, we could turn from the contemplation of our own imperfections, and with increased powers apply our minds to the discovery of nature's laws, and to the invention of new methods by which our faculties might be aided in that research, pleasure the most unalloyed would await us at every stage of our progress. Unclogged by the dull, corporeal load of matter which tyrannized over our most intellectual moments, and chained the ardent spirit to its unkindred clay, we should advance in the pursuit, stimulated instead of wearied by our past exertions, and encountering each new difficulty in the inquiry, with the accumulated power derived from the experience of the past, and the irresistible energy resulting from the confidence of success. Whether, then, we regard our future prospects as connected with a far higher acuteness of our present senses, or as purified by more exalted moral feelings, or as guided by intellect-

ual power surpassing all we contemplate upon earth, we equally arrive at the conclusion, that the mere employment of such enlarged faculties, in surveying our past existence, will be an ample punishment for all our errors; whilst, on the other hand, if that Being, who assigned to us those faculties, should turn their application from the survey of the past, to the inquiry into the present, and to the search into the future, the most enduring happiness would arise from the most inexhaustible source." Here is *philosophy* for those who delight in such reasoning; and in this instance, where its conclusions aid us in seeing more the beneficence of God in not imputing to the world their trespasses in the great reconciliation, we cannot but be thankful for its light. A grace must meet the redeemed, like that which was expressed by Joseph towards those brethren, in whom remorseful memory was busy, or there will be no peace to any soul. A change of worlds, the voyage across the Jordan of death, will indeed be equal to the journey of the twelve brethren into Egypt; the transition from land to land was not much, but what they met there was mighty in its moral effects. A greater than Joseph lives, and reigns on a mightier throne than that of the Pharaohs.

The next view of death and its agencies is that which represents the change of worlds as the decisive time which fixes the bent of character, from which time the soul is bent upon good or evil, as the character may be, and enjoys or suffers accordingly. This was Channing's decision, notwithstanding he so strongly and eloquently contended for man's freedom of choice, and would rather see the universe shattered than any exterior force exerted over the will. "The color of our future existence," he said, "will be wholly determined by the habits and principles which we carry into it." Yet, although this, he said, was "according to the Scriptures," he was unable to decide whether the reformation of the sufferer, or the extinction of his conscious being, would be the result of the pains and penalties of wrong-doing in the world to come. On this question the Scripture threw no clear light, to him; but why not, if the habits and principles we carry into the future world are to color the whole existence there, and man is to be immortal? Neither reformation nor extinction of being can be deduced from such premises; and no change in the color of existence is to be expected by changing worlds, either for

the good or the evil! But how is moral agency or freedom consulted in fixing the end of a few years as the time when a coloring is to be given to eternity, and no longer can the invitation be heard to change the crimson sin to snowy holiness?

The supposition, on which the view of death, now under consideration, is built, is set forth by Dr. Barnes, in his Essay on Butler's Analogy. This is the passage: "Results *in eternity*, we suppose, are but *the transfer to another state* of results, which would take place here, if the guilty were not removed. We ask the infidel, we ask the Universalist, why this state of things should be arrested at death? It belongs to the infidel and the Universalist to prove that the affairs of the universe come to a solemn pause at death; that we are ushered into a world of different laws, and different principles of government; that we pass under a new sceptre, — a sceptre, too, not of *justice*, but of disorder, misrule, and the arrest of all that God has begun in his administration, — that the *results* of conduct, manifestly just commencing here, are finally arrested by some strange and unknown principle at our death; and that we are to pass to a world of which we know nothing, and in which we have no means of conjecturing what will be the treatment which crime and virtue will receive. We ask them, 'Can they *demonstrate* this strange theory?'" *Whose* theory is it, that a solemn pause comes to the affairs of the universe at death, and that we are to pass under a new government and sceptre? Surely it is not the theory of any Universalist, but of those who hold up this world as the scene of probation, the next as the scene of retribution; who extend to the sinner the hope of escaping the "results" of his sinful conduct, even by a death-bed repentance, or a scaffold-confessed penitence; who cause the flow of existence to pause at death's doors, till it can pass through a process that fixes its color once for all. But why assert so boldly, and without qualification, that the "results," to which the essayist's creed directs his attention in eternity, are but the results which would take place here, if the guilty were not removed? Is there no such thing as reformation, as Providence changing the tendencies of things, making the wrath of man to praise God, and restraining the remainder? Why, then, assert that eternal woe *must* meet the sinner in eternity, while it is maintained that the principles of the divine government are *not* changed at death? The real diffi-

culty lies in a misconception of what *are* the principles of the divine government. They are not regarded as the principles of parental love. The essayist does not regard the principles of that government as consulting the universal good; and, reasoning from analogy, — from what he deems is *now* the course of the divine administration to what it probably *will be*, — he comes to the conclusion that eternity will manifest the same disregard of universal good! The grand error of all such reasoning lies in taking it for granted that criminal desire, and purpose, and activity, will be perpetuated in eternity, and form a murky atmosphere, in which thunder will continually roll, and lightnings flash. It is not for *us* to prove that "the affairs of the universe come to a solemn pause at death;" it is enough for us to take the revelations of Christ, pertaining to God's minute and universal providence, and look forward with hope for our race, and consequently for ourselves.

We see every day "results of conduct" arrested. The physician and the reformer are exhibiting skill and wisdom in that way continually. We do not need to dwell on some "strange and unknown principle at death;" but we do need to remember the effective grace of God, how he taketh the wise in their own craftiness, and leadeth the blind in a way they know not of. Here is the inebriate. Reckless folly for years has marked his course, and he is awfully debased. The tenderest sympathies seem all dead, and he appears, to use a theologian's figure, "half brute and half devil." But now, — suddenly as the flash of a gun, or the wink of an eye, — a tone, a look, arrests his whole being; he is held as by an irresistible power, and he is changed, contrary to all expectancy, and even against the prophecies of the most hopeful. A glorious fabric rises from the human ruins, and the light of a noble intellect beams upon it. Audubon, in speaking of the Zenaida dove, mentions a pirate, who assured him that it was the soft and melancholy voice of the doves that awoke long slumbering feelings in his breast, and brought him to virtue's path, away from deeds of violence and blood. Men have been lifted to godlike heights of virtue, and been pulled down by deceit practised upon a mere appetite; but do we not all look forward to a "solemn pause" which shall come, at death, to the strife of "fleshly lusts," that "war against the soul"?

Marred and scarred humanity shall yet, in the free grace of our God, find a baptism in a Bethesda's pool, and walk forth "whole." "Whether is it easier," said the Master, "to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed and walk?" Ay, there came to that palsied one a "solemn pause," and who could wish it otherwise? The quickened blood, as it leaped through the veins and arteries, and reäwakened the energies of nature, changing the whole man, may mean something, even to us, beyond the poetry of analogy.

We turn now to the last view concerning death and its agencies, which bids us anticipate a mighty change consequent on the separation from a weak, corruptible and ignoble body, preparatory to the high worship of God by perpetual progress in the divine life.

Man is a body as well as a soul; and the great question is not how a man dies, but how is he raised up? There is no revelation of man's existence but in connection with a body, and the apostle's elaborate argument concerning the prerogatives of the immortal vehicle of mind, has too often been perverted and its sublime meaning disregarded. The wise have owned that fearfully and wonderfully are we made, and they have lamented that still we are "spirits in prison." It is not irreverence thus to mourn. The Scriptures permit us to do so, while they present comforts flowing from the exchange that is to be made, as from the "tabernacle in the wilderness," to the "temple" in the Holy City. Here is exhibited a chief beauty in the Christian's hope of immortality. It recognizes not only a freedom from the perishable body in which the spirit now lives, but the clothing upon of another body, which, as John Wesley wrote, shall be "as active and nimble as our thoughts are." The body has much to do with the mind, and even an apostle tells us how he labored to keep his body under, in subjection to his spiritual aspirations. He meant much by his similitude of "flesh" and "spirit," and by his pathetic cry, "Who will deliver me from this body of death?" though he also spoke in his earnest manner of the "filthiness of the spirit," and the "renewing of the mind." The great victory, through redeeming grace, to which he looked forward, was the triumph of the soul in a state where the sting of death would be destroyed, a comparative spiritual body inhabited, and

where genius and expression would correspond and harmonize. His great labor, in his grand exposition of the doctrine of the resurrection, was to prove the ability of God to raise the soul and give a body adapted to the state he anticipated. He first cites the seed of the grain; then he refers to animals, and then rises to the heavenly *bodies*, proceeding to specify, as in other instances, the *variety* exhibited, the *glory* of which, or the manifestation of the divine power and wisdom in which, forms another illustration of the unlimited energy of the Creator in forming organizations according to any exigence in the universe. All through this there is an unbroken chain of *illustration*. All along the chain runs the light of one idea — the creation and adaptation of bodies to every relation instituted by the Almighty in his universe. "So also," — i. e. this illustration of God's wisdom and power holds good, — "So also [is] the resurrection of the dead. It" — i. e., something comparable to the seed, having a body as God is pleased to give, and retaining its identity through its change, — "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body," *that* we know; "there is a spiritual body," *that* we must have faith in.

Dr. Whitby, in his comments on this passage, remarks, "The word *sown* does not relate to the body's being laid in the earth, but rather to its production in the world. Corruption, dishonor, weakness, are the characteristics of the body in which the germ of life here manifests itself; but the opposite excellences will be the prerogative of the immortal vehicle of mind. The spirit shall not be at fault with the instrument of its action. Every chord shall respond to the touch of the invisible potency, and the war of 'the spirit' and 'the members' shall be heard of no more forever." Glorious are the agencies of death that break the bands that bind the soul to its cage of clay! A spiritual body implies a spiritual world; and when this change shall be enjoyed, then shall the attributes of mind be made known. No longer burdened by diseases, weakened by shame, and crippled in its energies, it shall put itself forth in fruitfulness that shall please the eyes of angels, and glorify God indeed. Who can tell what mental and moral changes will be wrought by this transformation?

None; yet the earnest language of Scripture forbids us to doubt the entire happiness of our race. The mind never could dream that, in the crawling worm, was enfolded such beauty as glitters in the sunshine when the butterfly floats on the balmy air, like winged poetry; but yet,

> "—— such is man; soon from his cell of clay
> To burst a seraph in the blaze of day."

Our disquisition thus far will avail but little with a large class of Christians, who regard it as the best philosophy and religion "not to speculate, but to fear;" notwithstanding "perfect love casteth out fear, and fear hath torment;" and in neglect also of the great fact that Jesus took part of flesh and blood, that, through death, he might deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage. The argument is, that the vicious need a fearful dread of death to keep them from further advances in guilt; and we are seriously asked, "What forbids our applying to a punishment that is to terminate with the present life the same reflections which we employ for our consolation under the afflictions of the world? Poignant as they are, they cannot be of great importance in themselves, for they cannot continue long." Such exceptions are easily answered; for the nature of the subject is such that the persuasives of truth are not to be appreciated by the vicious; for guilt hath its own superstitions; and to "walk in the fear of the Lord" is essential to the enjoyment of "the comfort of the Holy Spirit." As we use an awful fear and a terrific dread to overawe and restrain, we modify the apprehension of that love which is mightiest to reform. "He that *winneth* souls is wise;" for he that is won is bound by a spiritual and eternal bond. Such a reformer will never employ the truth to make free, and then turn with threatenings and declare that, "after a *day* of grace,"

> "The keen vibration of bright truth is hell."

A Christian reduced to the low condition of finding comfort in affliction from the single thought that it will soon be over might well imagine a guilty soul seeking the same relief in his misery, for God's peculiar relations to the human soul are overlooked in such an estimate of things. The divine purpose

cannot be evaded by any thoughts of duration, and the true sources of comfort to piety in affliction are utterly unlike any relief which unrepentant guilt can find under the retributions of Heaven. "The exclusion of the idea of retribution from our views of the future life must deprive us of some of the grounds on which men may be most effectually urged to the practice of virtue." Such is the idea of a writer who evidently had the Universalist in mind when he wrote his essay. But which is the best motive to incite a mind to the pursuit of the highest order of virtue, to the doing of God's will on the earth as it is done in heaven, the hideous dread of death and its agencies, or that love of God which springs to his service as the lark to the skies? Said the good Fenelon, "God desires to have children that should love him for his goodness, and not slaves, who only serve him through dread of his power to curse." Such children as can say, with Sir Thomas Browne, "I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place. That terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into heaven; they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell." Death is surrounded with fearfulness and terror, with no higher motive than to make mere *legal* Christians; for the assertion is, that fear and dread of future punishment is the most effectual enforcement of the practice of virtue; and the admission is made in so many words, that if a young man says he is willing to risk the chances of this life, and resolves on doing wrong, nothing can be replied to him unless the terrors of eternity are brought to view. A reply might be made that would sweep away the idea of chance, and that would make the chances of virtue appear otherwise than "dim, cold, and undesirable." And this, we think, could easily be done by a writer who admits that "unquestionably it is true, in general" (and *why* the exception?), "that the religious man, the pure, benevolent, and devout man, enjoys this life more highly than the man of an opposite character." Cannot this "unquestionable" truth be made evident? Has not its manifestation been so commended to the consciences of men as to produce the happiest results? — results as much superior to the character moulded by fear as the motives are more excellent. Permanent, because con-

nected with immortal progress, influencing the highest seraph and the archangel.

Death and its agencies are controlled by sovereign and efficacious love. Before the glory of our idea of immortality, the splendor of the heavens and the richness of the earth are as nothing; royalty and state are a mimic pageant of an hour. Man shall be immortal. Memory shall link him to the past. His identity shall be unharmed, unmarred. The circumstances of that new life shall manifest the grace of God in all their relations, and memory shall keep the soul humble and grateful, in union with the beloved who were here given to our affections. "He that is dead is freed from sin;" for God will "swallow up death in victory;" the "last enemy, death, shall be destroyed;" and, on the ear of the universe, the last sigh of humanity shall fade away, and evil be no more.

MEDITATIONS OVER THE GRAVE.

I WAS conversing, not long since, with a venerable lady who has numbered more than three-score years and ten. She said there was one thing remarkable to her about death, and that was, she could not make it seem any nearer than years ago. She spoke of going once into the grave-yard, and standing over the place where lay the bodies of her parents and husband, and endeavoring so to "realize death," as she had been told she ought to realize it. All around her, she said, were the bodies of those she had known in life, and whose funerals she had attended. "All these I have known to die, and I have seen them buried here. Like them I must become. My body must return to dust, like theirs. Now, let me be impressed with this fact, and *realize* that death *must* come, and that I must lie in the grave and moulder away." But it was all to no purpose. She could not impress her mind with the thought, and could only think of herself as living on, and on, and on!

Here was the triumph of the soul's instinct of immortality. The spirit refused to dwell on the idea of death, but asserted its prerogative. I wish there were more Christians who could thus meditate in the grave-yard. Then the spirit will, indeed,

be unlike that of the beast that goeth downward, for it will soar like the lark, with the voice of song, and the glittering dew upon her wings.

NOW!

Now! What is it? Is it not really a portion of our existence, — the living chord, binding us to our identity, conveying to our consciousness what we have been and are, and reaching prophetically, with its electric shootings, into the future? It is a time for faith, hope, and charity; for aspiration and endeavor; for baffling the tempter, and helping the tempted; for catching new visions of duty, new incentives to heroic action, new reasons for gratitude to God and devotion to Christ. Now! Why, it is a part of God's eternity, — his providential sovereignty over man; and who can tell what may be ready to burst on our astonished vision, to make this an hour that shall be the parent of ages of good for man? What magnificent issues, in some quarter of this globe, may not the eye of Omniscience see springing forth in the germ? When the bird alighted on the branch of the tree, at the mouth of the cave into which Mahomet had fled, it seemed no moment to take note of, — to be marked in the world's history; but it, nevertheless, was such a moment. Mahomet was saved by the inference his pursuers drew from the bird sitting on that branch and singing. What *a now* was that to him! A song was between him and death; the song prevailed.

Speaking of a song, reminds me of a poet, and a peculiar use of this word *now*. She lay on the bed of death. Her large Hebrew eyes were full of lustre, beneath a jutting forehead white as the robe of Jesus at the transfiguration; and, flowing upon the pillows beneath her head, were the dark ringlets, tossed here and there, at times, by the hand, as the arm swayed itself around her head, as though parting the vines and flowers in some Eastern bower. The music of angels dropped upon her hearing, and her face was radiant with the light of a beatified soul; and such visions of flowers what eye ever saw? It was a time when a pure soul was being crowned, and the significance given to the *now* made the future a continuance of rapture and glory. "*Now*," spoke the dying Christian; "now," and her voice failed, or dropped

into that whisper of ecstasy which seems to regard a louder speech as profane for the thought to be uttered. "*Now*" was expressed distinctly; but the sentiment it heralded was only to be caught from the movement of the lips; it was, "Now we see through a glass darkly." The soul that uttered it felt it was a great thing to see eternal glories, even darkly, — in riddles, as it were; dimly as, in outline, we behold objects without the frosty pane, in the streets of the city. It was a good time now to her heart, as she looked darkly, dimly, at the things of heaven; and when she said, "but *then* face to face," the rapture that lighted up her whole being, and seemed to float her on an atmosphere of beauty, was kindled by the right estimate of the *now*. She died as she had lived, a child of faith; and the memory of her quiet household ways, her retiring graces, her excelling sweetness, her keen intuitions of the divine, her exquisite discernment of the poetic, her worship of God in the loveliness of cheerful obedience to duty, gives to this hour of thoughtfulness a sacredness that says, *Now* is the accepted time to copy that excellence you admire. Now is the day of salvation, when you may be redeeming from that captivity which keeps you from the enjoyment of the freedom she knew, — knew in childhood, youth, and womanhood, — that gave her joy as she felt her lot amid the universe of things that spake of God and his love, and prompted her to sing:

> "O heart of mine! Thou, too, shouldst be
> An ever full, unsounded sea
> Of joy and love!"

Let the *now* of our being be as beautifully filled up with Christian endeavors, and *then* — who can tell what will be then? what mission our life may execute? what future it may make for others? Let us be faithful to the present; God will give it a future.

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